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The Orchid

By Dana Burnet

Illustrated by Frederic R. Gruger

IT WAS mid-afternoon of a vivid April day in the year 1850. Along the wooded shore of the St. John's River the sunlight, falling through masses of brilliant green foliage, cast light upon a world voluptuously decked and blossomed; for this was in Florida, where the spring comes swiftly, in a storm of color, and where April is a child with full breasts. Even the distinctive Spanish moss, which makes the landscape drip and gives to nature the quality of a dry-point etching, had taken a softer tone of gray, and was like a virgin's drapery, half concealing, half adorning the beauty now approaching the moment of its bridal adventure.

Upon the bank of the stream—which the Indians called "strange," because it flowed north—stood, in a templing grove of live-oak trees, a stately white-pillared house, whose broad portico overlooked a rare vista. It extended the peach and orange green lawn. Beyond the house, and across a bright extent of flower-garden, showed the slave quarters, an extensive cluster of buildings in which lived some two hundred blacks, nor counted their lot an unhappy one; for they were the property of a man who considered that harshness to an inferior was as unbecoming the tenets of a gentleman as servility to an equal.

In the distance, as far as the eye could

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groves, the broad fields of sugar-cane, of indigo, of cotton—all belonging to Colonel Philip Gardiner, ex-soldier of the Seminole wars and the lordliest planter in northern Florida, whose five thousand acres stretched for miles along the river-front; whose house was filled with mahogany furniture, oil-paintings, fine linen and rare silver fetched from England by former Gardiners, and whose youthful Spanish wife was the most beautiful woman in the country. One would have said that here was a man doomed to a veritable monotony of good fortune; for there is no drama in magnificence. But Colonel Philip had a weakness. He loved the hazard of the gaming-table with the ardor of one in whose veins flowed the blood of adventurers and pioneers. Periodically, he would betake himself to town, and, in company with divers congenial spirits, would indulge in a poker game whose proportions were nothing short of epic.

ON THE afternoon mentioned, in the shadow of the dock that reached from the lawn's edge to the clear water, floated the colonel's private dugout—a craft hewn from a single cypress log, some thirty-five feet long by three feet wide. Seated in the dugout and lolling on their oars were six gigantic negroes, three to a side, who laughed and conversed in lazy, musical voices, while keeping an expectant watch upon the shore. One who had been chewing a piece of seed-cane spat out the white pith, displaying a set of teeth whiter still, and in a deep, bass voice sang:

"Yalligater sunnin' in a cypress bog,
Long come a nigger en fell off de log.
Whar dat nigger now?"

And the five others, in a doleful chant, repeated the refrain:

"Whar dat nigger now?"

Suddenly, however, the inquiry concerning the fate of the incautious nigger ceased and decorum settled upon the boat's crew. Down the steps of the house and across the lawn came, with his lady on his arm, the lord of this terrestrial paradise. Tall, slender, erect, with deep-set black eyes, long drooping mustaches and a hooked nose, Colonel Philip Gardiner was a figure typical of old Florida, a living example of the gentleman planter of the fifties. He was clad in immaculate white linen—the colonel's suits furnished exclusive employment for one stout negro laundress—and wore a low, turn-over collar with a black stock.

At his side, and almost as tall as he, walked his wife, the beautiful Sophia. She, too, was dressed in white, but had thrown over her head and shoulders a black lace mantilla that gave infinite grace to the movements of her lithe, willowy body. The soft frame of this mantilla accentuated the pure oval of her face, with its exquisite golden pallor, its huge dark eyes fringed with heavy lashes, its delicate, sensitive nose and red mouth slightly drawn up at the corners. The effect of this characteristic was to give her the appearance of being continually about to smile, an effect that was at once baffling and agreeable. Moreover, she had a habit of looking up from beneath the half-lowered eyelids that invested her with a certain mysterious detachment, as though she walked behind a lovely mask. It must be confessed, that she was something of an enigma to her husband, who, though finding her a faultless wife, a superb hostess and a fascinating ornament to his home, had never been able to assure himself that he possessed the fealty of her soul. Sometimes he doubted whether she had a soul; she was almost too beautiful to have one.

Near the river's edge and directly in the path of the approaching couple stood a magnificent live-oak, decked out now in its new coat of green; a veritable monarch, whose vast limbs, sweeping the ground at their extremities, were hung with majestic stalactites of Spanish moss. As they passed beneath the branches of this tree, the colonel paused abruptly and pointing upward exclaimed:

"The orchid, madam! It has bloomed."

Sophia raised her lovely, languid eyes and saw drooping above her a remarkable flower, an orchid, somewhat larger than a lily, the heart of which was a pale gold. For some moments she remained thus, gazing up at the strange blossom with an interest that was more than curiosity.

"This, then," she asked finally, "is the famous orchid of your family, Philip?"

"Yes," answered the colonel, and added lightly, but with an undertone of serious conviction, "As long as this flower blooms, Sophia, no harm can befall us!"

She laid her hand impulsively upon his arm, "Do not go to town to-day, Philip! Stay at home with me!"

"My dear Sophia, are you not well?"

"Oh, yes, Philip; I am perfectly well. But as I stood here just now, I thought that—I thought that a shadow had fallen upon us——"

Colonel Philip's black brows contracted in a frown.

"That is not unlikely, since we are standing beneath a tree."

"It was not a shadow of the tree, Philip."

"Come, come, madam! How often must I request you not to vex me with your little superstitions? What man worthy of the name would permit himself to be turned aside by shadows?"

Sophia remained silent for an instant, then said in a low tone, "Forgive me, Philip; I know that it was only a foolish fancy."

HER voice with its quaint precision of phrase and charm of accent fell reassuringly upon the colonel's ears. He took his wife's hand in his and bowed low over it, sweeping off his hat as he did so. Then he turned and walked at a leisurely gait to the landing-float, stepped into the waiting dugout, and took his place in the stern sheets. The canoe drifted out into the stream. The colonel grasped the tiller-rope and leaned forward.

"Give way!" he said gently, and the boat, at the word, leaped half its length through the water. The six negroes, each wielding a twelve-foot ash oar arranged upon an outrigger, fell easily into a long swinging stroke, their half-naked black bodies swaying back and forth like so many parts of a smoothly working machine; and as they rowed they sang:

"Pat-rollers standin' by de co't-house do',
Long come a nigger, en stub he toe,
Whar dat nigger now?"

Colonel Philip, his broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his eyes, laid his course for the town wharf, some six miles away, and gave himself up to various reflections. His thoughts were chiefly of his beautiful young wife, of her charm and grace, of her exquisite breeding, of her subtle mystery. What a picture she had made, standing there beneath the oak, with her face lifted to the flower! How the golden tint of the orchid had matched the soft glow of her flesh! She, herself, was like some rare plant magically growing in his home.

HE HAD met her in Havana during the course of a business voyage to that city in the previous autumn; had seen her standing tall and wonderful on a balcony in the Malecon—one of those marvelous grilled balconies that the Cubans put upon their houses, like so much fine iron lace. For days following, he had ridden to and fro beneath her window, and she had looked down at him, slowly fanning herself with a huge silver fan, and apparently smiling. Eventually, he had sought an introduction to her father, a wealthy Spanish nobleman, and thereupon had presented his suit in formal fashion. He had conducted his courtship under prescribed difficulties—wooing his lady in a cavernous tiled room filled with Sophia's relatives, who sat facing one another in two long rows of chairs placed down the center of the chamber and who poured out interminable floods of Spanish—Sophia alone spoke English—meanwhile waving their fans in unison, as though to brush the air of spent words.

He had married Sophia upon her twentieth birthday—he, himself, was twelve years older—and had sailed with her to Florida, there to establish her as the mistress of his estates. She had taken her place in his life with the dignity of a queen assuming a throne, and in all matters had arranged her tastes to conform to his. Yet, at times, he felt that she was still an utter stranger to him, as exotic and unaccountable as the golden orchid that, next to Sophia herself, was the chief treasure of his existence.

This orchid had bloomed for generations upon the body of the great oak at the foot of the Gardiner place. So far as was known, it was the only orchid to grow in that section of Florida and was one of the marvels of the countryside. The story was that the first Gardiner, landing on this shore after many trials by land and water, had looked up to see smiling upon him the golden orchid and had accepted it promptly as a good omen. Since that day, the flower had remained the inviolate talisman of the Gardiner heirs and was considered generally to exert a mystic influence upon the family fortunes. There was a legend that so long as the orchid bloomed undisturbed and was not picked, so long the house of Gardiner would prosper. Colonel Philip, though not of a superstitious turn of mind, believed implicitly in this legend, and, indeed, regarded the orchid as an object almost sacred.

In exactly half an hour after leaving its own dock, the dugout, driven by the tireless energy of the blacks, reached the town wharf. The colonel disembarked, and tossing a handful of silver to his crew, bade them wait till his return. The negroes dispatched one of their number with the money to buy food and sweetmeats; the others promptly curled up and went to sleep. The colonel might return in an hour, or he might return in a week—

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He sang in a pleasing tenor voice the song that she had begun.

he would find them waiting just where he had left them.

Colonel Philip walked slowly up the wharf and through the main street of the town, pausing to answer the salutations of such citizens as greeted him, or sweeping off his hat in response to a lady's smile of recognition. Finally, however, he entered the door of the Planter's Hotel, bowed to the several gentlemen sitting in the lobby (each gentleman had a brass cuspidor beside him), bowed in just the proper degree to the white-haired negro scraping in his path, and stopping at the desk, bowed to the clerk on duty. The latter, in reply, leaned forward and said gravely:

"Good evening, Colonel Gardiner! A fine evenin', sir!"

The colonel drew himself up as though acknowledging a personal compliment. "Sir, a fine evenin'. A d——d'd fine evenin', if I may say so—yes, sir!"

The row of gentlemen seated in the lobby nodded their heads approvingly and spat as one into their several receptacles. The colonel passed on up the broad, red-carpeted flight of stairs.

Arriving at the second floor, he walked down the corridor until he came to a door

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marked "Salon." This he pushed open and stepped directly into a spacious, high-ceiled room hazy with tobacco smoke. In the center of the chamber four gentlemen sat playing cards about a round mahogany table. At a sideboard against the wall, a negro in a white apron was pouring liquor out of a cut-glass decanter.

As the colonel entered, the gentlemen at the table rose and bowed. The colonel bowed in return, and advancing, shook hands with the first three.

"Good evenin', Mr. Preble. Good evenin', Mr. Hobbs. Good evenin', Judge Oldmaster."

"Good evenin', sir."

The last individual, a big, blooming man with steel-rimmed spectacles set low upon a large crimson nose, with a wave of the hand indicated the fourth member of the party.

"Colonel Gardiner, sir, I have the honor to present Mr. Ramon Alvarez, fo'm'lly of St. Augustine, but now, sir, of this community. Mr. Alvarez has purchased some land down the river and purports to raise indigo. Mr. Alvarez—Colonel Gardiner."

"I am happy to meet you, señor," said Alvarez smiling.

"Sir, I am your servant," replied the colonel, grasping the hand of the other and measuring him with a keen glance. He saw a young man, small and elegant, with the dark complexion of a Spaniard and the delicate features of an aristocrat. He had a black mustache, white teeth that gleamed when he smiled and a pair of bold, flashing brown eyes. His manner was one of careless gaiety, and his charm and good humor were incontestable.

"Boy," said the judge, "liquor!"

The negro in the white apron approached with a tray from which each gentleman took a glass of whisky, and remarking, "Your health, sir!" downed it without the degenerate aid of water. After which, the four original players sat down once more at the table and waited for the colonel to complete the preliminaries contingent upon his participation in the game.

These were simple, but inviolable. First, he removed his hat and gave it to the negro; then he removed his coat and placed it over the back of his chair. Next, he took from his pocket a small clay pipe which he filled and lighted. Finally, he sat down in his chair, picked up the hand that had been dealt him and said, "Gentlemen, if the pot is open, I will come in; if it is not open, I will open it!"

THE game, from that moment, proceeded without interruption until six thirty o'clock P.M., when an adjournment was taken for refreshments. After these had been consumed, the gentlemen renewed their poker. At midnight a light supper was served, following which the gentlemen renewed their poker. The colonel was in excellent fettle. He had smoked a sack of first-rate Cuban tobacco, had drunk a quart of good whisky and had won ten thousand dollars.

But his luck was short-lived, for when the game ended by agreement at dawn he had lost thirty thousand dollars to Ramon Alvarez, the young Spaniard.

"Sir," said the colonel, rising and inclining his tall figure in the young man's direction, "I congratulate you. Your luck was phenomenal, sir. Phenomenal!"

"It would need to be, señor," returned Alvarez, laughing, "to defeat such playing as yours."

The colonel bowed once more, and then, with rare delicacy, approached the matter of payment. He said that he had not, unfortunately, so much cash in hand, but that if Alvarez would come to his plantation he might select thirty slaves worth one thousand dollars apiece. Ramon readily agreed to this plan, and the colonel invited him to come with his overseer the following afternoon. Then, bidding a formal farewell to his friends Preble, Hobbs and Oldmaster, Colonel Philip left the hotel as he had entered it, calm, unruffled, dignified, with only a slightly flushed cheek to betray the extent of his gentlemanly dissipation. Walking down to the wharf, he roused his negroes, got into his dugout and was rowed home through the early morning at a pace that would have done credit to a contemporary steamboat.

AN HOUR later, having bathed, shaved and donned fresh linen, he breakfasted with his beautiful wife, who received him as usual, presenting her cheek to be kissed and smiling across the snowy table whenever she met his glance.

"There will be a gentleman to visit this evenin'," said the colonel, as he heaped his plate with steaming spoonfuls of hominy; "he will have tea with us and stay the night."

"Ah!" exclaimed Sophia, and unconsciously uttered a sigh.

"Are you displeased, madam?" inquired the colonel rather sharply.

"Oh, no, Philip. I am not displeased at anything you do. It is merely that I like best to be alone here with you. Then it is most like a paradise to me, Philip."

"You are a model wife, Sophia! But you will enjoy meeting this young man. He is charming and, more than that, a countryman of yours!"

That afternoon Ramon Alvarez arrived, accompanied by his overseer, in a handsomely appointed flatboat. The Spaniard was welcomed by Colonel Philip in person and was conducted to the spacious veranda of the house, where a statuesque negro butler served mint juleps in glasses as fine as crystal.

"You may tell your factotum, sir, to go out to the quarters and take what pleases him. He will find my creatures a sound lot, I believe. Is your julep sugared to suit you, sir?"

"It is excellent," repeated Alvarez with a little wave of the hand.

Thus, while the two men sat upon the porch sipping their juleps and talking of inconsequential matters, some thirty negro slaves were removed bodily from the Gardiner quarters, were fastened together with a rope and marched down to the river bank, where they were compelled to man the lighter. This vessel, thereupon, amid lamentations, put forth and was soon lost to view.

She had no more than disappeared, however, when the colonel, glancing up, saw Sophia standing in the doorway, evidently much perturbed.

"Oh, Philip," she exclaimed, "what does it mean? They have taken Zacharias, the husband of my maid, Harriot!"

Then she perceived Ramon, and her agitation changed to a very pretty confusion.

"I am sorry! I did not know—" she murmured.

"Madam," said the colonel coldly, "let me present to you, Mr. Ramon Alvarez, a friend of Judge Oldmaster, and therefore—of mine! Mr. Alvarez is the gentleman of whom I spoke."

Alvarez bowed gracefully, then straightening up, looked at the colonel's wife. "I regret, señora," he said, "that I have been unintentionally the cause of your unhappiness. I shall be more than glad to return to you the slave, Zacharias."

"Thank you, señor," replied Sophia simply. "That is most kind of you."

Alvarez turned to the colonel. "With your permission, señor?"

Colonel Philip said stiffly, "Your generosity does you honor, sir. But I must insist, in such a case, that you take two slaves in place of the one you intend to return."

The Spaniard smiled, showing his white teeth. "As you will!" he said, and looked again at the colonel's wife.

Henceforth he continued to look at her with his bold brown eyes, as though she were some marvel which he would imprint upon his memory. When tea was announced, and Sophia appeared in a gown of corn-colored silk that displayed to advantage her slender arms and lovely shoulders, her firm smooth neck rising from the gentle slope of her bosom, Alvarez could not repress a start of admiration. All through the meal, which the colonel signalized by delivering an extensive homily upon the art of cooking rice, Ramon kept watch of the radiant beauty of his hostess, noting its various moods and transitions, closely observing the play of emotions upon that fair face, while lending an attentive ear to the colonel's discourse.

AFTER tea, they repaired to the drawing-room, through whose tall windows fell the spent shafts of the departing day, long fingers of light that struck rich fires from silver and old mahogany and made wan the flames of the candles burning in their sconces. Sophia seated herself at the massive rosewood piano, and played tinkling waltzes lazily, while the twilight deepened and the candles grew as bright as so many little swords. Finally, she struck into a certain air.

"Ah!" exclaimed Alvarez, springing up, "I know the words to that!" And going to the piano, he sang in a pleasing tenor voice the song that she had begun. For the next hour he remained at Sophia's side, rendering innumerable Spanish ballads, to which she improvised graceful accompaniments. The colonel sat in an armchair and pulled his mustache, listening with a rather grim expression of countenance to the music whose meaning he understood but little. His manner as he bade Alvarez good-night, however, was one of unqualified courtesy and good-will.

Two days later, Ramon Alvarez made a second visit to the great house on the shore of the St. John's. His ostensible purpose was to return the slave, Zacharias; but he confessed to Sophia, with a charming, ingenuous air, that he had come chiefly in the hope of seeing her again. "It is such a pleasure to meet a countrywoman in this land which is no longer Spain," he confided to her with his gleaming smile; but his eyes said boldly: "You are the most beautiful creature that I have ever seen.

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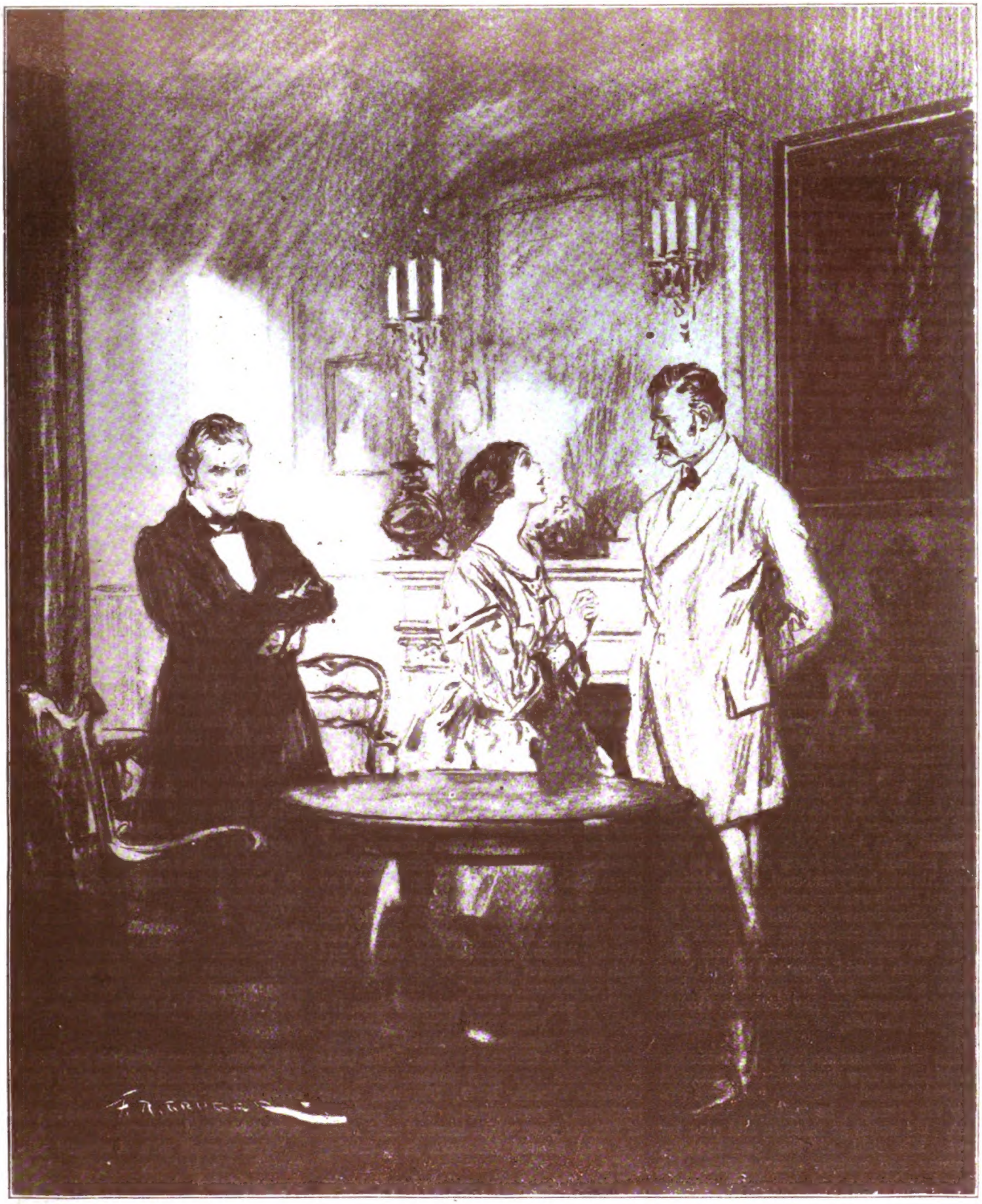

Sophia rose from her chair and came forward with a rustle of silken cloth. "Why do you not play for it, then?"

I dream of you. I long to possess you."

As it happened, the colonel was not present at this meeting, having gone to ride over his vast estate. Hence, it fell to Sophia's lot to entertain Ramon until her husband should return. This she did by showing him about the premises, by conducting him through her flower-garden and by walking with him along the edge of the river, where ran a delightful little path canopied over with Spanish moss. Finally they came to the great oak, and Ramon, letting his gaze rove for an instant from the person of his companion, saw the marvelous golden orchid growing upon a branch of the tree.

"Look, señora! There is a flower that might be your face reflected from heaven. Let me climb up and get it for you?"

"No, no!" cried Sophia, in horror. "You must not! It is not to be picked, that flower! My husband would kill us——"

Then, rather breathlessly, she told Ramon the history of the Gardiner orchid. When she had finished he looked at her with his bold, flashing eyes, and said that a flower was a frail talisman upon which to impose so large a faith. "Especially," he added, "as beautiful flowers are meant to be picked!"

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"Is that true, señor?"

"Is it not, señora? Of what use is a blossom that grows unnoticed in the gloomy shade of an oak-tree? What purpose does it serve, or what joy does it taste, hidden there in cold chastity from the warmth of admiring eyes?"

Sophia glanced up at him sidelong. "Ah, señor," she said, with a sigh, "how well you understand the nature of flowers."

AT THIS moment Colonel Philip rode up, mounted upon a powerful white horse, and the interesting botanical discussion came to an end. It was resumed, however, on subsequent occasions, for Alvarez demonstrated that he was not the man to abandon a floricultural adventure merely because the affair presented difficulties. He became a frequent visitor to the Gardiner home and was always welcomed with cordiality by Sophia, who said artlessly that she found him very sympathetic.

The colonel, for his part, continued to treat the young Spaniard with impeccable consideration and regard. Alvarez had been presented to him by his life-long friend, Judge Oldmaster; therefore, the former was entitled to all the privileges and immunities that the latter might have claimed. Colonel Philip would have felt it a shame and a degradation to betray the slightest distrust of one whom circumstances had invested with the sacred mantle of friendship.

But though he conformed punctiliously to the code of his day—and it was a very punctilious code—he could not help but feel within himself those impulses and emotions which no amount of social discipline could eradicate from his heart. Beneath a calm and imperturbable exterior he concealed a dislike for the elegant Alvarez that grew shortly to absolute hatred. The cleverness of the man in avoiding any suspicion of impropriety, the cool impudence with which he wooed the colonel's wife under the colonel's very nose, aroused in the latter a desire to destroy Alvarez body and soul. In addition, Colonel Philip was tortured abominably by that baffling sense of Sophia's mystery, by the enigmatical smile that was like a veil upon her spirit. At times he was consumed with horrid fears and would have taken a grim joy in questioning her outright concerning her attitude toward Alvarez; but that, of course, was impossible.

The tremendous strain of repression under which he now lived found an outlet in but one channel. Since he could not employ his strength, he indulged his weakness. He would go to town and play for days. His skill at the gaming-table, however, had entirely deserted him. He played recklessly and lost large sums—almost invariably to Alvarez, for the latter alone would gamble for the stakes he named. So overpowering did these become, indeed, that one night Judge Oldmaster, taking his courage in his hands, ventured to suggest a limit to the wagers—a thing without precedent in the history of the Planter's Hotel. Colonel Philip, sedate and self-possessed as always, agreed without protest to the new ruling. In the morning, however, when the game was concluded, he drew Alvarez aside and proposed that they continue to play alone.

"You, sir," said the colonel blandly, "are a sportsman after my own notion. Let us sit down together, without limit or restriction, and see whom good fortune will favor."

"That is agreeable to me," returned Alvarez, meeting the colonel's penetrating glance with a cool smile, "especially as fortune is, according to the writers of mythology, a goddess of great beauty."

Thereupon the colonel engaged a private room and they began to play. At the end of six hours the colonel had lost heavily. His composure, however, had not been disturbed in the least, nor apparently had he suffered the slightest physical fatigue. He sat like a man of iron, smoking his little clay pipe, downing his occasional glass of whisky and gambling away thousands without the slightest evidence of excitement. On the contrary, he at last threw down his cards, and looking across at Alvarez, remarked politely that the game seemed to be a trifle dull. "I suggest, sir, that we eliminate the deal and cut for the stakes."

Alvarez hesitated for the fraction of an instant, then said softly: "I am at your service, señor."

SO THEY cut for the stakes, wagering huge sums upon the turn of a single card, seeking to overwhelm each other by the sheer magnificence of their folly. It became not so much a contest of riches as a trial of nerve. They played all night, and Colonel Philip, by systematically increasing the size of his bets, won back all that he had lost. At daybreak a recess was taken and the colonel, flinging himself down on a couch, slept for an hour.

When he awoke, Alvarez was sitting at the table, calmly shuffling the cards. "If you are sufficiently refreshed, señor," he said, "we will continue our game."

"I regret to have kept you waiting, sir!" responded the colonel, and rising he walked stiffly to the table. For a moment the two men faced each other, their glances crossing like swords. The unnamed, unmentioned enmity between them had come to its crisis, and both knew it. It was no longer a game that they were engaged in, but a desperate combat which would end only in the ruin of one or the other. Finally, Alvarez drew a long breath and with a graceful gesture of his hand said: "Let us proceed, señor!"

They cut, and the Spaniard drew the high card. From that time on, Ramon's luck never waned. Occasionally it fluctuated, but in the end he won. The table before him was soon heaped with the colonel's checks, I. O. U's, and other promissory memoranda. "The garlands of fortune have white leaves," said Alvarez, and showed his teeth in a fleeting smile.

The colonel thrust out his hand slowly, covered the little pile of paper, and crumpled it in his fingers. His eyes burned.

"We are wasting time, sir!" he said. "We are not bold enough!"

"What do you propose, señor?"

The colonel's face grew grim.

"You own property on this river. So do I. With the money that you have won from me our possessions are about equal. I will stake my entire holdings, sir—with the exception of the oak that bears the Gardiner orchid—against yours. I exclude the oak for sentimental reasons. Otherwise, my whole fortune is placed on the board. Come, sir. What do you say?"

"It is a heroic wager," replied Alvarez steadily. "But since you have suggested it—I accept!"

"Good!" exclaimed Colonel Philip, and taking pencil and paper he wrote out an informal deed of gift for his ancestral estate, making reservation only as to the oak-tree. This document he placed in the center of the table. Alvarez did likewise; then taking up the cards, he shuffled them and passed them to the colonel. The latter deliberately drew one. It was the jack of clubs.

"That is excellent," said Alvarez. He extended his hand, looked straight into the colonel's eyes and turned up—the king of hearts.

Colonel Philip Gardiner rose from his chair with a dignity that would have graced the coronation of an emperor. Placing his right hand upon his breast, he bowed superbly to the Spaniard: "You have won, sir. Our game is finished. If you will call upon me to-morrow—shall we say between three and five?—I will make arrangements to grant you full title to my possessions. I wish you a very good day, sir!"

So saying, Colonel Philip, holding himself proudly erect, passed from the room. He walked at his usual leisurely pace down the stairs and into the street. His dugout was waiting for him at the town wharf. He stepped into it, and in due time reached home. He went directly to his wife's room and knocked on her door.

Sophia herself opened it. She was in negligée, and her hair hung down her back in two long braids. A wonderful Spanish shawl of heavy silk embroidered with crimson flowers, fell from her shoulders to her feet. She was inexpressibly beautiful.

When she saw her husband standing there upon the threshold, she drew back with a little gasp.

"Philip!" she exclaimed. "What has happened? Why do you come to me?"

The colonel's head sank upon his breast. "I have lost everything," he said in a hollow voice.

"You have lost— I do not understand."

"Alvarez! I played with him—his fortune against mine. He won. I am a pauper, and you, Sophia—" he raised his eyes and looked at her in agony—"you are a pauper's wife."

SHE stood immobile, but her slim brown hands clutched the flowered shawl and drew it closer about her body, as though to shut out the chill that breathes from the very thought of poverty.

"You played with Alvarez!" she murmured. Then: "No, no! There must be some mistake! It is too monstrous!"

"It is true. He owns everything—house, lands, slaves, money——"

She caught his arm. Her eyes, inscrutable as always, searched his. "Surely you have saved something!"

Colonel Philip smiled bitterly. "Yes. I have saved something. I have saved the great oak and the Gardiner orchid. God knows why, since from the day it bloomed I have suffered only misfortune."

"There was a shadow prepared for us," said Sophia simply. "It has fallen." She walked to the window and stood gazing out at the sweet stretch of lawn, all paved

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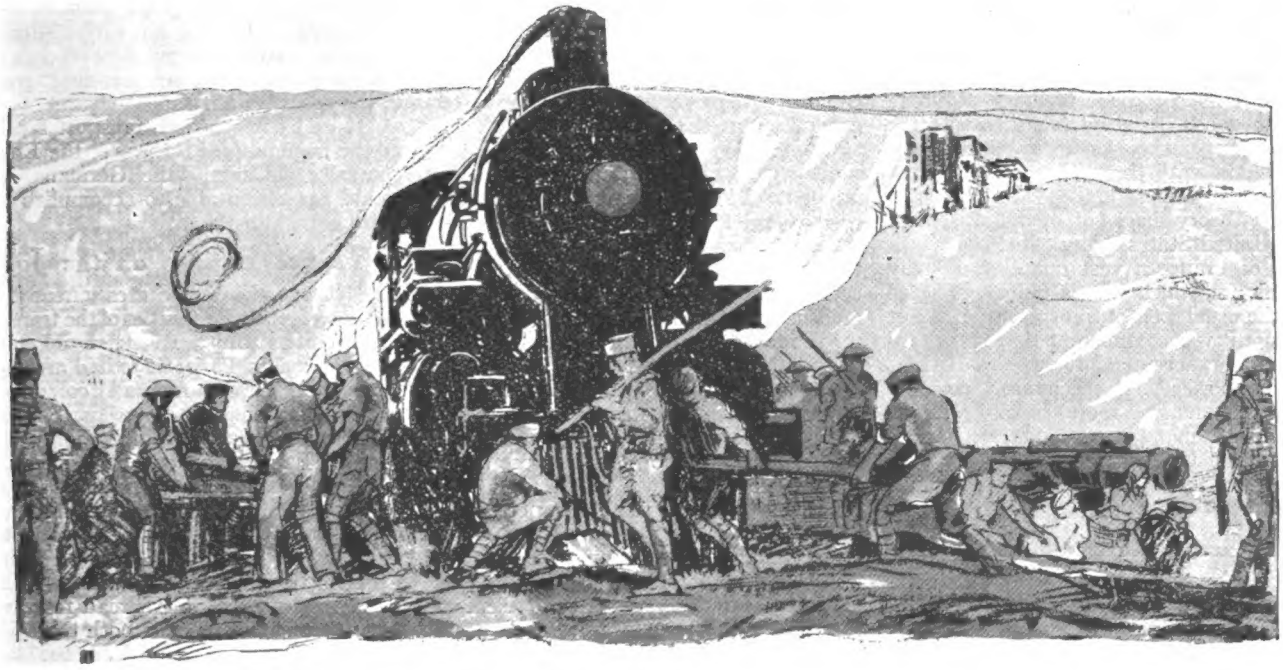

Decoration by C. B. Falls.

The YANKEE LOCOMOTIVE *in* FRANCE

By Edward Hungerford

Here is one of the as yet untold dramatic stories of American achievement in the war—the story of the vital part Yankee railroad genius has played in the fortunes of France and the winning of the struggle. It is a story that looks forward to some of America's opportunities and obligations as well as backward to her achievements. As a close observer of conditions in Europe during the trying days of the restoration of peace, and as a recognized expert in transportation, Mr. Hungerford sees in our work in France a great opportunity not only for an awakened France, but for an aroused America as well.

SLEEP was elusive that lovely moonlit winter's night in Tours. From my window I could look out over the sleepy capital of Touraine, its tiled roofs, its narrow streets, its spired and ancient towers outlined sharply against the night.

The sabots of strange nocturnal folk slapped the rough stone pavements. A noisy army *camion* at second speed rolled over the uneven pavements. Time was chimed from a dozen noisy steeple-clocks. In a near-by station-yard French locomotives seemed to call shrilly, spitefully, to one another.

Then——

From out of the night there came the bull-moose bellow of a Yankee locomotive, the roar of an engine that was borne far overseas! No French in that voice of the rails. It was the challenge of an engine that came from Philadelphia, or Schenectady, or Dunkirk, New York.

It carried me away from the valley of the Loire and back again to the valley of the Hudson. And the roar was the shriek of Fifty-nine, on her nightly run to Albany and Syracuse and Rochester. No, perhaps not the Fifty-nine which pulls out from the big Grand Central at the half-hour before midnight and sets you down at Syracuse or Rochester in full time for breakfast, but this was rather the call of some fast freight making her way in and out of the West Side yards; a fast freight hauled by a Schenectady locomotive with a heart-beat as soft as that of a woman and a draw-head with a pull as hard as that of Goliath himself. But this *was* the Loire, and those the roofs of ancient Tours. And that *was* the call of the Yankee locomotive in France. And it was no French hand that pulled *that* whistle-cord!

The Railroad Army

FOR the past eighteen months or so, some 75,000 healthy, aggressive young Americans have been railroading in France, their jobs varying all the way from that of the director-general of transportation to those of track-repairers and engine-wipers. There had been engineers from the Santa Fé, and firemen from the "Q," conductors from the New York Central, brakemen from the Pennsylvania, mechanics from the Southern or the New Haven; bridge gangs from the Milwaukee or the Northwestern—an army of 71,436 enlisted men and 2,583 officers, and all in the khaki of Uncle Sam. These men have been helping operate some 6,000 miles of French railway—a system in size roughly approximating the Northern Pacific, and known as the United States Military Railroad in France.

There has been a deal of misunderstanding in regard to our railroad in France. In the first place, it is not a corporation; and in the second, it is not even a railroad—not in the sense, at least, that we Americans know and understand railroads. For while American engineers have planned, and American workers laid 947 miles of track—a trackage slightly less in length than that of the lines of the Lackawanna Railroad—this track, with a few minor exceptions, has not been new line reaching across country, but has been confined largely to yards and to sidings. And while we have built and shipped some 16,000 locomotives and some 18,000 freight-cars from America to the United States Military Railroad in France, each bearing the talismanic "U. S. A." upon its gray sides, we still have no railroad in France.

And yet, in a broader sense, we have far more than a railroad in France. We have great ports and water terminals—built almost overnight, yet ports and water terminals that might well be the envy of many a long-established railroad system. We have shops and warehouses and great inland terminals; these last constantly moving forward as our army moved

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forward. For in the planning of the machine of our amazing army, apparently no reverse gear was included. It could go in one direction only. And did.

The United States Military Railroad in France can be fairly compared with the Pullman operating system in America, or, better still, with that of one of our great express companies.

The theory back of it all was this: The United States Army offered the railways of France a vast quantity of daily freight, for which it was quite willing to pay the usual rates of transportation. Yet because it was so apparent that these railways of France—terribly crippled both as to man-power and mechanical power—could not handle more freight without additional man-power and mechanical power, the United States would have to undertake to supply both at reasonable rates.

A Great Railroad Problem

THAT was the theory. In practise the plan has been but little different. Certain definite parts were assigned to the United States, and certain definite routes set aside by which it might move both men and supplies to its sectors of the front. And these routes were so planned as to interfere as little as was humanly possible with the congested rail pathways over which supplies and men were moving in continuous streams to both the French and the British armies. Of these routes and the opportunities that they offer now, more in good time. For the present, consider how our military railroad organization in France first came into being.

In other days and in other wars the transportation of our army, including railroad transport, was a function of its engineer corps and its quartermaster-general. But our other wars were fought at home. We moved our troops over railroads with which we were all reasonably familiar. The problem was comparatively simple.

This war was different. Not only was a vast army—an army vaster than anything that America, up to twenty-four months ago, had known or even imagined—to be moved more than 600 miles inland after it had been landed upon a seacoast 3,000 miles distant from the United States, but this movement was to be upon railroads whose methods of operation were different from our own and whose operators spoke a strange tongue. And for each man there was to be transported, not only overseas but over this 600-mile stretch across France, an equipment of from five to eight tons a year.

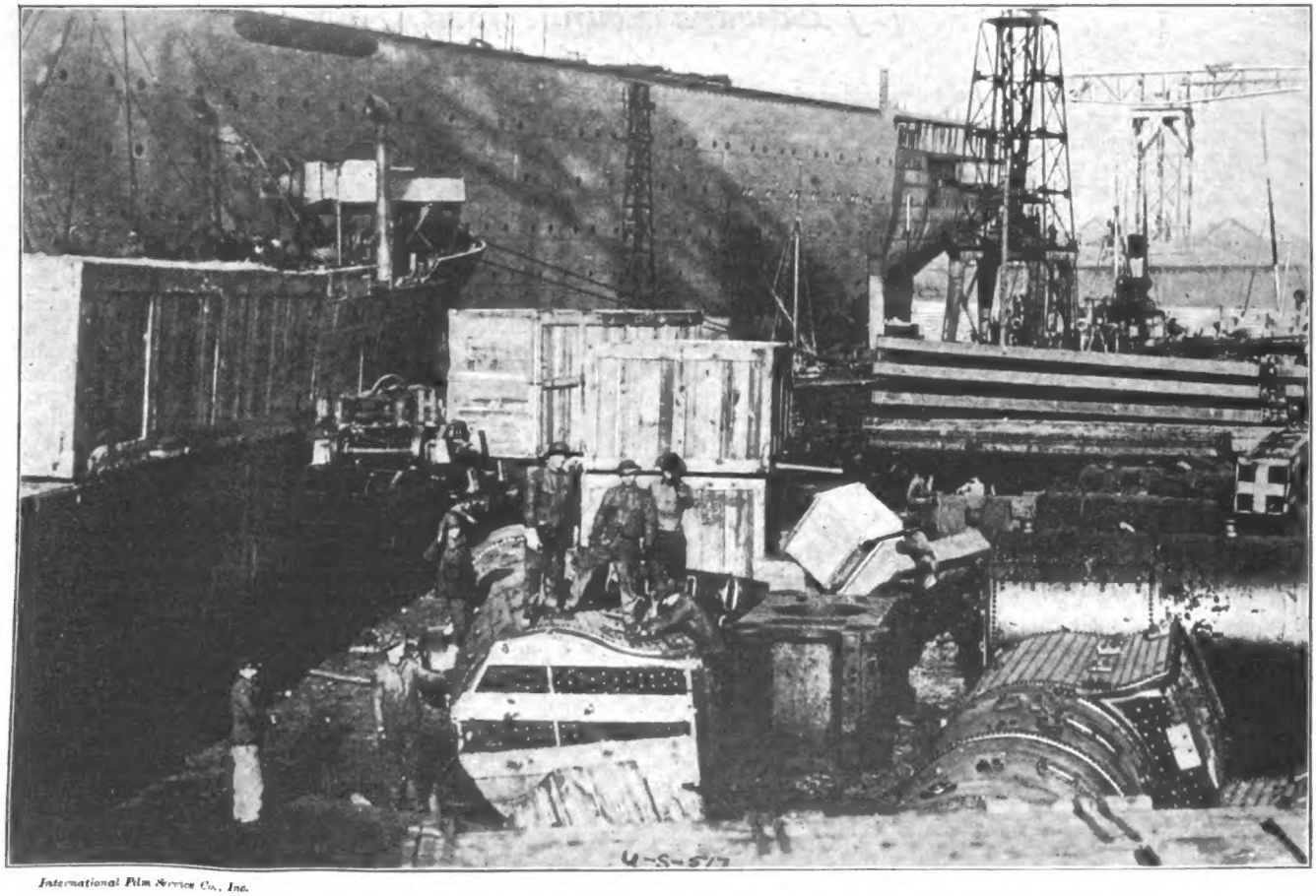
Here indeed was a problem: a problem not for army officers, but for railroad men, and railroad men of the highest capabilities. The engineer corps, trained particularly in peace-time functions of military construction rather than railroad construction, and the quartermaster-general, with whom transportation was always a secondary matter, had other big jobs cut out for them as soon as we were well in the war. It casts no discredit on either of those branches when it is recorded that one of the first things that Pershing found, after his arrival in France in the summer of 1917, was that the railroad work must be taken from them. It was an early interview with the British high military officials that convinced our own commanding general of the necessity of this.

"If we had possessed transport facilities at the beginning of the war," the English generals told him, "the Germans never would have been able to accomplish their great onrush in 1914."

Yankee Experts on the Job

BUT the United States already was awake to the necessities of the transport problem of its army. Even before Pershing had arrived in Paris, there had arrived in France an expert railroad commission, chosen personally by the Secretary of War, and consisting of Major William Barclay Parsons, an expert engineer and the builder of the first New York subway, William J. Wilgus, the engineering vice-president of the New York Central Lines, Captain A. B. Barber, of the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, William A. Garret, a practical railroad man, with many years' experience in both the Middle West and the South, and F. de St. Phalle, an expert locomotive constructor. These men came to Paris and there set up their first headquarters. They made a hasty but a fairly thorough study of the entire problem.

It was obvious that in order to feed men, to get supplies to a really sizable American Army—even then we were talking a million men and hinting at two million—certain definite French ports would have to be set aside for the army's use. Yet



International Film Service Co., Inc.

How the two thousand American locomotives in France went over—at the beginning, boxed and crated in pieces, but later complete, by the dozen

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what ports were to be chosen? The British had a sizable transport problem of their own. And for their use had been given already Calais, Boulogne, Dunkirk, Dieppe, Havre and Rouen; practically all the available ports of northern France. At that time the Mediterranean ports were quite out of the question. The submarine was still too great a menace to be risked. That left only the west coast of France open. And its greatest and most efficient port, Bordeaux, was already taxed to the full limits of its capacity. In order that the English might have generous elbow-room at Havre, the entire business of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique had been moved down to the already crowded docks and quays of Bordeaux. Apparently, that port was out of the question.

Harbors Wanted

THERE remained among the usable ports of the west coast, Brest, St. Nazaire, Nantes and La Rochelle. Not one of these was ideal. Two or three of them, through disuse—a disuse arising quite largely from their remoteness—were all but falling into decay. Of these Brest and St. Nazaire were first chosen. St. Nazaire, one of the great ship-building centers of France, possesses deep water and a fine enclosed tidal harbor, while Brest, at the westernmost tip of France, of all her ports is nearest to the United States. If she were only less remote from the great industrial centers of the land, she would be unquestionably, the dominating seaport of all France. As it is, her harbor is magnificent, even though its lack of dock development up to the present time has made it necessary to remove both cargo and passengers from great ships like the *Leviathan* through lighters. Yet even this has not been an insurmountable problem, nor a particularly tedious one. Repeatedly during the summer and fall of 1918 the *Leviathan* made the round trip from New York to Europe and return in approximately twenty days, which meant that she could have not more than three or four or five days at the port of Brest for the unloading, refurbishing and turning toward home again.

The performances of this mighty German-built ship for America in the closing months of the great war make a romance in themselves. With a complement of 14,600 men and many, many hundreds of tons of supplies, she was a ferry-boat worth the reckoning, and not because of any large efficiency of her builders either. The *Leviathan*, until she came into our hands, was perhaps the least efficient of any great ship ever built; and I am not even excepting that pathetic whale of more than half a century ago, the *Great Eastern*. Built as the German ship *Vaterland*, for a speed of twenty-four knots an hour, she had never begun to achieve that speed on any of the five trips across the Atlantic that preceded the outbreak of the war and her internment at Hoboken. On the last of those trips she crossed from Hamburg to New York with but five of her engines of any service whatsoever. Yet after two and a half years of rusting in internment, American naval engineers in a few weeks had this, the biggest ship in the world, in good working order again and had sent her down to Cuba and back on a trial trip at twenty-three and three-quarters knots an hour. Her thirty trips of Yankee war service far exceeded the best German daily mileages, with an average saving of more than 250 tons of coal a day. Is there not a good deal of fetish after all about this legend of Germany efficiency?

St. Nazaire was and will remain a better port than Brest. For one thing, it is far more accessible. From its many docks start not only several of the lines of the State Railway, but also one of the most important main stems of the Paris-Orléans system: the double-tracked route which leads through Nantes and Angers to the main line of the system at Tours and then beyond to Bourges, Dijon and the connections for eastern France. Parsons and Wilgus did not fail to realize to the full the possibilities of this line: its long tangents and its easy grades through the broad valley of the Loire almost right up to the very hills where conflict waged until but a few months ago.

France's railroads are simply laid out. The fifteen or eighteen main stems of her six great systems—the Etat, the Paris-Orléans, the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean, the Est and the Nord—radiate from Paris like the spokes of a giant wheel. These were the main stems that at the very beginning of the war found their work set out for them. They were the lines to reach the point of greatest congestion.

It would have been absurd to consider the further congesting of those already heavily burdened main stems. So the American Railroad Commission decided that wherever possible it would thrust the routes of the United States Military Railroad in France—always, it must be remembered, a utilization of existing rail lines and trackage, rather than new construction—well across the spokes of the wheel and not up and down them. This meant the utilization of cross-country routes with which France is well provided, even though her total area, roughly equal to that of the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, has less than half their total railroad mileage. It meant, too, the making of through routes from the sea at the west to the fighting front close to the eastern boundary, that would utilize the cross-cut lines of not one but several of France's systems; practically all of them except the Nord and the Midi, in the far south of France.

The lines which Parsons and Wilgus first chalked across their map, utilized the splendid Loire Valley of the Paris-Orléans system through Tours and to a point just beyond Bourges. From that point they used the rails of the P-L-M, as the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean is generally known,

U. S. Official, from Paul Thompson.

Two hours after she came out of the hold she was puffing her way into France with a train of cars behind her.

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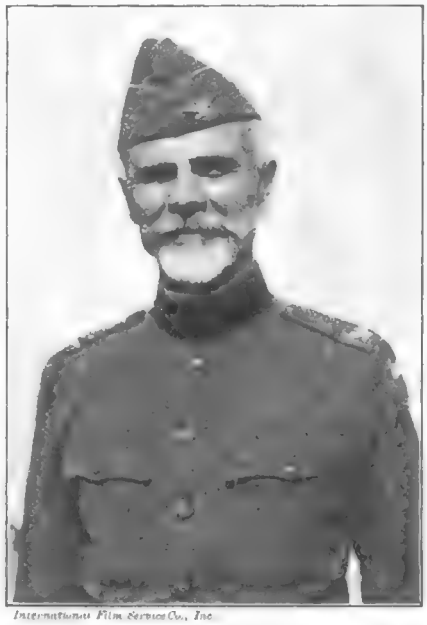
to a point close to the front. Then the lines spread out behind the fighting lines on the rail-head of the Est and the various narrow-gage lines that extend from the rail-heads of the standard-gage railroad right up to the trenches themselves. As the trenches moved forward the narrow-gage also moved forward. It became known as good military transport practice not to have the standard-gage railheads more than a dozen miles back of the fighting-line at any point. From five to ten miles was the more general practice. And until the day of the armistice, this rule was generally maintained as the lines moved forward, until the United States Military Railroad was a through route across central France from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rhine.



International Film Service Co., Inc.

Colonel William Barclay Parsons of our first Railroad Commission in France.

It would have been well to rest there if our railroad operating routes across France could have been limited to Brest and St. Nazaire, as well as its subsidiary port farther up the Loire at Nantes. But we soon knew that we were to have an army of 2,000,000 men in France, and that these men would require, at the outset, at least nearly 50,000 tons of supplies each twenty-four hours. The ports already chosen, even under the large development of engineers, could hardly handle more than half that daily tonnage. That meant that the problem of feeding and clothing our boys, as well as keeping them supplied with fighting equipment, was not more than half solved.

La Rochelle was capable of only a limited development. But Bordeaux! Yet this ancient southern port upon the Gironde was taxed to its full capacity and even beyond. Nevertheless, it loomed large in the plans of the American engineers. Its railroad facilities are really superb. It lacked only docks. There could be but one answer: "Build docks!"

Ports Made to Order

SURELY; but when our Yankee engineers gave that answer to the misgivings of their French comrades, there was shaking of heads. Docks are not built in a day, or in a month, or in a year. It took decades to construct the tidal harbors of St. Nazaire and of Havre—both of them the pride of French engineering. It is patient labor to lay masonry or even to pour concrete.

Then build a timber pier, suggested our Yankee railroad engineers—a timber pier a mile long or even longer; a timber pier at which seven, eight, nine or ten great ships may berth and unload at once. The French engineers all but laughed.

"Our dear friends," they explained, with that patient politeness which is so characteristic of them, "you mean well, but you do not understand. You do not understand the tides and the shifting sands of this river Gironde. Together they would destroy your dock before you could complete it."

On February seventh of this year I stood upon the American dock at the banks of the Gironde, across from and a little below the ancient port of Bordeaux. That dock was more than a mile long and at it were berthed seven great transatlantic steamships loading and unloading men and material. To look down that broad dock underneath the twenty-four cranes that spanned it, was like looking down Sixth Avenue, New York, underneath the long vista of its elevated railway. They were superb cranes, the product of a Cleveland plant. Each can lift ten or fifteen tons in a single heave of its giant gaunt derricks.

So the thing that couldn't be done was done! On the shifting sands of the Gironde the mile-long pier was built. A way was found of controling the shifting sands. Upon the pier the great mobile cranes—our English cousins would call them "gantrys—" were placed. Some of our own conservative engineers had hesitated at these gantry-cranes. The engineers of our army went ahead, nevertheless, upon their own responsibility. They are there to-day. They will be there to-morrow and many other to-morrows, twenty-four silent stevedores with an enormous working-capacity of 8,500 tons every twenty-four hours. If there is anything in American engineering that can be admired more than its thoroughness, it is its audacity.

With these ports, with a few others smaller and intermediate, and with certain facilities at the ports ordinarily reserved for the British, the 50,000-ton-per-day program was in a fair way to be realized. That is, realized as far as port facilities were concerned. In reality the job was but begun. The fighting-lines were still 600 miles inland—a distance equal to that between New York and Cleveland or between San Francisco and San Diego. While United States railroads might be planned from all these ports over French cross-country railways up to the fighting-lines, these same French railways were terribly crippled in both man and mechanical-power. Moreover, the chosen routes were not generously provided with yard and siding and shop and connection facilities. They were not routes of peace-time commerce. And they could not without much adaptation and preparation be turned into efficient pathways of heavy war-time traffic.

Fifty-Thousand Tons a Day

FIFTY thousand tons of traffic a day in the United States and under our experienced ideas of heavy traffic railroading would mean some twenty sizable freight trains. But France is not a heavy-traffic country. Her railroads, although of the same gage as ours, are not built for heavy tonnage trains. And even our American railroad engineers building special equipment for our purposes in France were more or less bound by the limitations of the French railways, their bridge structures and the clearance of the tunnels and other structures along their right-of-way. About the best that the Yankee railroader in France could hope for was a train with a maximum carrying capacity of a thousand tons. This meant, at the outset, fifty trains a day.

And because a train running 600 miles or more will need at least four or five locomotives for the run; because what goes up the line must also come down even though empty; because there must be extra engines a-plenty, Wilgus and Garrett, the two practical steam-railroad men of the commission, decided upon a primary order of 1,000 locomotives, or an equipment about equal to that of the Lehigh Valley system. This would not include

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Brigadier-General Atterbury, who came from the Pennsylvania to run our French war railroad.

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all of the necessities, but would give a brigade of locomotive equipment for switching purposes. For, you understand, the switch-engine, which is so familiar all over America, is all but a stranger in France. My first impression of St. Nazaire was of an aged mule pulling the little French ten-ton freight-car, while his negro driver shouted:

"Go to it, Pershing! We've a gotta win dis yere wah."

And the last equine switch-engine that I remember in the United States was the patient white horse who used to haul passenger-cars in and out of the West Side station in Rochester, some time in the early eighties.

18,334 American freight-cars in service.

If the war had continued until the present autumn, there probably would have been 60,000 of these Yankee cars—box and gondola and flat—in France by Christmas Day, 1919.

In the matter of freight-cars the French are conservative, to put it mildly. They use and believe in a small four-wheeled wagon—almost literally it is a wagon—of from but ten to fifteen tons' capacity and equipped with nothing more elaborate than the old-fashioned hand-brake which went out of style with us almost two decades ago. And each fifth car of a freight-train is equipped with a *guérite* or upstanding sentry cabin which houses a brakeman, which, in turn, means many brakemen. But that has not counted for much in a land where until very recently labor was more plentiful than material.

The French have many good arguments for their little cars, just as there are some pretty good railroaders in the U. S. A. who believe that we have passed the point of highest efficiency in our constant endeavors to increase the size of our locomotives and our cars. The little cars, for one thing, mean the economical use of a transfer-table, a single man and a horse for switching purposes, rather than a locomotive and a crew of from five to six men. They are small enough to be loaded with all the freight for a single town, even a town of very modest size, and so avoid the slow and expensive hand transfers of freight en route. Yet our Yankee cars—double-trucked, equipped with modern air-brakes and of an almost uniform capacity of thirty tons—have excited the frank admiration of many French railroaders.

In the design of these cars, as well as of the locomotives, we have conceded much to French tradition. We have placed a fair proportion of *guérites* upon the box-cars and the gondolas so as to enable them to be interspersed with French or English or, in these latter days, German cars as well—cars which probably are not air-braked and so force the entire train to be hand-braked. We have given the big European bumpers and couplings to our cars and our engines, but we have kept the locomotive bell and its man-lunged whistles. There are some of our Yankee things that even diplomacy and international courtesy must not ask us to put away entirely.

So there were the engines and the cars. Who would run them? The need was, and with the need came the demand for expert American railroaders. They came. First there came nine engineer regiments. Four of these regiments were loaned to the French and British armies, which were particularly short of transport men at that time, and five of them went to work preparing for the coming of our own Military Railroad in France.

International Film Service Co., Inc.

Assembling railroad equipment in France—seven hundred freight-cars a week in the shops of La Rochelle.

The standard engine chosen for the service of the United States Military Railroad in France is a ten-wheel consolidation type, weighing approximately 125 tons and with a tractive power at the drawhead of 36,000 pounds. It is a good engine for the precise conditions under which it must be operated. On an American railroad to-day it would not be considered a particularly large engine—some time in the nineties we reached and passed the size—but there was the limited clearance of the French railways.

Engines by the Hundred

THE original order for a thousand locomotives has been increased several times. It was planned up to the signing of the armistice to bring over at least 2,600 engines, all told. And this in addition to some 500 or 600 Belgian locomotives which were withdrawn and saved in advance of the German onrush and then were turned over to Pershing for his transport necessities. Last February when I visited our military railroad in France it already possessed 1,606 locomotives and expected to receive at least 500 more before it ceased its operations. It had also at that time

Railroaders Who Came Across

IN THESE ranks were railroaders of every degree and variety of expertness and ability. There were men for every job and from almost every railroad in North America. And at their head—bearing the rank of Director-General of Transportation and wearing a silver star upon each shoulder—was W. W. Atterbury, the big operating vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. About himself General Atterbury grouped a staff of wide experience and rare operating and engineering ability. There were men like Slade, the operating head of the Northern Pacific, and Robbins of the Erie, and E. A. Delane, who before he left railroading to become a member of the Federal Reserve Board was president of the Wabash. Under these men were other operating men, each with military rank and each with executive

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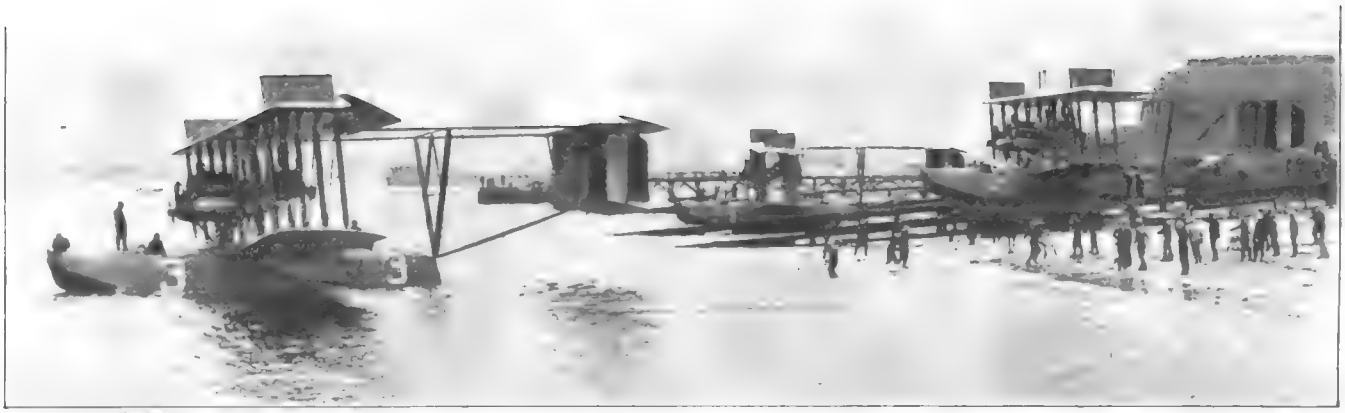

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The *Three*, with Commander Towers, got away first and dropped out at the Azores, in need of a long vacation.

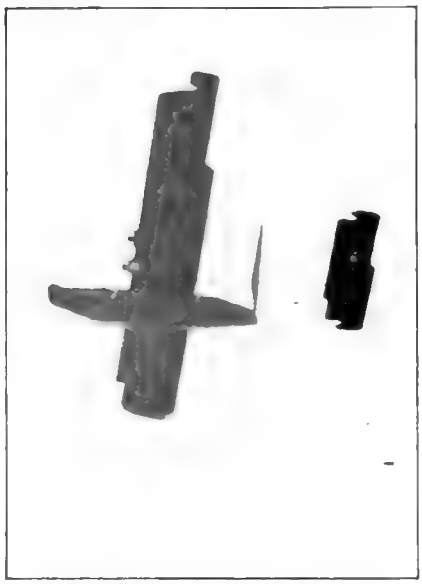
Something Else

By Anne Herendeen

WHEN anybody interviews a king, a nice king of course, like Albert of Belgium, he is always sure to comment upon how "simply" said king acted. How he got up or sat down, or, if one may say so, blew his nose quite unaffectedly and like common people. It seems to be a never-ending source of wonder to travelers to observe that royalty wash their hands and brush their hair and generally comport themselves like, well, say one's own second cousin from Boston.

I should never be goose enough to be surprised at the "simplicity" of royalty, but when it comes to heroes——

Heroes like our own Towers, and Bellinger and Read, young men in their earliest possible thirties, with everything to live for, charming wives married, and brilliant futures assured—when I met them down at Rockaway the day before they hopped off across an invisible, uncharted dotted line drawn through the air from the New World back to the Old, when I found them "simple and natural," casual, composed, busy, happy, unselfconscious—well, it just seemed fantastic, that's all.



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The *One*, from somewhere *on* the Atlantic.

Courage, ability, the highest post-Annapolis records, all these they had, of course, and these sterling qualities wouldn't have overwhelmed me.

But it was the Something Else about them.

It wasn't that they were daredevils or even "dead-game sportsmen." And certainly they weren't fatalists.

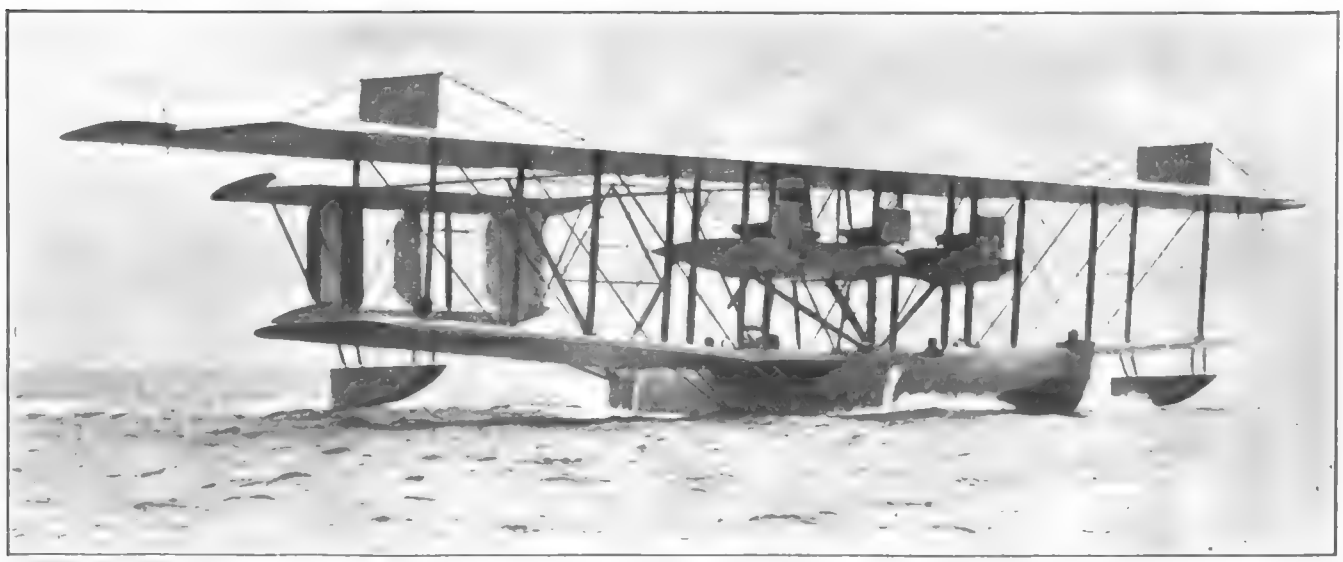
They just wanted to cross the Atlantic by air, that was all. They had the training for the enterprise and the opportunity. Somebody would do it some day——

"Will your wife be pretty worried about you?" I asked Commander Bellinger, he of the hundred-per-cent. smile.

"Well, she is sort of used to that," he told me.

"But if she were to worry, she couldn't pick a better occasion to worry about?" I persisted.

"Well, no," he said thoughtfully, and



Now Bellinger's ship is somewhere *in* the Atlantic to the tune of many thousands of dollars, but with no accompanying loss of human life. America can't afford to lose men like the young commanders of her first transatlantic air fleet.

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then he smiled again. "She couldn't."

Towers and Bellinger were classmates back in Annapolis days.

Last February a navy official jokingly asked Commander Towers at about what date he expected to cross the Atlantic by the air line.

It just so happens that Commander Towers isn't a joker.

He considered the navy man's question and thought very seriously for several moments. Then he set a date, and they say that the date he then set was very close indeed to the historic one (May eighth) that actually saw the hop-off under his command from the New to the Old World—the voyage that a whole world watched and held its breath about, three thousand five hundred miles by air!

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John Henry Towers, 34 and serious of mind, of Rome, Georgia.

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Patrick N. L. Bellinger, 34 and light of heart, of Cheraw, South Carolina.

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Albert C. Read, 32, of Lyme, New Hampshire, and Plymouth, England.

Commander Bellinger, of the unlucky *One*, is as gay and easy-going as Commander Towers is grave and taciturn. He is sometimes credited with having proved the efficacy of aircraft in warfare. His has been a brilliant career all the way through to a point in the ocean fifteen hours out where the *Ionia* picked him up along with his able crew of four.

Commander Read, slightly the youngest of the three commanders, is a Yankee with a calm, even temperament and a dry sense of humor.

It remained for him alone to complete the itinerary — Newfoundland to the Azores; to Lisbon, Portugal; to Plymouth, England.

Three amazing Americans, possessed in the highest degree of courage, endurance, ability and some other quality—a Something Else that most men do not have.

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"Keenly interested in your progress," wired Washington to the *Four*. "Thanks," she said—and turned the trick.

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A Man *for the* Ages

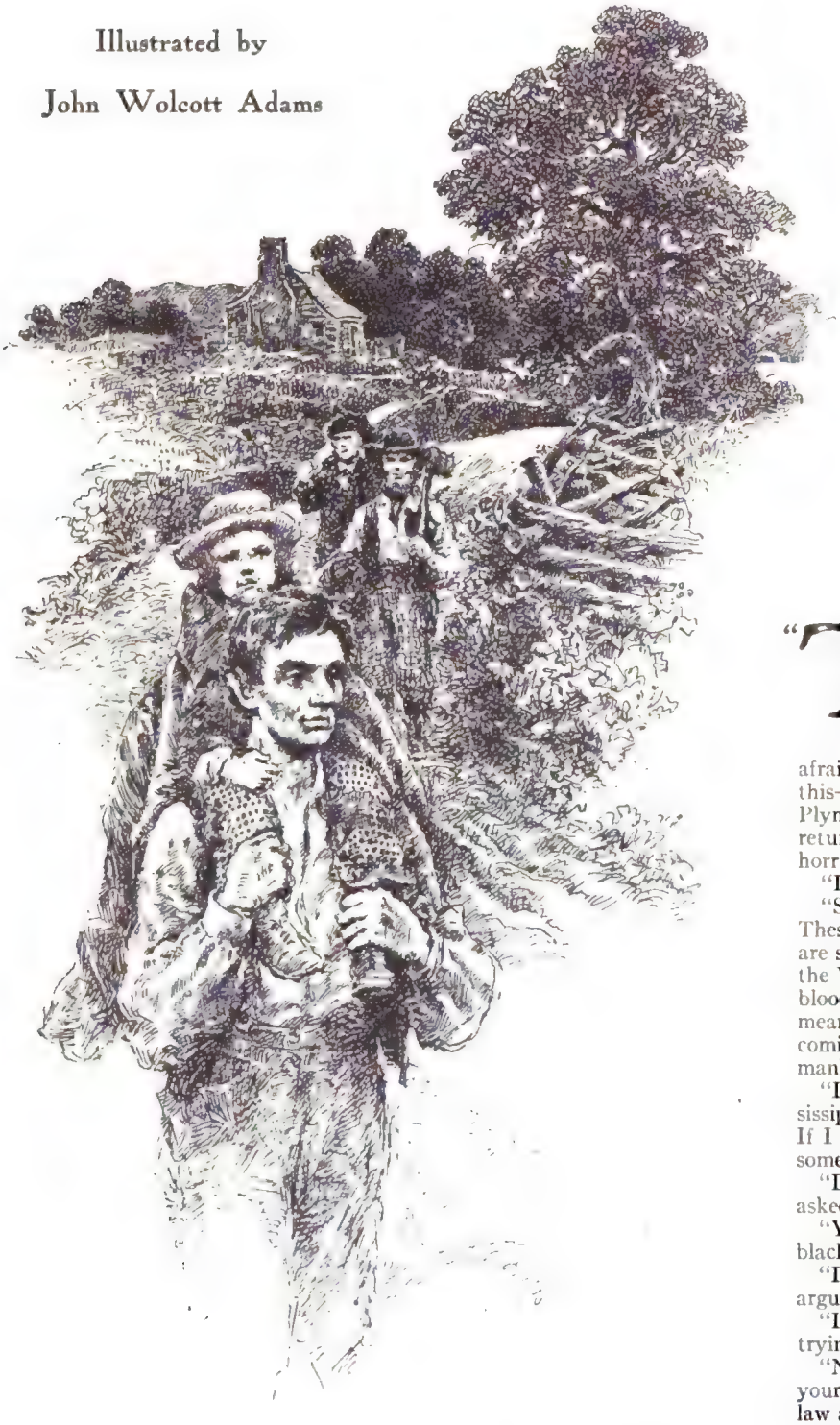
A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "Eben Holden," "The Light in the Clearing," etc.

Illustrated by

John Wolcott Adams



SYNOPSIS

A LETTER from his grandson to Mr. Bacheller tells how this story came to be written; how a young wounded soldier in France urged his grandfather to aid the cause of humanity by writing the life of America's greatest democrat—Abraham Lincoln—in the way that only a man with the kind of information Mr. Bacheller possesses could do it. The beginning of the story follows: It tells how Samson Henry Traylor, his wife Sarah, their two children and their dog Sambo, in the year 1831 journey from Vermont, through the wilderness to the land of plenty in the West. They have numerous adventures; meetings with interesting characters; the fever and ague; and their first sight of a steamboat and locomotive! They find Harry Needles, a handsome Yankee lad, wandering sick and alone, and they take him in, nurse him till he is well, and then add him to their company. Finally, the Traylors reach New Salem, Illinois, where they are heartily welcomed and urged to remain. They are introduced to the Rutledges, who keep the inn, Jack Kelso, the scholar, Bill Berry of Lincoln and Berry's store, and at last to Honest Abe himself. That evening Samson gets his first glimpse of the latent power in the big, ungainly but very kind-hearted youth.

CHAPTER FOUR

(*Continued*)

"THANK you, Abe," he said in a low voice. "Something unusual has happened and I'm just a little scared."

"Why?" asked Abe.

"For fear somebody will spoil it with another hog story. I'm a little afraid of anything I can say. I would venture this—that the man Webster is a prophet. In his Plymouth address he hears receding into never-returning distance the clank of chains and all the horrid din of slavery. It will come true."

"Do you think so?" Abe asked.

"Surely—there are so many of us who hate it. These Yankees hate it and they and their children are scattering all over the West. They are to rule the West. The love of liberty is the salt of their blood and the marrow of their bones. Liberty means freedom for all. Wait until these babies, coming out here by the wagon-load, have grown to manhood. Slavery will have to reckon with them."

"I hate it, too," said Abe. "Down the Mississippi I have seen men and women sold like oxen. If I live I'm going to hit that thing on the head some day."

"Do you still want to be a lawyer?" Kelso asked.

"Yes, but sometimes I think I'd make a better blacksmith," said Abe.

"I believe you'd do better with the hammer of argument."

"If I had the education, likely I would. I'm trying to make up my mind what's best for me."

"No, you're trying to decide what's best for your friends and your country and for the reign of law and justice and liberty."

"But I think every man acts from selfish motives," Abe insisted.

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Dr. Allen demurred as follows:

"The other night you happened to remember that you had overcharged Mrs. Peters for a jug of molasses and after you had closed the store you walked three miles to return the money which belonged to her. Why did you do it?"

"For a selfish motive," said Abe: "I believe honesty is the best policy."

"Then you took that long walk just to advertise your honesty—to induce people to call you 'Honest Abe' as they have begun to do?"

"I wouldn't want it put that way," said Abe.

"But that's the only way out," the doctor insisted, "and we knowing ones would have to call you 'Sordid Abe'."

"There's a new Abe coming along," Kelso interposed. "We have all caught a glimpse of him to-night. He's the Abe that loves honor and justice and humanity and their great temple of freedom that is growing up here in the new world. He loves them better than he loves himself. He would die for them. I think it must have been that Abe whose voice sounded like a trumpet just now and who sent you off to Mrs. Peters with the money. You haven't got the chance to know him that we have. Some day you two will get acquainted."

At this moment there was a loud rap on the door. Mr. Kelso opened it and said: "Hello, Eli! Come in."

A hairy-faced, bow-legged man, bent under a great pack partly covered with bed-ticking, stood in the doorway.

"Hello, Mr. Kelso," the bearded man answered. "The poor vandering Jew has gome pack again—hey? I think I haf to take der hump off my pack before I gits in."

Staggering beneath his load he let it down to the ground.

"Bring in your Trojan horse and mind you do not let out its four and twenty warriors until morning. I'll have some bread and milk for you in a minute. Gentlemen, this is my friend Eli—a wandering pioneer of trade."

"I haf a vonderful line uf goots—vonderful! vonderful!" said the Jew, gesturing with both hands. "Silk an' satin! Der flowers uf der prairie, der birds uf der air, could not show you colors like dese. You vill fall in lof. If I do not let you have dem you vill break your hearts. An' I haf here vone instrument dat make all kind uf music."

"FIRST supper, then open your Trojan horse," said Kelso.

"First I must show my goots," the Jew insisted, "an' I'll bet you take dem all—everyt'ing what I have in dot pack an' you pay my price an' you t'ank me an' say 'Eli, vat you have to drink?' "

"I'll bet you four bits I don't," said Kelso.

"You are my friend. I vould not take your money like dot—so easy. No. It vould not be right. These are Scotch goots, shentlemen—very rare an' beautiful—not'ing like dem in de vorld."

He began to undo his pack while the little company stood around him.

"Shentlemen, you can see, but you can not buy. Only my friend can have dem goots," he went on glibly as he removed the cover of the pack. Suddenly there was a lively stir in it. To the amazement of all, a beautiful girl threw aside the ticking and leaped out of a large wicker basket it had covered. With a merry laugh she threw her arms around Jack Kelso's neck and kissed him.

The men clapped their hands in noisy merriment.

"That's like Bim, isn't it?" said the doctor.

"Exactly!" exclaimed Abe.

"I stopped at David Barney's an' dere she took de goots out o' my pack an' fix up dis job lot fer you," said Eli.

"A real surprise party!" the girl exclaimed.

She was a small-sized girl, nearing sixteen, with red cheeks and hazel eyes and blonde hair that fell in curls upon her shoulders.

"Mr. Traylor, this is my daughter Bim," said Kelso. "She can cause more astonishment in a day than any girl in Illinois."

"She must have heard of that handsome boy at the tavern and got in a hurry to come home," said the doctor.

"I'm going over to see how he looks in the morning," said the girl as she brushed her curls aside.

She turned to Samson Traylor and asked wistfully: "Do you suppose he would play with me?"

CHAPTER FIVE

Which presents other Log Cabin Folk and the First Steps in the Making of a New Home and Certain Capacities and Incapacities of Abe.

NEXT morning at daylight two parties went out into the woods to cut timber for the home of the newcomers. In one party were Harry Needles, carrying two axes and a well-filled luncheon pail; Samson, with a saw in his hand and the boy Joe on his back; Abe, with saw and ax and a small jug of root-beer and a book tied in a big red handkerchief and slung around his neck. When they reached the woods Abe cut a pole for the small boy and carried him on his shoulder to the creek.

"Now you sit down here and keep order in this frog city. If you hear a frog say anything improper you fetch him a whack. Don't allow any nonsense. We'll make you mayor of Frog City."

The men fell to with axes and saws while Harry limbed the logs and looked after the mayor of Frog City. Their huge muscles flung the sharp steel into the timber and a dozen big trees fell before noontime, when they stopped for luncheon. While they were eating Abe said:

"I reckon we better saw out a few boards this afternoon. Need 'em for the doors. We'll tote a couple of logs up on the side o' that knoll, put 'em on skids an' whip 'em up into boards with the saw."

Samson took hold of the middle of one of the logs and raised it from the ground. "I guess we can carry 'em," he said.

"Can ye shoulder it?" Abe asked.

"Easy," said Samson as he raised an end of the log, stepped beneath it and, resting its weight on his back, soon got his shoulder near its center and swung it clear of the ground and walked with it to the knollside, where he let it fall with a resounding thump. Abe had watched him with keen interest.

"That thing'll weigh from seven to eight hundred pounds," said he. "I reckon you're the stoutest man in this part o' the state, an' I'm quite a man myself. I've lifted a barrel o' whisky and put my mouth to the bung hole. I never drink it. Say," he added as he sat down and began eating a doughnut, "if you ever hit anybody take a sledge-hammer or a crowbar. It wouldn't be decent to use your fist."

"Don't talk when you've got food in your mouth," said Joe, who seemed to have acquired a sense of responsibility for the manners of Abe.

"I RECKON you're right," Abe laughed. "A man's ideas ought not to be mingled with cheese and doughnuts."

"Once in a while I like to try myself in a lift," said Samson. "It feels good. I don't do it to show off. I know there's a good many men stouter than I be. I guess you're one of 'em."

"No, I'm too stretched out—my neck is too far from the ground," Abe answered. "I'm like a crowbar. If I can get my big toe or fingers under anything I can pry some."

After luncheon he took off his shoes and socks.

"When I'm working hard I always try to give my feet a rest and my brain a little work at noontime," he remarked. "My brain is so far behind the procession I have to keep putting the gad on it. Give me twenty minutes of Kirkham and I'll be with you again."

He lay down on his back under a tree with his book in hand and his feet resting on the tree-trunk well above him. Soon he was up and at work again.

They hewed a flat surface on opposite sides of the log which Samson had carried; and peeled it and raised its lower end on a cross timber. Then they marked it with a chalk line and sliced it into inch boards with a whip saw, Abe standing on top of the log and Samson beneath it. Suddenly the saw stopped. A clear, beautiful voice flung the music of "Sweet Nightingale" into the timbered hollow. It halted the workers and set the woodland ringing. The men stood silent like those hearing a benediction. The singing ceased. Still they listened for half a moment. It was as if a spirit had passed and touched them.

"It's Bim—the little vixen!" said Abe tenderly. "She's hiding here in the woods somewhere."

Abe straightened up and peered through the bushes. The singing ceased.

"I can see your curls. Come out from behind the tree, you piece o' Scotch goods!" Abe shouted.

Only silence followed his demand.

"Come on," Abe persisted. "There's a good-looking boy here and I want to introduce you."

"Ask him to see if he can find me," said the voice of the girl from a distance. Abe beckoned to Harry and pointed to the tree behind which he had seen her hiding. Harry stealthily approached it, only to find that she had gone. He looked about for a moment but could not see her. Soon they heard a little call like that of an elf-land trumpet in a distant part of the woods. It was repeated three or four times and each time it was fainter and farther. They saw and heard no more of her that day.

"She's an odd child and as pretty as a

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The women of the little village had met at a quilting-party at ten o'clock with Mrs. Martin Waddell.

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spotted fawn, and about as wild," said Abe. "She's a kind of first cousin to the bobolink."

When they were getting ready to go home that afternoon Joe got into a great hurry to see his mother. It seemed to him that ages had elapsed since he had seen her—a conviction which led to noisy tears. Abe knelt before him and comforted the boy. Then he wrapped him in his jacket and swung him in the air and started for home with Joe astride his neck.

Samson says in his diary: "His tender play with the little lad gave me another look at the man Lincoln."

"Some one proposed once that we should call that stream the Minnehaha," said Abe as he walked along. "After this Joe and I are going to call it the Minne-boohoo."

THE women of the little village had met at a quilting-party at ten o'clock with Mrs. Martin Waddell. There Sarah had had a seat at the frame and heard all the gossip of the countryside. The nimble-fingered Ann Rutledge—a daughter of the tavern folk—had sat beside her. Ann was a slender, good-looking girl of seventeen with blue eyes and a rich crown of auburn hair and a fair skin well browned by the sunlight. She was the most dexterous needle worker in New Salem. It was Mrs. Peter Lukins—a very lean, red-haired woman with only one eye, which missed no matrimonial prospect—who put the ball into play so to speak.

"An' if Hones' Abe gits you, you'll have to spend the first three months makin' a pair o' breeches for him. It'll be a mile o' sewin'."

"I reckon she'd have to spend the rest o' her life keepin' the buttons on 'em," said Mrs. John Cameron.

"Abe doesn't want me and I don't want Abe, so I reckon some other girl will have to make his breeches," said Ann.

"My Lord! but he's humbly," said Mrs. Alexander Ferguson. "Looks like he'd been chopped out with an ax an' orto be gone over with a jack-plane."

"Han'some is that han'some does," Mrs. Martin Waddell remarked.

"I don't know anybody that does han'somer."

"Han'some is that han'some looks, I say," Mrs. Lukins continued with a dreamy look in her eye. "I like a man that'll bear inspection—up an' comin' an' neat an' trim as a buck deer."

"And the first ye know he's up an' a-goin'," said Mrs. Samuel Hill. "An' then all ye have to look at is a family o' children an' the empty bread-box."

"Wait until Abe has shed his coat an' is filled out a little. He'll be a good-lookin' man an' I wouldn't wonder," Mrs. Waddell maintained.

"If Abe lives he'll be a great man, I think," said Mrs. Dr. Allen. "I forgot how he looked when I heard him talking the other night at the debate in the school-house about the flogging of sailors with the cat-o'-nine tails. He has a wonderful gift. If I were Ann I should be proud of his friendship and proud to go with him to the parties."

"I am," said Ann, meekly, with her eyes upon her work. "I love to hear him talk too."

"Oh, land o' mercy! He's good company if you only use your ears," said Mrs. Lukins. "Mis' Traylor, where did you git your man?"

"At Vergennes. We were born in the same neighborhood and grew up together," said Sarah.

"Now there's the kind of a man! Stout as a buffalo an' han'some as a pic'tur!" Mrs. Lukins exclaimed and added, by way of drawing the curtain of history: "I'll bet he didn't dillydally long when he made up his mind he wanted ye."

"What a pretty pattern this is!" said Sarah with a sudden shift of front.

Mrs. Lukins was not to be driven from the Elysian Fields so easily and forthwith she told the story of her own courtship.

A bountiful dinner of stewed venison and chicken pie and tea and frosted cake was served, all hands turning in to help with the table and the cleaning up. While they were eating, Sarah told of her long journey and their trials with fever and ague.

"It's the worst part of going West, but it really isn't very dangerous," said Mrs. Dr. Allen.

"Nine scoops o' water in the holler o' the hand from a good spring for three mornings before sunrise an' strong coffee with lemon-juice will break the ague every time," said Mrs. Lukins. "My gran'-mammy used to say it was better than all the doctors an' I've tried it an' know what it'll do."

"I suppose if you got ten scoops it would be no good," said Sarah with a laugh in which Mrs. Allen and some of the others joined.

Mrs. Lukins looked offended. "When I'm takin' medicine I always foller directions," said she.

So the day passed with them and was interrupted soon after candlelight by the noisy entrance of Joe, who climbed on the back of his mother's chair and kissed her, and in breathless eagerness began to relate the history of his own day.

That ended the quilting-party, and Sarah and Mrs. Rutledge and Ann joined Samson and Harry Needles, who were waiting outside, and walked to the tavern with them.

John McNeil, whom the Traylors had met on the road near Niagara Falls and who had shared their camp with them, arrived on this side that evening. He was

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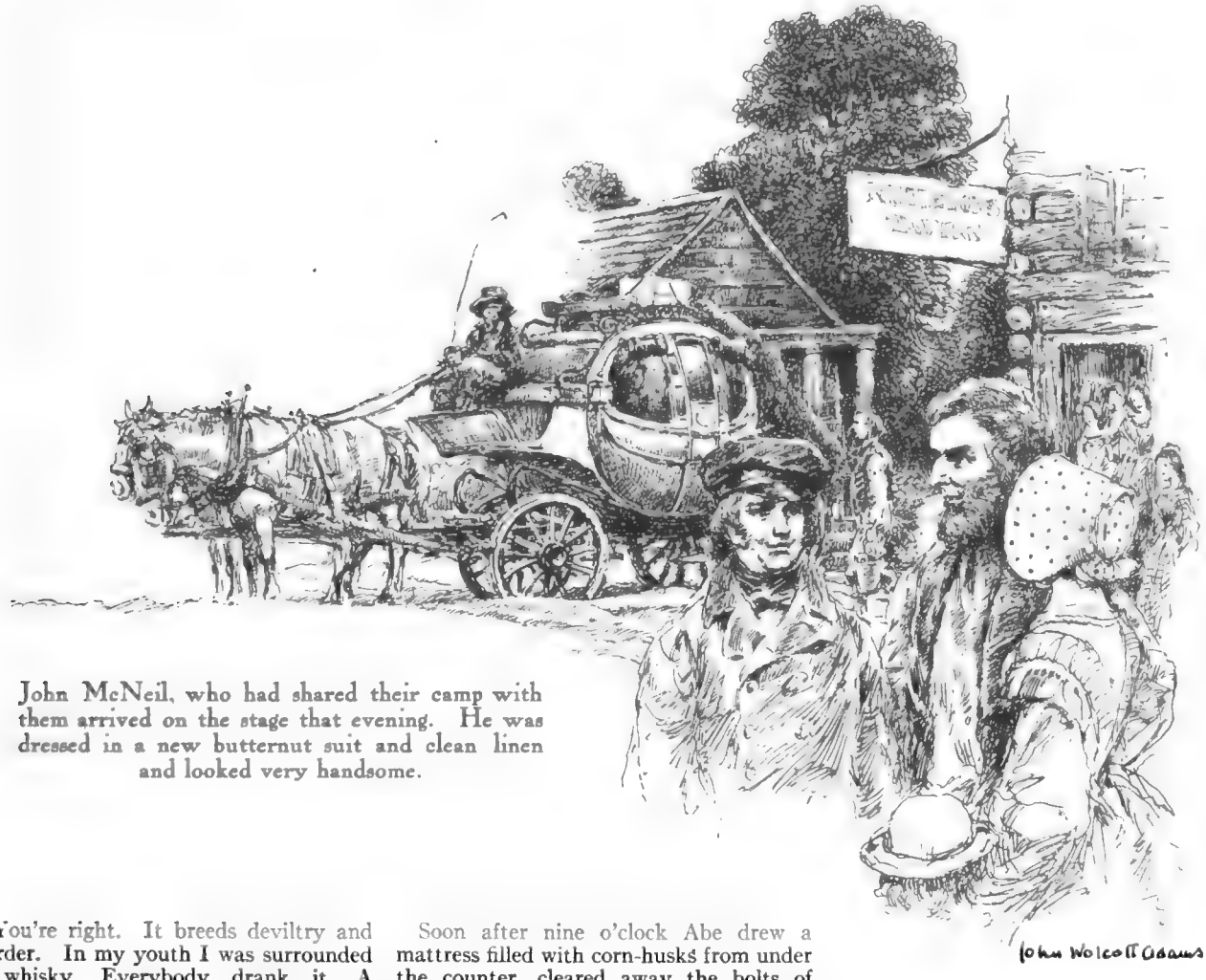
dressed in a new butternut suit and clean linen and looked very handsome. Samson writes that he resembled the pictures of Robert Emmet. With fine, dark eyes, a smooth skin, well-molded features, and black hair neatly brushed on a shapely head, he was Abe's antithesis.

In a low tone and very modestly, with a slight brogue on his tongue, he told of his adventures on the long-shore road to Michigan. Ann sat listening and looking into his face as he talked. Abe came in, soon after eight o'clock, and was introduced to the stranger. All noted the contrast between the two young men as they greeted each other. Abe sat down for a few minutes and looked sadly into the fire, but said nothing. He rose presently, excused himself and went away.

Soon Samson followed and found Abe over at Offut's store. A number of noisy young men were just leaving it.

"They want to buy whisky," said Abe. "In my opinion they're just about drunk enough."

"Back in Vermont we don't like the whisky business," said Samson.



John McNeil, who had shared their camp with them arrived on the stage that evening. He was dressed in a new butternut suit and clean linen and looked very handsome.

"You're right. It breeds deviltry and disorder. In my youth I was surrounded by whisky. Everybody drank it. A bottle or a jug of liquor was thought to be as legitimate a piece of merchandise as a pound of tea or a yard of calico. That's the way I've always thought of it. But lately I've begun to get the Yankee notion about whisky. When it gets into bad company it can raise the devil."

As they sat together Abe asked many questions about Vermont.

Then he told of his boyhood days back in Indiana. "The best fun I can remember we had at a squirrel burgoo," he said.

"What is that?" Samson asked.

"Oh, everybody turned to for a day and shot squirrels," said Abe. "We skinned them and stewed them in a sugar kettle with pork and potatoes and onions and perhaps a rabbit or two. Then everybody sat down and ate and enjoyed himself. We didn't have any too much fun those days. I used to read going to mill. Had to get up long before daylight and ride five miles. If you didn't get an early start there'd be a dozen ahead of you. When I got back I'd have to go round the field and scare the squirrels out. Then there was water to be carried and wool to be picked and deer skins to be taken out of the trough and rubbed dry. The wild plums had to be shaken down for the hogs to eat, and then there was the ash-hopper and the hay hunting and the wood and the crops. I was elated at the prospect of moving. I wanted to see the world. We got some goods and pedled our way into Illinois. I made out very well as a pedler."

Soon after nine o'clock Abe drew a mattress filled with corn-husks from under the counter, cleared away the bolts of cloth and laid it where they had been and covered it with a blanket.

"This is my bed," said he. "I'll be up at five in the morning. Then I'll be making tea here by the fireplace to wash down some jerked meat and a hunk o' bread. At six or a little after I'll be ready to go with you again. Jack Kelso is going to look after Bill and the store to-morrow." He began to laugh.

"Ye know when I went out of the tavern that little vixen stood peekin' into the window—Bim, Jack's girl," said Abe. "I asked her why she didn't go in and she said she was scared. 'Who ye 'fraid of?' I asked. 'Oh, I reckon it's that boy,' says she. And, honestly, her hand trembled when she took hold of my arm and walked to her father's house with me."

Abe snickered as he spread another blanket. "What a cut-up she is! Say, we'll have some fun watching them two, I reckon," he said.

CHAPTER SIX

Which Describes the Raising of Samson's Home and the Trouncing of Jack Armstrong.

THE logs were ready two days after the cutting began. Martin Waddell and Samuel Hill sent teams to haul them. John Cameron had brought the window-sash and some clapboards from Beardstown in a boat. Then came the day of raising—a clear, warm day early in September. All the men from the village and the near farms gathered to help make a home for the newcomers. Samson and Jack Kelso went out for a hunt after the cutting and brought in a fat buck and many grouse for the big dinner, to which every woman of the neighborhood made a contribution of cake or pie or cookies or doughnuts.

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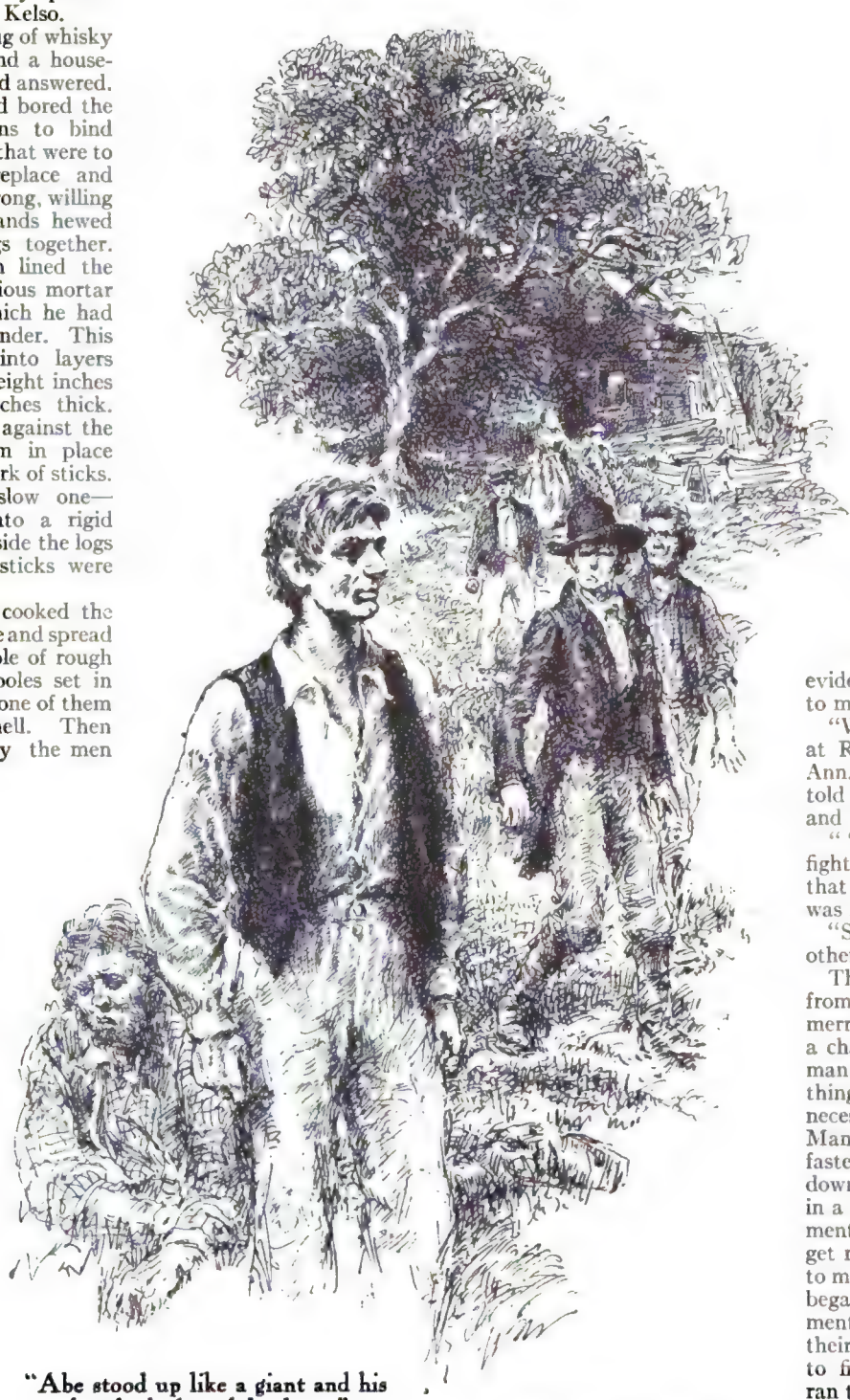
"What will be my part?" Samson inquired of Kelso.

"Nothing but a jug of whisky and a kind word and a house-warming," Kelso had answered.

They notched and bored the logs and made pins to bind them and cut those that were to go around the fireplace and window spaces. Strong, willing and well-trained hands hewed and fitted the logs together. Alexander Ferguson lined the fireplace with a curious mortar made of clay in which he had mixed grass for a binder. This mortar he rolled into layers called "cats," each eight inches long and three inches thick. Then he laid them against the logs and held them in place with a woven network of sticks. The first fire—a slow one—baked the clay into a rigid stone-like sheath inside the logs and presently the sticks were burned away.

The women had cooked the meats by an open fire and spread the dinner on a table of rough boards resting on poles set in crotches. At noon one of them sounded a conch-shell. Then with shouts of joy the men hurried to the fireside and for a moment there was a great spluttering over the wash-basins. Before they ate every man except Abe and Samson "took a pull at the jug—long or short"—to quote a phrase. It was a cheerful company that sat down upon the grass around the table loaded with plates. Their food had its extra seasoning of merry jests and loud laughter. Sarah was a little shocked at the forthright directness of their eating, no knives or forks or napkins being needed in that process.



"Abe stood up like a giant and his face looked awful solemn."

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Having eaten, washed and packed away their dishes, the women went home at two. Before they had gone Samson's ears caught a thunder of horses' feet in the distance. Off on the open prairie he saw a cloud of dust in the road and a band of horsemen riding toward them at full speed.

Abe came to him and said: "I see the boys from Clary's Grove are coming. If they get mean, let me deal with 'em. It's my own responsibility. I wouldn't wonder if they were carrying some of Offut's whisky."

The boys arrived in a cloud of dust and a chorus of Indian whoops and dismounted at the jug. They were out for a spree and hobbled their horses. They came toward the workers, led by burly Jack Armstrong, a stalwart dark-faced blacksmith of about twenty-two with broad, heavy shoulders, whose name has gone into history. They had been drinking some, but none of them was in the least degree off his balance. They scuffled around the jug for a moment in perfect good nature, and then Abe and Mrs. Waddell provided them with the best remnants of the dinner. They were rather noisy. Soon they went up on the roof to help with the rafters and the clapboarding. They worked well a few minutes and suddenly they came scrambling down for another pull at the jug. They were out for a spree and Abe knew it and knew further that they had reached the limit of discretion.

"Boys, there are ladies here and we've got to be careful," he said. "Did I ever tell you what Uncle Jerry Holman said of his bull calf? He said the calf was such a *success* that he didn't leave any milk for the family and that while the calf was growin' fat the children was growin' poor. In my opinion you're about fat enough for the present. Let's stick to the job till four o'clock. Then we'll knock off for refreshments."

The young revelers gathered in a group and began to whisper together. Samson writes that it became evident that they were going to make trouble and says:

"We had left the children at Rutledges, in the care of Ann. I went to Sarah and told her she had better go on and see if they were all right.

"'Don't you get in any fight,' she said, which shows that the women knew what was in the air.

"Sarah led the way and the others followed her."

Those big, brawny fellows from the grove, when they got merry were looking always for a chance to get mad at some man and turn him into a plaything. A victim had been a necessary part of their sprees. Many a poor fellow had been fastened in a barrel and rolled down-hill or nearly drowned in a ducking for their amusement. A chance had come to get mad and they were going to make the most of it. They began to growl with resentment. Some were wigging their leader, Jack Armstrong, to fight Abe. One of them ran to his horse and brought a bottle from his saddle-bag. It began passing from mouth to mouth. Jack Armstrong got the bottle before it was half emptied, drained it and flung it high in the air. Another called him a hog and grappled him around the waist, and there was a desperate struggle which ended quickly. Armstrong got a hold on the neck of his assailant and choked him until he let go.

This was not enough for the sturdy bully of Clary's Grove. He seized his follower and flung him so roughly on the ground that the latter lay for a moment stunned. Armstrong had got his blood warm and was now ready for action. With a wild whoop he threw off his coat, unbuttoned his right shirt-sleeve and rolled it to the shoulder, and declared in a loud voice, as he swung his arm in the air, that

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he could "outjump, outhop, outrun, throw down, drag out an' lick any man in New Salem!"

In a letter to his father Samson writes: "Abe was working at my elbow. I saw him drop his hammer and get up and make for the ladder. I knew something was going to happen and I followed him. In a minute every one was off the roof and out of the building. I guess they knew what was coming. The big lad stood there swinging his arm and yelling like an Injun. It was a big arm and muscled and corded up some but I guess if I'd 'a' shoved the calico off mine and held it up he'd pulled down his sleeve. I suppose the feller's arm had a kind of a mule's kick in it but, good gracious! If he'd 'a' seen as many arms as you an' I have that have growed up on a hickory helve he'd 'a' known that his was nothing to brag of. I didn't know just how good a man Abe was and I was kind o' scairt for a minute. I never found it so hard work to do nothin' as I did then. Honest, my hands kind o' ached. I wanted to go and cuff that feller's ears an' grab hold o' him an' toss him over the ridge-pole. Abe went right up to him and said:

"'Jack, you ain't half so bad or half so cordy as ye think ye are. You say you can throw down any man here. I reckon I'll have to show ye that you're mistaken. I'll rassle with ye. We're friends and we won't talk about lickin' each other. Let's have a friendly rassle.'

"In a second the two men were locked together. Armstrong had lunged at Abe with a yell. There was no friendship in the way he took hold. He was going to do all the harm he could in any way he could. He tried to butt with his head and ram his knee in Abe's belly as soon as they came together. He looked to me like the kind of a man who would bite your ear off. It was no rassle; it was a fight. Abe moved like lightning. He acted awful limber an' well greased. In a second he had got hold of the feller's neck with his big right hand and hooked his left into the cloth on his hip. In that way he held him off and shook him as you've seen our dog shake a woodchuck. Abe's blood was hot. If the whole crowd had piled on him I guess he would have come out all right, for when he's roused there's something in Abe more than bones and muscles. I suppose it's what I feel when he speaks a piece. It's a kind of lightning. I guess it's what our minister used to call the power of the Spirit. Abe said to me afterward that he felt as if he was fighting for the peace and honor of New Salem.

"A friend of the bully jumped in and tried to trip Abe. Harry Needles stood beside me. Before I could move he dashed forward and hit that feller in the middle of his forehead and knocked him flat. Harry had hit Bap McNoll, the cock-fighter. I got up next to the kettle then and took the scum off it. Fetched one of them devils a slap with the side o' my hand that took the skin off his face and rolled him over and over. When I looked again Armstrong was going limp. His mouth was open and his tongue out. With one hand fastened to his right leg and the other on the nape of his neck Abe lifted him at arm's length and gave him a toss in the air. Armstrong fell about ten feet from where Abe stood, and lay there for a minute. The fight was all out of him and he was kind of dazed and sick. Abe stood up like a giant and his face looked awful solemn.

"'Boys, if there's any more of you that want trouble you can have some off the same piece,' he said.

"They hung their heads and not one of them made a move or said a word. Abe went to Armstrong and helped him up.

"'Jack, I'm sorry that I had to hurt ye,' he said. 'You get on to your horse and go home.'

"'Abe, you're a better man than I be,' said the bully as he offered his hand to Abe. 'I'll do anything you say.'

"It turned out that he was more of a man than I thought he was. He became a friend of Abe's and a good fellow.

"So the Clary's Grove gang was conquered. They were to make more trouble, but not again were they to imperil the foundations of law and order in the little community of New Salem. As they were starting away Bap McNoll turned to Harry Needles and shouted: 'I'll git even with you yet, you slab-sided son of a dog.'

"That is not exactly what he said but it is near enough."

CHAPTER SEVEN

In Which Harry Needles and Bim Kelso Get Acquainted with Each Other.

THE shell of the cabin was finished that day. Its puncheon floor was in place but its upper floor was to be laid when the boards were ready. Its two doors were yet to be made and hung, its five windows to be fitted and made fast, its walls to be chinked with clay mortar. Samson and Harry stayed that evening after the rest were gone, smoothing the puncheon floor. They made a few nails at Jacob Miller's forge after supper and went over to Abe's store about nine. Two of the Clary's Grove gang, who had tarried in the village, sat in the gloom of its little veranda apparently asleep. Dr. Allen, Jack Kelso, Alexander Ferguson and Martin Waddell were sitting by its fireside, while Abe sat on the counter with his legs hanging off.

"He's a tough oak stick of a man," Kelso was saying.

"Here he is now," said Dr. Allen. "That lad you cuffed had to stop at my office for repairs."

"I told you once to use a crowbar if you wanted to hit anybody, but never to use your hands," said Abe.

"Well, there wasn't any time to lose, and there was no crowbar handy," said Samson.

"That reminds me of a general who made the boys of his regiment promise to let him do all the swearin'," said Abe. "One day a sergeant got into trouble with a mule team. It was raining hard and the off mule balked. Wouldn't draw a pound. The sergeant got wet to the skin, and swore a song of fourteen verses that was heard by half the regiment. The general called him up for discipline:

"'Young man, I thought it was understood that I was to do all the swearin',' he said.

"'So it was,' said the sergeant, 'but that swearin' had to be done right away. You couldn't 'a' got there in time to do it if I'd sent for ye.'"

"I'm sorry we had to have trouble," Samson remarked, after the outburst of appreciation that followed Abe's story. "It's the only spot on the day. I'll never forget the kindness of the people of New Salem."

"The raising bee is a most significant thing," said Kelso. "Democracy tends to universal friendship—each works for the crowd and the crowd for each, and there are no favorites. Every community is like the thousand friends of Thebes. Its units stand together for the common good—for justice, law and honor. The schools are spinning strands of democracy out of all this European wool. Railroads are to pick them up and weave them into one great fabric. By and by we shall see the ten million friends of America standing together as did the thousand friends of Thebes."

"It's a great thought," said Abe.

"No man can estimate the size of that mighty phalanx of friendship all trained in one school," Kelso went on.

John Wolcott Adams

His heart beat fast as he hurried along.

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"Two years ago the *Encyclopædia Britannica* figured that the population of the United States in 1905 would be one hundred and sixty-eight million people and in 1966 six hundred and seventy-two million. Wealth, power, science, literature, all follow in the train of numbers. The causes which moved the scepter of civilization from the Euphrates to western Europe will carry it from the latter to the New World."

"They say that electricity and the development of the steam-engine is going to make all men think alike," said Abe. "If that's so, Democracy and Liberty will spread all over the earth."

"The seed of universal brotherhood is falling far and wide and you can not kill it," Kelso continued. "Last year Mazzini said: 'There is only one sun in heaven for the whole earth, only one law for all who people it. We are here to found fraternally the unity of the human race so that, some time, it may present but one fold and one Shepherd.' "

Then Lincoln spoke again. "I reckon we are near the greatest years in history. It is a privilege to be alive."

"And young," Dr. Allen added.

"Young! What a God blessed thing is youth!" said Kelso, and then he quoted from Coleridge:

> "Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
> Where Hope clung feeding like a bee,
> Both were mine! Life went a-maying—
> With Nature, Hope and Poesy,
> When I was young!"

"Abe, have ye learned the 'Cotter's Saturday Night'?"

"Not yet. It's a heavy hog to hold, but I'll get a grip on an ear and a hind leg and lift it out o' the pen before long. You see."

"Don't fail to do that. It will be a help and a joy to ye—a shield in time o' trouble."

"Old Kirkham is a hard master," said Abe. "I hear his bell ringing every time I get a minute's leisure. I'm nigh through with him. Now I want to study rhetoric."

"ONLY schoolmasters study rhetoric," Kelso declared. "A real poet or a real orator is born with all the rhetoric he needs. We should get our rhetoric as we get our oxygen—unconsciously—by reading the masters. Rhetoric is a steed for a light load under the saddle, but he's too warm-blooded for the harness. He was for the day of the plumed knight—not for these times. No man of sense would use a prancing horse on a plow or a stone boat. A good plow horse is a beautiful thing. The play of his muscles, the power of his stride are poetry to me, but when he tries to put on style he's ridiculous. That suggests what rhetoric is apt to do to the untrained intellect. If you've anything to say or write, head straight across the field and keep your eye on the furrow. You'll see many a flower and many 'a wee, timorous little beastie,' and you will just lightly speak of them, but don't try to put on style. Then comes the sowing, and how beautiful is the sower striding across the field in his suit of blue jeans, with that wonderful gesture, so graceful, so imperious! Put him in a beaver hat and broadcloth and polished calfskin and a frilled shirt and you couldn't think of anything more ridiculous!"

In the last diary of Samson Henry Traylor is this entry:

> I went to Gettysburg with the President today and sat near him when he spoke. Mr. Everett addressed the crowd for an hour or so. As Kelso would say, "He rode the prancing steed of Rhetoric." My old friend went straight across the field and his look and gestures reminded me of that picture of the sower which Jack gave us one night long ago in Abe's store. Through my tears I could see the bucket hanging on his elbow and the good seed flying far and wide from his great hand. When he finished, the field, plowed and harrowed and fertilized by war, had been sowed for all time. The spring's work was done and well done.

At a quarter of ten the doctor rose and said:

"We're keeping Abe from his sleep and wearing the night away with philosophy. I'm going home."

"I came over to see if you could find a man to help me to-morrow," Samson said to Abe. "Harry is going over to do the chinking alone. I want a man to help me on the whip-saw while I cut some boards for the upper flooring."

"I'll help you myself," Abe proposed. "I reckon I'll close the store to-morrow, unless Jack will tend it."

"You can count on me," said Jack. "I'm short of sleep anyhow, and a day of rest will do me good."

Abe went with his friends to the door beyond which the two boys from Clary's Grove were still sleeping.

"Well, I didn't know these wild turkeys were roosting here," Abe laughed. He roused them from their slumbers and said: "Boys, you're trying to saw the day off a little too short. It's got to run till you get to Clary's Grove. Better take those horses home and feed 'em."

The boys got up and yawned and stretched themselves and mounted their horses, which had been tied to a bar, and rode away in the darkness.

Next morning Abe and Samson set out together for the woods soon after daylight.

"I like that boy Harry," said Abe. "I reckon he's got good stuff in him. The way he landed on Bap McNoll was a caution. I like to see a feller come right up to the scratch, without an invitation, just in the nick o' time, as he did."

"Did you see him jump in?" Samson asked.

"I saw everything some way. I saw you when ye loosened the ear o' John Callyhan. That tickled me. But the way I felt yesterday—honest, it seemed as if I could handle 'em all. That boy Harry is a likely young colt, strong and limber, and well put together and broad between the eyes."

"An' gentle as a kitten," Samson added. "There never was a better face on a boy or a better heart behind it. We like him."

"Yes, sir. He's a well-topped young tree—straight and sound, and good timber. Looks as if that little girl o' Jack's was terribly took up with him. I don't wonder. There are not many boys like Harry around here."

"What kind of a girl is she?" Samson asked.

"Awful shy since the arrow hit her. She don't know what it means yet. She'll get used to that, I reckon. She's a good girl and smart as a steel trap. Her father takes her out on the plains with him shooting. She can handle a gun as well as anybody and ride a horse as if she had growed to his back. Everybody likes Bim, but she has her own way of behaving and sometimes it's awful new-fashioned."

Harry Needles went whistling up the road toward the new house with a sickle, hoe and trowel. As he passed the Kelso cabin he whistled the tune of "Sweet Nightingale." It had haunted his mind since he had heard it in the woods. He whistled as loudly as ever he could and looked at the windows. Before he had passed, Bim's face looked out at him with a smile and her hand flickered back of the panes, and he waved his to her. His heart beat fast as he hurried along.

"Don't be a fool," he said to himself. "You're too young to think of falling in love. Darn it! I wish I hadn't put on these old clothes. Mrs. Traylor is an awful nice woman, but she makes me look like an old plow horse. I don't see why she couldn't let me wear decent clothes."

SARAH had enjoyed mothering the boy. His health had returned. His cheeks were ruddy, his dark eyes clear and bright, his tall form erect and sturdy. Moreover, the affectionate care his new friends had given him filled his heart with the happiness which is the rain of youth and without which it is an arid desert.

He had helped Alexander Ferguson with the making of the fireplace and knew how to mix the mortar. He worked with a will, for his heart was in the new home. It was a fine September morning. The warm sunlight had set the meadow cocks a-crowing. The far reaches of the great, grassy plain were dimmed with haze. It was a vast flowery wilderness, waving and murmuring in the breeze like an ocean. How long these acres, sown by winds of heaven, had waited for the plowman now arrived!

Harry felt the beauty of the scene, but saw and enjoyed more the face of Bim Kelso as he worked and planned his own house—a house like that of Judge Harper in the village near his old home. He had filled every crevice in the rear wall and was working on the front when he heard the thunder of running horses and saw those figures, dim in a cloud of dust, flying up the road again. He thought of the threat of Bap McNoll. It occurred to him that he would be in a bad way alone with those ruffians if they were coming for revenge. He stepped into the door of the house and stood a moment debating what he would best do. He thought of running toward the grove, which was a few rods from the rear door of the house, and hiding there. He couldn't bear to run. Bim and all the rest of them would hear of it. So with the sickle in his right hand he stood waiting inside the house and hoping they wouldn't stop. They rode up to the door and dismounted quietly and hobbled their horses. There were five of them who crowded into the cabin, with McNoll in the lead.

"Now, you young rooster, you're goin' to git what's comin' to you," he growled.

The boy faced them bravely and warned them away with his sickle. They were prepared for such emergencies. One of them drew a bag of bird-shot from his pocket and hurled it at Harry's head. It hit him full in the face and he staggered

(*Continued on page 82*)

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Photograph by Abbe.

John Barrymore as a painter and lover of peace.

Photograph by Abbe

Woof! Woof! Lionel Barrymore, a Captain of the Mercenaries.

John *and* Lionel

By Peter Merritt

THAT'S the way everybody around the theatre speaks of them, so I suppose we may—for a while anyway. Until the mantles of Irving, Booth, etc., etc., have gone on descending upon their shoulders to the point of covering them completely. Whereupon we shall have to find some more dignified mode of address, such as "The elder Barrymore" and "Barrymore, the Younger."

The foundation training of the two brothers' superlative acting together in Sem Benelli's "The Jest"—probably the important dramatic offering of the past New York season—was laid at the ages of ten and fourteen when, together with Ethel, they gave a very satisfactory (to themselves at any rate) performance of "Camille" in the barn—admission, two cents.

In "Camille" it was of course easy to cast Ethel (one day she has got to revive the modernized version of it that she gave us so deliciously two seasons ago), but the trouble—from John's point of view—was that Lionel, being bigger, got the part of *Armand*, leaving him, John, a mere paltry villain's part.

In "The Jest", however, thanks to the well-known evening attributes of Time, they have equally fat parts. Is it partially due to the fact that—notwithstanding Robert Jones's wonderful camouflage costuming by means of which John looks as slender as a young aspen and Lionel as burly as Big Tim Sullivan—they are now exactly the same size?

Tremendous and immediate success in everything they have touched—art, comedy, motion pictures, Barrie, Galsworthy, Ibsen, Tolstoi—it would have been an easy matter for the brothers Barrymore to follow the line of least resistance and pile up personal fortunes. But, true to the Spartan traditions of ancestors who were real artists, they have hewn straight to the line of the Important as well as the Delightful.

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He paused as he came to Dauriac's side and glanced at him full. Though he said nothing Dauriac understood the look.

The Come-Back

By Lawrence Perry

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

SAVE for memories, some of them poignantly bitter, it was as though war had never been; it was as though more than one stout heart, unerring eye and indomitable spirit which had caused this polo field to rock and thrill and had met the supreme test of manhood had not gallantly yielded the utmost sacrifice. It was a day of living fact, of youth still triumphant—as all days must be if the world is to carry on. The spell of an English June was utterly pervasive. There was the smell of English turf, and the glory of bunting and of summer costume, of millinery, of beautiful faces.

From the plains beyond rose an occasional dust cloud as a belated motor plunged along at unrestricted speed. The long low stand at the western side of the field glowed dully with the brown uniforms of British Tommy and American doughboy; opposite were hundreds of motor-cars parked in orderly alinement, while on the veranda of the club-house were the favored ones, Hurlingham and Roehampton folk, men and women, young and not so young, who knew the galloping game from the inside out and were rejoiced once more to be associated with scenes and incidents which the war had so ruthlessly interrupted.

"America *vs.* England," so read the legend at the top of the score-board, a sign and symbol not only of a brave day at hand, but of braver days to come when the Americans would invade England to regain once more the prized international trophy.

It was an affair almost impromptu, but none the less swiftly directed by the red gods of sport—and of fate—once it gathered headway. Alec de Belleville and "Mike" Devereux of the army—crack Meadow Brook players, on duty in London—had done a bit of spring playing at Aldershot and Hurlingham, and were yearning for the polo fields of Long Island when Jerry Montaigne blew in from France on his way home.

The situation was too obvious for Major "Rattle" Barrett, internationalist and manager of Hurlingham, to miss. He wrote down the names of a British Army four on a slip of club stationery and handed it to de Belleville with the offhand assertion that the American Army could produce nothing in the way of an outfit qualified to come within four goals of his team

"You could borrow the pick of Hurlingham ponies, too," he added, as a sort of afterthought.

De Belleville shrugged, but made no reply. A day later he picked up a forward—young Carson of the Red Cross, a four-goal man—and then sent rather a humorously defiant message to Hurlingham. . .

There was time for but one practise game—not overly satisfactory to the Americans, who were rather dismayed at the extreme enthusiasm with which the English public arose to what had been intended—on the part at least of de Belleville and his comrades—as an extremely friendly and more or less private contest. It wasn't

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going to be private, whatever else it might prove to be.

The American captain was coming out of the dressing-room in something of a somber mood, when Colonel Arbuthnot of the Medical Corps, who was having marked success with the treatment of war neuroses at a retreat in Surrey, took him by the arm. The surgeon was a Meadow Brook man himself.

"Alec," he said, "I want you to play Jack Gaillard to-morrow—yes, Gaillard. He's fully recovered from his chest wound and from all his shell shock—except that damned amnesic condition which doesn't seem to yield. I can't say there's been no progress; there has. Often enough he seems on the verge of memory; but somehow he doesn't quite push over. He needs a jounce. I should say he needs a good old dash at the game he loved and played so well—acute suggestion, you know."

"And you want me to play a man without a memory!" De Belleville looked his reproach. "We want to win this game, Arbuthnot. The British are cockey as the devil. Read the *Times* this morning?"

"I know you want to win it. But you want to do a good turn for a man who has played with you on many a field. So far as that is concerned, he may go in like an automaton; but he'll play like the devil—instinct. More than that, it's my theory he'll eat through his amnesia like a house afire. He needs a jounce, I tell you. Play him. You know the situation. There's not only Gaillard—there's Nancy Langham."

Alec jerked away impatiently.

"Oh, all right," he said. "Victory seems an ignoble thing as you talk, Arbuthnot."

SO NOW, Jack Gaillard, swathed in a blue polo coat, was making his way through the crowd on the club-house lawn with a certain uncharacteristic rigidity, a cigaret hanging from his lips. A girl in white detached herself from a group as he advanced and stood forth deliberately so as to fall under his eyes. He paused, responded vacuously to her smile and nod and passed on. The girl gestured hopelessly as de Belleville came to her side, and said something in a low voice.

She hesitated, nodded and rejoined her companions, while de Belleville, hurrying ahead, linked his arm through Gaillard's. Thus the two walked across the field to the garishly striped sweating-out tents.

"I feel," said Gaillard, "as though that girl—" He paused abruptly. "You said your name was——?"

"Why, de Belleville; Alec de Belleville. But never mind about that now, Jack."

"Jack—?" Gaillard's eyes followed the tall, stalwart figure striding on ahead and then roved dully from point to point of a scene which should have meant so much to him—yet apparently did not. The snapping and crackling of a flag on top of the gaudy tent at his elbow drew his attention to that standard with its interlaced crosses of St. Patrick, St. Andrew and St. George, which, float aggressively though it might in the fragrant wind, yet seemed on far more cordial terms with the American ensign, topping a neighboring tent, than it had ever been before in the history of the two nations. Which is not to say that that atmosphere of peculiar intensity which marks a field of grim international contest was missing. It was, in fact, quite patent; so much so, indeed, that a slightly heightened color in Gaillard's dark features seemed to betoken at least a vague recognition.

Turning, he walked to the American tent, where de Belleville and one or two others of the American four were examining their mounts. No one paid him the slightest attention, and Gaillard himself, in company as he was with comrades of many a hard-fought field, gave no sign of friendly recognition. Yet there was every indication that he felt himself to be in an environment in which instinctively he fitted. A quiet smile illumined his face as the talk in the tent went on. It related to the British team, which was regarded as a shrewdly chosen four; not at all the scratch outfit that many might suppose it to be.

"Take Miles-Dorgan and St. Vernon; they were in that Hussar team that came back from India and cleaned up the interregimental series in 1914. Chesterton rates eight goals up forward and—" de Belleville paused—"and Dauriac——"

"Dauriac!" Gaillard swung around upon the speaker, his head upraised. "Dauriac? Why, he—" As they all waited, breathless, the man turned away with his quick, nervous gesture and moved over to the ponies, his hand passing lovingly up and down the nose of one of de Belleville's mounts. Suddenly he began to speak.

"Eh, you slick chap!" A rising murmur ceased as Gaillard's hollow voice rose ever clearer. "A lump of sugar? Sure." Fumbling in the pocket of his shirt, he produced two or three cubes. "Here you are, right out of your master's hand. Get away, Prince Chap, you ill-mannered brute! Wait your turn. Now, then, up goes your head; into your maw goes the sugar. See; everything comes to him who waits."

"My God!" Jerry Montaigne turned to de Belleville. "That pony does look like Prince Chap."

"Yes—the same color, same star on his forehead." The captain gestured for silence.

Presently Gaillard sauntered carelessly toward a groom who was hovering by.

"You're not going to send Prince Chap into the game with shin pads looking like that, are you? Tighten 'em up, for the love of Moses. And he ought to have another hole taken in that girth—that is, if I'm going to ride him."

Alec de Belleville glanced significantly at Jerry Montaigne.

"Certainly, you're going to ride him, Jack."

"Good enough! Where the devil's my groom?"

A cockney in boots and riding-breeches, with gray flannel shirt open at the throat, stepped forward.

"Hi'm 'ere, sir."

"Glad you are." Gaillard's laugh was mournful. "Not that I know you; not that I know anybody here—or anywhere. The town's full of strangers, boy. Well, you'll have to do my thinking. I'll mount Prince Chap for a little practise." He paused, then smiled. "It'll be the same old order for the ponies: Prince Chap, Starlight, Lady Helen and King Dodo, unless something unexpected happens. Look sharp about my sticks, too; I'm always breaking them in a game."

Vaulting cleanly into the saddle, he sat for a moment, looking down, a glow stealing into his gray eyes.

"Well—my stick. Thanks." Slipping his hands through the buckskin thong, he felt for the saddle and, finding a ball, nodded.

The next instant he had urged his steed from the tent, had stepped over the boundary board. The level expanse of turf, swimming in golden light, stretched before his eyes, filling him with a great booming impression which for a moment dazed him. Mechanically he tossed the willow ball to the grass and then sat watching it as it described a gleaming white course against the green.

Then as the proper reaction came, he touched the pony he had called Prince Chap with his knee and the sturdy little fire-eater, all wires and springs, sprang forward in the wake of the ball, Gaillard seated bolt upright, twirling the whippy bamboo-stick in his gloved hand. He was almost upon the ball before he thought of hitting it. There was time only for the backhander. Reversing his stick, Gaillard leaned forward over the horse's neck.

"Click!" The thrill of the clean stroke traveled up the haft and set the man's muscles quivering. Then with ineffable grace he set his mount to a gallop and coming up on the ball struck it full with one of those hard, lifting drives which causes the willow to rise and fly through the air like a golf-ball.

MONTAIGNE and de Belleville leaped upon the mounts they had selected for the first period of the play, and as they made their way to the boundary board a British officer with his blue shirt and pith helmet went down the field at a gallop, driving the ball before him with that sharp hitch stroke which a British cavalryman employs so beautifully.

"There goes Dauriac!" De Belleville pulled up and watched him as he pounded down toward the goal where Jack Gaillard was deftly dribbling his ball. They didn't meet. The Briton wheeled up sharply, letting his ball go whither it would, and galloped up the field to the American captain.

"I say, de Belleville, are you playing that fellow Gaillard?"

Dauriac was of the type of athlete who on the field is popular neither with team-mates nor opponents—the sullen, intense type. Now he was fingering his waxed blond mustache. He had been cited several times in the war.

"I think so, Leslie," de Belleville grimaced. "He'll go in at number one."

Dauriac shrugged. "That puts him against me; I'm in at back, of course."

"Yes." The American made as though to proceed, then checked himself.

"I suppose it's proper enough to play—" Dauriac gestured, "to play a man in his condition. But we're rather keen to win to-day—if we can, don't you know. In other words, I'm going to—well, play polo."

"Oh, of course." De Belleville flushed, and urging his pony upon the field, threw a ball in front of him. "We want that, naturally." He clipped the ball gently and cantered away, directing his pony toward Gaillard, who was coming up the field.

"Jack," he said, "do you know me?" He gestured as Gaillard's eyes strained pathetically upon his face. "It's no matter. You're on your game, aren't you?"

"Am I? Try me."

"I'm going to. You're in at number

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one. I don't have to tell you to watch that British back——?"

"You do not."

"Do you know him? Leslie Dauriac?"

A gleam crossed Gaillard's eyes.

"I know you, you're—you're Alec——"

"Yes."

But the light had left the man's face and the expression of blankness fell as fog falls across a sudden rift in the murk. De Belleville gestured: "It's all right, old man. Play polo; that's what counts."

"That's what counts." Gaillard struck savagely at the ball and lurched away. He was quivering, as though under the influence of some extraordinary emotion. He pulled his pony up and sat for a moment immobile, his eyelids narrowed to slits. Then as the brazen clangor of a gong on the scorer's booth came over the turf he started abruptly, directing his pony toward the center of the field where the referee sat statuesquely on a roan mare—heroine of two international cup matches—holding in his hand a glistering ball.

Mechanically Gaillard guided his pony into position at the head of his team. At his side sat St. Vernon, the British forward, tall and spare, with a great sweep of shoulder, black close-cropped mustache, and the level, quiet, sharpshooter's eyes. Behind Gaillard was Montaigne, the American number two, his jovial, ruddy face drawn into a smile as Chesterton, the British number two, fell into place at his side. And at number three, Major Miles-Dorgan, short and square of figure, with a livid scar running down his swarthy cheek, raised his eyebrows humorously at "Mike" Devereux as the American took his position. Gaillard, half turned in his saddle, marked them all with widening eyes. He saw de Belleville wheel his pony into the American line-up, and then Dauriac.

Quick as a flash Gaillard faced about, his mind whirling under some unknown impulse. Dauriac! What was there in that name, in that grim countenance, that caused his blood to sing? Dauriac?

But the referee was saying something, the ball poised in his hand. A deep silence had fallen over the field. The two lines of players sat tense, all smiles gone now, their sticks poised to hook the ball out of the mêlée and send it hurtling down field, the loose folds of their shirts fluttering in the breeze, ponies jerking their heads restlessly, pawing the turf with quick, nervous forefeet.

DOWN went the ball between the waiting horsemen. Gaillard reached for it, but it went past him. There was a milling of ponies as the rival players flashed down for the willow sphere. Sticks clashed, flank rubbed flank, shoulder met shoulder; it was Miles-Dorgan who hooked it out of the welter and with a sharp twist and snap of wrist sent it bounding at an acute angle to Chesterton. De Belleville laid the whip on his mount and went streaking up the field to protect his goal; but St. Vernon was a jump ahead of him. With a long ball, such as Chesterton could hit, St. Vernon would have a fine opening for the goal—unless the American back could outsprint the British mount and save the situation with a well-directed backhander.

"Dauriac—!" A strange lassitude stole over Gaillard, and taking his eyes from the British back he watched the ball as though, in sooth, he were a spectator.

"Ah!" Gaillard's eyes glistened as de Belleville hustled the British forward out of his stroke, the ball lying clear and fair not twenty yards in front of the American goal. "Ah—our number three comes up." Gaillard leaned forward to watch. "Now the British number two rides him off. The British three is set for a wallop. Good night! But no! Holy Mike, what a miss! Now, who's coming up—with no one to ride him off? Dauriac—! My God! He lost me!"

Gaillard laid the whip to his pony, but he was a full seventy-five yards away when Dauriac with a neat shot put the ball through the American goal for the first score of the game.

"Gaillard!" De Belleville's voice came like a rifle shot, angry. "Where the hell were you?"

"Sorry." Gaillard reined up at his captain's side. "Alec, I—" He drew up, his dark cheeks flaming. "Alec! I know you. No matter about that, though. Where did I ever play against that chap Dauriac before?"

De Belleville hesitated, and then, unable to check his angry emotions, he shook his stick at the man. It was going to be harder than he thought to lose the game this way.

"Do you think you're playing against him to-day?" His voice was sharp. "Doesn't look like it. Why weren't you where you should have been? Stop mooning and play the game if you wish to stay in this combination."

Gaillard flushed and nodded. The referee was again poised in the center of the field. The ball went to the grass and this time it was Gaillard who hooked it out, sending it a few feet toward the side where Montaigne whacked it a glancing blow, causing the ball to bound toward the side-boards. The helter-skelter dash that followed brought both teams to the board and in the close-packed struggle for possession there was but room to push with the sticks. Gaillard worked loose and then slumped in his saddle as the picture of a girl went through his mind—a girl on the club lawn who had nodded and smiled. Why, he knew her—of course. Why, she was—

"Gaillard, damn it all!" Miles-Dorgan, leaning half out of his saddle, had got in a backhander and the ball was coursing out to the center. Gaillard followed it with a sudden fear. It was as he surmised. Dauriac had slipped out of the mêlée and was galloping to midfield, awaiting precisely the stroke which was now sending the ball to him.

Swearing under his breath, applying both whip and spur to his frantic pony, Gaillard led the way out into the clearing, but Dauriac had the ball now, had even time to set himself for the remarkable drive that followed, the willow sphere going fully half the length of the field, resting a few feet in front of the Meadow Brook goal. Devereux cut across and just tipped the ball in his effort to avert a score. St. Vernon dashed up with a savage slash, a complete miss. The two teams were now on the ball, grinding about until de Belleville sent it flying some twenty yards out of danger. But the players had hardly turned when Dauriac launched another of his ferocious drives, the ball going slightly out of line, but striking the hoof of de Belleville's pony, whence it was deflected straight through the Meadow Brook goal

The eyes of the American captain rested upon Gaillard, but if he had intended saying anything he changed his mind. The bell was ringing, ending the first period of play; and the players, mopping the sweat from their brows, trooped to the side lines for a change of ponies.

"Two to nothing!" de Belleville shrugged and slipped from his pony, giving a few directions as to the girth of the new mount.

"Yes—I did you for both of those scores, Alec," Gaillard's face was drawn.

"All right. Then you know what to do next time."

"Yes." Gaillard dismounted and mechanically seized the bridle of the pony which a groom had brought to him. "Yes." But it was purely a perfunctory affirmative. His thoughts were somewhere in the past—and his eyes. There was a day such as this, and he was—yes, he was poorly mounted. The sunlight was heavy; there was a British team. No, not a British team. It was a scratch four. But Dauriac was playing. Yes. It was before we were in the war. War—? There drifted across Gaillard's mind a long, muddy trench. He stood with a watch in his hand, and soldiers kept asking him if the time had not come to go over. But Dauriac was not there. And it wasn't polo. No. And this American girl with yellow hair and gray eyes—?

"GAILLARD! Gaillard! Are you going to hold us up all night?" With a wave of his hand Gaillard galloped to the center of the field. Dauriac was studying him with cold blue eyes. Yes, he had played against that chap before. He remembered that detached expression, that waxed blond mustache, slightly lifted at one corner.

Brief though it had been, there was something soothing, something benign in that golden rift in Gaillard's clouded mind. It seemed to cleanse him, to send his soul questing, as though out of a limbo. Perhaps, were there a delay in the game, a pony down or something, the clogging opaque filament would lift altogether.

But there was no delay. The referee was again poised; in his upraised hand the ball glowed and shimmered. Now it was rolling beneath the ponies' legs.

"St. Vernon has it!" de Belleville's voice rose clear as the sphere shot out of the mess to Chesterton. But Devereux hooked the man's stick, giving Montaigne a chance to send it toward the British goal. Devereux came through and was set for a drive when he was roughly hustled off. The British massed about the ball so that neither they nor the Americans could get a clear drive at it. The ponies milled and ground in a close pack while the British players with inimitable defense dribbled the ball from one to the other, awaiting their opportunity to get it clear and take it down with another of their lightning rushes.

Of no avail were the bull-like crashes into the British mounts of de Belleville and Devereux. The cavalrymen were on their game, and the wiry Irish-breds were over the ball at all times with human intelligence. Miles-Dorgan at length saw his opening and dealt a vicious blow. But Gaillard intercepted the ball in the air; it fell dead. St. Vernon was on it. He ramped up-field, with the pack pounding after him. The drive missed the American goal by a few feet.

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And this was the story of the periods leading up to half-time—the British massing on defense, standing off the crashing impacts of the Americans and at the proper time launching a drive into American territory. It was, indeed, more the fiery abandon of the British stick-work—resulting as it did in many misses—that kept the score to two to nothing in favor of the cavalrymen when the four periods had ended and the teams went to their tents for the eight minutes of dearly purchased rest. The game had moved too swiftly for thought. Tense with the struggle, whipped by ceaseless admonitions from de Belleville, Gaillard had gone through periods of alternate concentration when he was always in the thick of the fight and of disintegration when Montaigne, cursing and foaming at the mouth, was obliged to play not only his own position but Gaillard's.

As the teams walked their ponies to the side lines for a change of mounts, Gaillard checked his steed and allowed Dauriac to come up. But something in the man's face prevented his speaking. He rode forward to his captain's side.

"Alec, when did I last play against Dauriac?"

De Belleville gestured impatiently. "Damn it all, Jack, we have a game to win."

"I know—but Dauriac! He rode all over me once. You were playing; when was it? When was it, I say? Alec, I'll go crazy if you don't help me out. When did I play against Dauriac?"

The captain hesitated a moment. Then, coming close to Gaillard, checking each word with a forefinger, holding the man's eyes, he said:

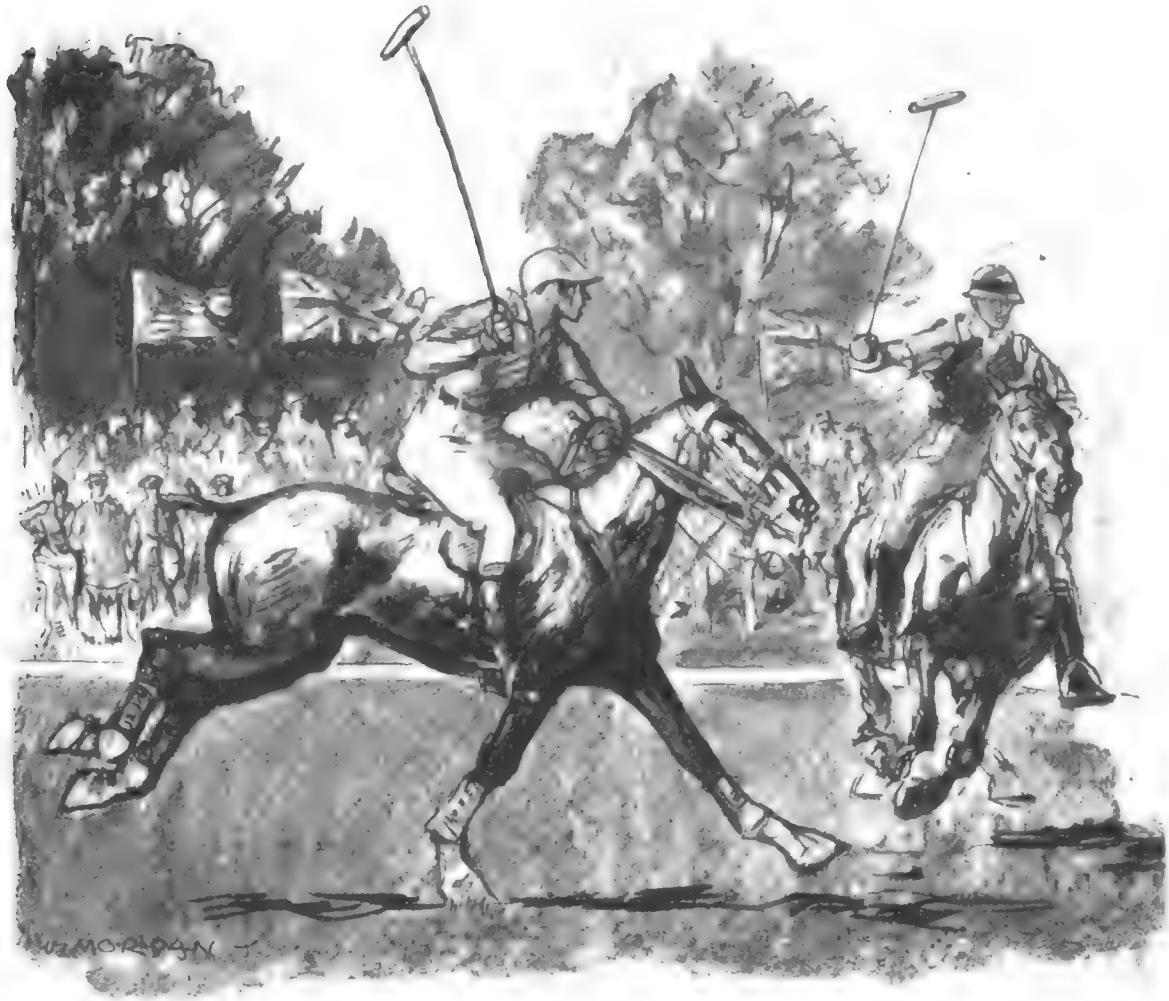
"It was in 1916, at Meadow Brook. He had been wounded and was over buying horses for the British. He was on my team. You were playing with Coopers-town. You——"

As Gaillard's face drew into tense lines, de Belleville slapped him upon the shoulder.

"All right, all right. Chuck it, will you, Jack! Forget it!" His voice lowered. "We want this game, old son. That's all you want to know, now—the game; and Dauriac, who made a monkey of you three years ago. The game—see; nothing else."

"I know—I get you."

Gaillard slid down from his pony and walked slowly to the bucket of oatmeal-water, wiping the sweat from his forehead,



"Keep off, Dauriac! I'm on the ball!" Gaillard's voice rose to a scream.

trembling under a series of dull impressions which were coming to him in swift succession, but vaguely. He swayed and both hands, held in front of his face, were alternately clenching and opening, as though galvanically, while his lips moved as in prayer; in prayer, indeed, they were moving.

"God, my God, give it to me! Give it to me!" His face was piteous. De Belleville's arm went about his shoulders. "God—" Then suddenly, suddenly as a miracle it came—knowledge—memory—understanding. On every side there came out of the mist faces he knew as well as his

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own; de Belleville, Jerry Montaigne, good old "Mike" Devereux. He turned suddenly and, letting his head fall upon de Belleville's shoulder, he sobbed. Then gently he twisted from under his captain's big arm.

"Alec! Not just now. It's too big for me, for the minute. Wait! Let me work it out. I will. I promise—no, not a drop to drink. I went on the wagon when the war started, you know. Don't need it. Let me alone, like a good chap!"

He strode out of the tent and stood leaning against a post gazing out across the fields, all green and gold, toward the club-house.

DAURIAC, eh! And Nancy Langham—or was it Nancy Dauriac? She had smiled and bowed to him on the club-house lawn just as of old. The old look in her eyes! Then the field and its sights and sounds drifted away as his mind went back to a day like this at Meadow Brook—all green and gold. He was pretty much of a cub then. But he was big in his love for Nancy Langham. He had never had any other. They had played bicycle polo together on the Rockaway field. So they had gone through the years; it was the understood thing between them. She had woven herself through his life like a thread of gold.

Dauriac had come to Long Island from out of the pit of war, came with his wound stripes, his social prestige, his air of the world—above all, the glamour of ensanguined fields. They had sent him over to buy horses—as a reward, as a well-earned rest. Nancy had met him at the races at Piping Rock. Gaillard had seen little of her thenceforward.

There came a day, that day such as this, all green and gold, when he had drawn Nancy aside and in his blundering way had told her always to count upon him, that he wanted her happy above all things. And so forth—the usual talk.

Gaillard closed his eyes. He could see her now as he had then seen her, her hair like new corn, her eyes glowing, her face flushed—trying, oh, so hard, to be kindly and sweet and sympathetic, as she would be—and yet utterly unable to conceal her pride and her happiness.

Then the game on the international field where he had played like a fool. And Dauriac, who had smiled at his futile ardor—as any good player would have done, of course. Of course.

The marriage, he had understood, would not take place while Dauriac was exposed to the risks of war. But she had followed him to England to enter the hospital organized by his sister, Lady Darrach. That was the last he recalled. As for him, there had been the two Plattsburg camps, then Camp Upton, then France.

Now he was playing polo—against Dauriac. And the British led two to nothing. He turned to a groom.

"Boy, if you have that pony I've been calling Prince Chap sponged off and he's cool, I'll use him."

"'E's cool, sir. Hand 'e's biting 'is tile to ply, sir."

"Very good." Gaillard glanced once more across the field toward the coruscating gowns and millinery in front of the club-house, then throwing himself upon the grass he lighted a cigaret.

De Belleville confronted him, gazing down doubtfully.

"Shut up, Alec." Gaillard arose, smiling grimly. "I know what you want to say. If I lose Dauriac once again this game, jerk me out. That's all, jerk me out. I think I understand what you've been doing for me. I'm no ingrate—you'll see. Wait!"

The captain nodded, his face lighting.

"All right."

The bell was calling the players to the field. Gaillard rode out, hunched like an Apaché, his eyes darting to left and right, his stick held rigid. He paused as he came to Dauriac's side and glanced at him full. Though he said nothing, Dauriac understood the look.

In went the ball again. St. Vernon edged it out of the scrimmage and then with a mighty forehand stroke sent it sailing clear toward the American goal. De Belleville, cutting across, was just able to get it, launching a stroke slightly under his mount's tail at an angle so cleverly directed that Devereux, the American number three, was in a position to come onto it right-handed. His perfectly executed drive sent the ball rolling into British territory.

"That means Dauriac. And it means me." With a smile, Gaillard went into the British back like a lance, throwing him completely off his stroke, causing a miss. Dauriac's club, whistling clear, expended its force against the ankle of Gaillard's mount, who squealed angrily, but was spurred to extraordinary effort by the pain as Gaillard urged him clear and then blocked off Dauriac, while Montaigne's lusty drive sent the ball just outside the British goal-posts.

Even this miss failed to diminish the thrill of Gaillard's personal encounter with the British back. It tingled like electricity. He could feel, surging like a flood, the poise, the confidence, the strength, the clear-sightedness and knowledge of the game which before the war was beginning ing to place him at the forefront of American forwards. He glanced at Dauriac with head erect.

But Dauriac was not smiling now. He was the sort of sportsman who takes his game as a religion—and success therein as the only sacrament. He was not an amiable man, and in the first half Gaillard's ineptitude had filled him with a sort of sardonic contempt. But the changed aspect of the American's game could have but one effect upon him—and it had it; it filled him with a cold rage. There would be a bitter note in this game from now on. Gaillard knew, and welcomed the knowledge.

With the ball out of bounds over the British goal line it was Dauriac's function to put it into play by knocking it into the field from his own goal line. Instead of driving it straight to the center of the arena he sent it at an acute angle to St. Vernon, who had stolen far to one side. It caught the Americans napping, and before they were aware the British No. 2 had delivered a fearful drive, the ball traveling on a line like a baseball and then falling, rolling on and on until, to the tense spectators, it seemed as though it never would stop.

There it lay far ahead, the objective of eight horsemen, bending forward in their saddles, whipping and spurring their ponies, who laid to their work like whippets, their hoofs sending up a muffled thunderbeat from the hard, crisp turf. It was de Belleville who won out, but he had to turn in on the ball, and St. Vernon went into him like a meteor, throwing him completely off his stroke. Chesterton at the shrill command of Miles-Dorgan went on over the ball without attempting to hit it. His turn would come in a moment.

"Here's a goal," Gaillard groaned inwardly. "That bird never misses." But he did this time, totally, the stick flying high in the air on recovery, while the doughty Miles-Dorgan roared curses which, as it seemed, were literally torn out of him. To Gaillard's awakened sensibilities the situation opened up like a map. He wheeled as though on a pivot and swung in upon Dauriac.

"You won't be in on this, old boy." Muttering, his teeth grinding, he went for the British back at a runaway gallop.

Dauriac saw him coming and swerved slightly, but Gaillard, not to be denied, swung his mount to meet the altered course and slewed the pony in so that he could bring his knee firmly against the shoulder of Dauriac's plunging steed. Without a glance the British back laid the whip, but Gaillard's mount, both powerful and fast, was slowly but surely forcing Dauriac out toward the side of the field. Pushing, hustling at a mad gallop, both men in the heat of their personal contest for the moment lost track of the play.

BUT Gaillard was quickest to get the field under the scope of his vision. As in a picture he saw Miles-Dorgan miss and override the ball, saw it lying fair and straight, not fifteen yards from the American goal, saw de Belleville ramp in like a Berserker and lift the ball well up toward midfield with one of those backhanders to see which is never forgotten.

Wheeling about, Gaillard swung clear of the British back and galloped out to the center on a diagonal course, just as Devereux clipped the ball on its way to the British goal, and Jerry Montaigne, who had played his position perfectly, picked it up with a clean, powerful shot. The ball rolled up to Galliard's side in a perfect position to hit. But Montaigne was pounding up a step or two ahead of the British number three and fairly in line with the ball.

"Leave it, Jack! Leave it!"

Jerry Montaigne's shrill, throaty admonition was not needed to give Gaillard a full sense of the situation. His team-mate was coming up beautifully on the ball and fifty yards down Dauriac was streaking across the field to intercept the drive. With a shrill cowboy "yip," Gaillard abandoned the ball and he and Dauriac arrived simultaneously at a point fifteen feet directly in front of the British goal. There was no time for maneuvering. The Briton had to take things as they lay—in other words, a backhander on the near side. His stick was whistling through the air when Gaillard came into him "hell for leather," hustling him clean out of his stroke, causing a complete miss, the ball lying still and as large as a melon for Montaigne, who drove the goal without apparent effort.

As the red flag of the goal judge waved aloft, as the handclapping of the Americans at the club-house and the shouts of the doughboys in the stand and the honking of motor-car horns drifted across the turf, Gaillard suddenly leaped from his pony and stood with his forearm across his saddle, his head leaning upon it.

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"Beautifully played, Jack. Bully! Are you all right?"

"Alec—" Gaillard raised his head. "Is—is she—Nancy—" He broke into harsh laughter, gesturing de Belleville to silence. "Forget it, Alec. Let's go."

And this—the old American battle-cry—became the watchword of the afternoon. "Let's go!" It was dynamic in the moving quality of its effect.

"Let's go!" The cry, going from mouth to mouth, welded the Americans into a fiery unit where formerly they had been four individuals. They were more flames than men when they tied the score in the sixth period, sweeping down the field, two forward in front, tandem, and the backs roving out to either side, carrying all opposition before them.

Gaillard laughed out loud as he hooked Dauriac's stick, straight from behind, leaving the ball to Montaigne, who galloped loose and made the goal in three strokes, while the Americans at the club-house cheered and the doughboys in the stand punched a Tommy wherever they could reach one.

As the game rose to its climax in the seventh period, the battle between Gaillard, whose forward game had developed nothing short of a Dervish quality, and Dauriac, sullen, imperturbable, but ever ready to ram his opponent at breakneck velocity or to collide shoulder to shoulder, became almost purely personal. Time and again while their captains cursed and besought they launched themseves clean out of the play, crashing together like thunderbolts and hustling each other over the boundaries, leaving the ball to go where it would.

Indeed, with the end drawing near, all the players were imbued with a combative recklessness which resulted in shattered sticks, fallen mounts, and a constant stream of strong Anglo-Saxon words.

IT WAS Gaillard who put his team into the lead when Dauriac, misjudging the roll of the ball, got it between his pony's forelegs as he maneuvered to hit. The next instant it lay for a backhander and the American number one made it handsomely.

But before the cheers of the Americans had died Miles-Dorgan, in the last few seconds of the period, got in a stupendous drive which went quarter the length of the field, and rolled through the goal-posts while de Belleville, following hard upon it, pawed and raked at it with his stick.

"Three to three!" de Belleville stood in front of his men with the flashing eyes of a fanatic as the Americans changed mounts for the final period. "Three to three, do you get it? Now——"

"Alec—" Gaillard moved to his captain and placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Alec, do you mind if I butt in? Fellows," he went on as de Belleville nodded, "I want you to win this game. Why? Because it was I who let you in for those two points of the British. I did it. Yes, I did. They're on me—those points—and if we lose with that hanging over me—why—well, you don't know what it will mean. There are reasons why I can't stand it. We *can* win. They're on the run, the Britishers. They've been glad to punch the ball out of bounds almost every rush. They're on the run, the pick of the British, or as good as the pick. Are they going to say that American polo died with the Big Four?" There arose a series of growls. "But I want to win, fellows——"

De Belleville interrupted.

"Jack, you're thinking of Nancy Langham. Is that what's on your mind? Just hold up a bit and let me tell you——"

But Devereux nudged him sharply in the ribs, and he bit his lips and gestured the team out of the tent. The bell calling the teams to the field was ringing insistently; in the center sat the British, stern, immobile, awaiting them. It seemed in truth as though their very horses were of stone. Gaillard's quick, roving eyes marked them as one fighter marks another. He glanced toward Dauriac, then nodded at Montaigne.

"Anglo-Saxon against Anglo-Saxon makes rather a pretty scrap, Jerry."

So it proved. The struggle that ensued was so swift-shuttling in its various phases, so filled with impact of man and beast, of sticks flying recklessly, of ponies at full gallop, that the men played by instinct alone.

So keen were they that it was only infrequently that the ball was hit clear, and when it was, the hawk-like ponies were over it in a jiffy. The spectators had left the club-house and were thronging upon the lawn, while in the tonneaus of the automobiles stood men and women, their arms about one another for support, as they swayed with the varying fortunes of the play. And alone, at the very edge of the field, stood a girl in white, her eyes riveted upon the gyrating players, her lips parted, her cheeks flushed. Twice the British, passing the ball to one another like a baseball, had slowly worked it down into American territory, and twice de Belleville, cutting in, had sent it out to Devereux with slashing backhanders.

And thrice the Americans had all but worked the ball clear in front of Briton's goal when Dauriac, plunging into the mêlée, had lifted it out of danger.

And the hands of the time-keeper's watch moved slowly toward the end. Not more than a minute, in sooth, remained, when one of those situations which so suddenly and vividly develop in hand-played polo established itself out of an ill-ordered welter of plunging horsemen and blows delivered at random. Gaillard saw it all, detail by detail, as though on a moving-picture screen.

"Good, Alec!" he cried as the American back stole the ball from St. Vernon. "Pretty!" he shouted as the ball rolled at such an angle from de Belleville's stick that he had a chance to come up on it and square away with a stunning drive directly to Devereux.

"It's the end!" Gaillard spurred his horse and went after Dauriac. But Chesterton drove crashing into Devereux just as he hit, spoiling the drive, but not ruining it utterly. "Now it goes to Miles-Dorgan." Gaillard was checking up each phase of the play, as was his habit in close emergencies. True enough; Chesterton shot it handsomely across to the British number three. "Now, then!" Gaillard swung his horse about, ready for the race down-field. But Miles-Dorgan's pony crossed her feet and stumbled, throwing the rider off his stroke. He never even touched the ball. Montaigne was ready. Cutting in like a meteor, he drove the ball straight and true into British territory. "Now, me!" Gaillard smiled as he clipped the ball toward the goal, he after it on a mad gallop.

His eyes were glowing. The ball lay directly ahead, and Dauriac, whom he had eluded up-field, would not have time to cover the goal. Dauriac knew this, so instead he was coming straight across, converging upon Gaillard at an angle which would result in a dangerously unfair crossing.

"Keep off, Dauriac, I'm on the ball," Gaillard's voice rose to a scream. But Dauriac, his eyes blood-flecked, his face grimly set, did not swerve an inch. There was a chance he might hit it, but if he did he would have to commit a foul by passing directly in front of Gaillard compelling the American to pull up to avoid collision. "Damn you, Dauriac——!"

The shout was lost in a sharp click of wood against wood. The ball left the ground like a rifle shot, and then on a level line crashed full into the shoulder of Gaillard's pony, sending the poor beast to his knees with a shrill cry of pain, the rider pitching clean over his head, landing heavily upon the turf.

Silence lay upon the field as Gaillard struggled to his feet and staggered a few steps to his mount, who stood quivering, nostrils distended and bloody.

"Poor old girl—" Gaillard's hand, reaching up to the pony's neck, fell limp at his side. He reeled and again pitched to the ground.

WHEN he opened his eyes, he was very comfortable and he had a feeling that if he kept them open the fingers that were passing to and fro across his forehead would cease. So he closed them; but only for a moment. About him were his comrades, their faces streaked with sweat and dirt, shirts clinging damp and bedraggled to brawny chest and shoulder.

"Nancy!" Gaillard lifted his head, but the girl's fingers pressed it gently down into her lap.

Then as she leaned down, her face flushed, her eyes glowing, de Belleville, with a little gesture, motioned the men away.

"Jack, can you understand if I say something?" As he nodded and smiled, her fingers mechanically passed through his dark, crinkling hair. They ceased suddenly. "Jack, I've wanted to tell you for so long. But I couldn't locate you in France. Then you were wounded; lost your memory." He raised his hand weakly.

"Dauriac!"

"We—we saw the mistake, long ago, Jack. We—we—" Her voice failed.

"Nancy!" Gaillard had risen to his knees and was staring at her.

"You—you know we won, Jack." The girl was speaking rapidly, as girls will when men look at them as Gaillard was looking. "Time was up just as you fell, and the referee penalized the British for that foul crossing of Leslie Dauriac's. So the Americans won, three to two and a half. And you played wonderfully, Jack! No one ever saw Leslie Dauriac quite so stuffy. He's a rotter on the polo field; but off, he's really decent. Oh, of course, we're still awfully good friends. But the great thing is that we won. The King—King George—motored up to the field, saw the last two periods. He sent his congratulations to Alec de Belleville. Isn't it all stunning!"

"Oh, stunning!"

She was smiling at him now.

"I don't believe you're a bit interested," she said.

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High Company

Soldier Hospital Sketches

By Harry Lee, of the American Red Cross

The author of "High Company" has for a long period served our boys (of whom his son is one) in hospitals over there and here. In their simplicity and beauty his words give us the very heart of the hospital soldiers.—THE EDITORS.

The Upper Room

Such bluster and blare of winds,
Such rattling of windows,
Such whistling over chimneys,
Such gusts of rain against the panes,
As though the night
Were a great sea in storm,
And the blown waves were breaking
Against some lonely lighthouse.

A lighthouse, to-night,
Was this Upper Room,
Amid its squirrel-haunted oaks,
For high above the street,
In a window looking toward the hospital,
A beacon shone,
Long before the men from overseas
Came veering down that windy way,
Like unsteady craft
Bound for snug harbor.

The oak logs on the hearth
Were in fine feckle,
When the sturdy knocking
Called the mistress to her door,
And the clump of the hobnails,
And the thud of the crutches,
Sounded upon the stairs.

What a brisk tang of outdoors
They brought with them,
These children of the storm,
Flinging aside the wet coats,
The jaunty caps,
Casting away crutches,
And hopping to the chairs
About the fire.

How they laughed about everything,
And nothing at all!
How they hailed each other
In the bluff kindness
Of nicknames all too true!
Where was the sting,
When Bill with the helpless hands
Called Tim with the cast:
"Statue!"
Only to be answered by:
"Cut the kiddin', Cripple!"
But when the fags were lighted,
When Cavanagh's clay pipe fumed and fretted,
Sending up genial clouds,
When the big winds had gone
Blundering away over the trees,
When the coals lay deep and red,
And the flames were flickering,
And the room was shadowy,
The mood of reminiscence came.

Overseas again—
Hiking in the snow,
Sleeping in the rain,
Squatting by camp-fires
Lit by strange roads.
Boiling the pot
Sharing the scant meal,
Throwing kisses, to some maiden,
Smiling down between the parted shutters
Of a plastered gable,
Into the narrow, cobbled street.
Unbragging tales of battle,
The bravery of the other fellow,
Always the "other fellow."
What Tom said the night he "got his,"
The tenderness of a nurse,
The skill of a good doctor,
The princeliness of an officer.
Hating nothing but "yellowness,"
Fearing nothing but fear,
Greatly loving,
Champions of the helpless,
Laughers-down of smugness and sham,
Loud jesters,
Profane,
Reverent,
Wistful for home,
Longing for far places,
Brothers of the Rough Road,
Gypsies of God.

"Ah, Salvadore,
Don't be looking at your watch!"
"Ten-twenty?
No—!"
"It sure is.
'Twill be taking all of ten minutes
To reach the hospital
With this bunch of cripples.
Look at 'em!
SOME soldiers,
I'll tell the world!"

From the Upper Room,
I watched them toiling up the street.
The moon through rifted clouds
Made the way light,
The shadows of the branches
Lay black across the path.
They were singing.
Through the open window
The young voices floated back,
Even after the pines hid them from view—
"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,

—the thousand-windowed house where her son was.

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Where the nightingales are singing,
And the white moon beams—"

The Pipe and the Fire

I closed the window
And turned to my chair by the fire.
Blink, blink,
Went the red eye of the last log,
About to retire for the night
Under its good gray blanket of ashes.
Puff, puff, drowsed the pipe.

Then, as though aroused
By some sudden memory,
The fire thrust a red tongue
At us both,
As if to say:
"Sleepy heads!"
"Sleepy heads indeed," said I,
Replenishing both fire and pipe.
Thus encouraged,
My two friends gave me
For my pains,
Of their hoard of dreams.
What better repaying?

"Do you remember,"
Began the fire
In its cheeriest vein,
"The look in the eyes of John Knight,
When he sat propped in yonder bed,
That evening last week?"

"Ah," said the pipe,
"But I was with him
On the trip to the village,
In his chair.
He was so blanketed,
I heard him ask:
'Are we bound for the North Pole?'
He wore the overseas cap
That Edder lent him.
'It's no harm, is it,
To look as if I'd got over,
To make folks think
I've been—across?'

"I watched the eyes of those we passed,
The sad,
The curious,
The understanding.
'Boys of their own somewhere,'
I thought.
We went down by the lake,
And saw the West aflame with sunset.
John sighed:
'We used to set on the kitchen steps,
Evenings,
Mother and me,
Out home in Flat River, Missouri,
Many a time we did.
We have sunsets like that
Out there,
Only redder—'

"I was in my master's pocket,
Coming back,"
Continued the pipe,
"But I heard John say,
Eagerly as a little child:
'Sure I could get up a flight o' steps!'
I heard the soldier they call 'Weiny'
Come whistling up the street.
I climbed the stairs with the two of them
Carrying the lad,
Propping him there among the pillows,
On yonder bed."

The fire mused a bit,
And then burst forth:
"All true, no doubt, good pipe,
But from your case you could not hear
What Mary, the cook, said:
'Fix suppah fo' dat boy,
Dat po' sick sojer-boy?
De good Lawd bless him!
Jes' yo' wait—
Hot biscuit,
Jam,
Steak, all juicy brown!'

"Who but I heard the kitchen poker,
'Prod, prod!'
And the kitchen grate,
'Shake, shake!'
My eyes it was saw John,
Sitting before the table,
In front of me.

"If you please, Mr. Pipe,
I can't forget such things,
They keep my heart warm.

"Jack's mother sat before me too,
The day Jack died.
I never am awake, but that I see
Her young old face,
And hear her sob:
'His heart just broke,
He couldn't stand the pain.
My son, my dear—
To think I slept last night,
I slept all night,
And thought that he was better.
Oh, my son—'

Angeline.

"There was that rainy Sunday,
When Kearney's wife and child
Were with him here.
They called the baby 'Polly,'
'How tall she's grown!'
He'd say,
'To think that she can walk!
But you seem thin,
You've worked too hard.
When I get home again—
I'm lucky, girl,
Three fingers gone,
What's that—?
When I get home,
We'll be some jolly bunch,
Hey, Polly, hey?' "

The fire crackled cozily,
As though it saw
The little home to be.
"And I remember well
Another day when—"
Here midnight chimed
From the tower beyond the town.
The log fell,
And snuggled among the ashes.
The pipe went out.
The room was very still,
And the moon looked in,
Between the stark branches
Of the trees.

Angeline

That Angeline
Should have been overlooked,
Among the hurrying throng
Of doctors and nurses,
Of patients and orderlies,
Is not strange.
So dark she is,
So meek,
So occupied with mop and suds,
So zealous that the ever-passing feet
Have spotless floors
To tread upon.

Her Gift
Might have gone unnoticed
But for the Boys.
The very mention of it
Embarrassed her.
She stood,
Twirling her apron,
Her head bowed,
Smiling,
With teeth agleam,
Her great, soft, upturned eyes
Heavy with tears.

"Ho, it's a lil thing
I'ze doin',
Fo' dem as done so much,
A mighty lil thing.
'Caze dey's jes' me an' lil Sue,
Mah sistah's chile,
Mah po' sistah, wat died wid de flu.
So I sez to mase'f:
'Looka hyah, Angeline,
Is yo'all gwine set back
Doin' nuffin fo' de Boys
Jes' 'caze yo' cain't tek 'em
Out ridin' in limmyzines,
Lak de rich folks?'

"An' mase'f answer back
'Corse yo' ain't!
Wat about dat passel o' pullets,
Yo' all done got?
Dey's layin' fit to kill, ain't dey?
De good Lawd mek yo' stewa'd
O' dem pullets,
An' dem aigs too.'
Dat po sick chile
In room sebenty-fo' say dis mawnin':
'Angeline, dem aigs so fresh,
Yo' kin mos' hyah de hens cacklin'!'

"A Sunday ah done mek
Chicken fry fo' de boy in sebenty-seben.
Eat!
Lan' sakes! eat lak a harves' han'.
It's mighty lil——
Wat's dat—'widow's mite?'
No, sah,
You'ze 'staken.
I'ze a maiden lady!"

So mellow was Angeline's laugh,
So full of good-will,
It must have quickened the heart
Of every "po' sick chile"
Along the dim corridor.
I looked back,
At the turning.
Again her industrious mop
Was plying,
Mop and suds,
Busily plying.

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Baldur, The Bright God

(Sun-god of old Norse mythology, "whitest" of the gods, so beautiful and bright that a light emanates from him.)

All the March day
Baldy had been at it
In his tiny golden house.
Swinging on his trapeze,
Hopping from perch to perch,
Halting a moment to dip his bill
Into the clear water,
Or the seed,
Or to peck daintily at the cuttle-shell
The nurse had placed for him.
Chirruping,
Preening,
Spreading his yellow wings,
Ruffling his topknot,
Glancing down every now and then
At his great yellow-haired master,
And bursting his little throat
With the very rapture
Of the message he had to tell.

His message was of spring,
And love,
And memory,
And hope,
And the thousand things
That brave youth hears
When pain relents
And there is time to dream.

All the March day,
Baldy's master,
Propped in the bed,
Which had been his dwelling-place
Since early Fall,
Had been reading letters.
Such a host of them—
They had not forgotten,
Folks he had almost forgotten himself.

She came swiftly,
As bringers of joy should come.

To think of Lulu Nunnamaker
Remembering him.
Lulu, whose red braids,
In front of him at school,
Had made tweaking irresistible.
Lulu had forgotten her tiffs,
And written,
Wishing him a "happy birthday."
Happy——
With home three hundred miles away,
And the moveless hips
And the pain.

When pain relents
And there is time to dream.

"Joy, joy, joy, joy—oh joy!"
Caroled Baldy,
His tiny head tilted
Toward the high white ceiling,
As though looking at the sky.
The boy cast a deprecating glance
At his merry comrade:
"If I hadn't named you,
'Baldur, the bright god,'
I'd be angry at you, Baldy,
If—you weren't in a cage."

But Baldur sang blissfully on
When the doctor came
With the usual:
"How do you feel to-day?"
And—"Yes, of course the diet
Will make you seem faint,
But it may help the trouble."
He trilled rapturously
When the aid brought the baking apparatus,
And the electric current
Went tingling through the helpless limbs.
When the orderly came,
With the stipend of food,
At noon—Baldy sang.

When the tray was taken away again,
Baldur's master asked
To have the door closed,
That he might revel in the messages
Each mail had brought.

One from the teacher
Who taught him nights,
That winter before he went to France,
After his days in the factory,
After her days in the schoolroom.
What a faithful of the faithful she was,
How like herself the letter sounded!

Well, well—
One from the postmaster back home.
One from Old Man Roose;
He had overlooked the watermelon scrape,
A square old guy, Roose, at that.
One from Deacon Pettigrew,
Inquiring about his spiritual welfare.
He means well—the Deacon.
One from sister Jennie's little John,
Hoping Uncle Paul will soon be home
To see his white rabbits,
Mr. and Mrs. Carrot and their family.
Some kid—Johnnie.

One from—
Surely it can't be—yes,
There's the postmark:
A. P. O. 713, A. E. F., France.
—The first letter from Skarvedt
Since they parted in Chaumont.
Lucky boy, Skar—still with the outfit.
Mother had forwarded the letter.
To think that it, too, should come
On the birthday.

How the words of the boyish scrawl
Brought the good old Buddy back,
And Chaumont,
The hospital on the hill,
And the grain ripening,
And the poppies,
One early evening when they stood together,
Watching the beauty of it all:
The ramshackle two-wheeled cart,
Lumbering down the hill
After the laggard droop-necked horse,
The old man in his blue smock
And wooden shoes,
Trudging solemnly beside;
Grain turning yellow
And the poppies blowing.

Yes, Baldur, your little brothers
Were there too,
Singing,
In spite of the ones
Who would not come back to Chaumont.

One more remembrance to be opened,
He had saved it for the last.
A package—heavy, square,
From mother.
Is it a book?
Mother knows how he loves books.
Hadn't she come many a night
To that room of his
Where the pine-bough brushed the window
On stormy nights
To tell him it was time
To lay the book away
And get to bed?

Buddy.

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How carefully it was wrapped,
Tissue after tissue.
Why it's a—
It's a—cake.
That spicy, raisiny, dark kind,
His favorite,
All in a glistening coat of icing,
And candles,
Twenty tiny red candles,
"Nineteen for his years,
And one to grow on."
Mother had written—
And with—"all love."

The pent-up storm broke.
Baldy cocked his little crown
Wonderingly.
Why was his master's face
Hidden in his hands.
Why were those broad shoulders shaking?
Baldy forgot to sing.

Then there was a sound of light knocking
At the closed door.
They knew who—
Baldur and his master.
It was the "Blue Bird,"
For so they called
The little sweet lady,
With the brown eyes,
And the white cap and apron,
Who came every day with the basket
Heaped with pretty colored yarns
And beads and things
To make you—forget.

They had missed her all day,
And here she was,
Just as day was fading,
To bring day back again.

She came swiftly,
As bearers of joy should come,
Bringing jonquils.
"For I had not forgotten,"
She said,
"Your Birthday—
Nor that you said,
Of all the flowers,
You loved jonquils the best."

Oh, then the glisteny cake
Was set with all the candles,
Then the tiny lights burst forth.
To-morrow,
She should cut the luscious thing,
Should have the first piece,
And share the rest
With all the boys.
Himself—
Who cared for cake,
When there were so many better things?
Who could think of fasts
In the midst of such a feast
Of friends and—

"Joy, joy, joy, joy—oh, joy!"
Sang Baldur
From his little golden house.

April Hearts

She saw him first
Of a Sunday night,
At the turn of the lake road.
She was with her girl friend,
He was alone,
Very tall,
Limping on a cane,
Overseas cap much tilted.

"Did you get the eyes of him, Mary?"
Said the girl friend,
"Blue as the violets
In the rain,
An' the laugh in them too?"
"And the tears!" says Mary.

At Benediction,
Just as the candles were lighted,
Who but himself should come in,
And take a seat at the end of a pew,
That the poor leg might have room
In the aisle.
It was the little Father,
Who met them in the street after,
And made them acquainted.
"And are we goin' the same road home?"
Says Tommy.

On the way there was no dearth of talk.
Before he had said good night,
At the door of Mary's home,
She knew about the pal
Who "got his"——
She could almost see
The brown hill in Flanders
Where they laid him to rest,
And the rude cross
Tommy's own hands had set
To mark the place.
'Twas of him Tommy had been thinking
When they met by the lake.
She knew Tommy's home too—
Wrecked by the drink,
His mother dead of a broken heart,
The little sister,
Who would be needing him.

Mary never will forget
A song he sang,
Sitting by her in the moonlight,
On the little porch;
Nor his laugh,
Nor the jokes of him,
Just in time to save the tears.

Long after he had gone,
She sat at her upper window
In the still night thinking of him.
"'Tis the April heart he has,
Tommy," she sighed,
Half smiling,
"The April heart!"

The great surgeon decided
That the unbending hip and knee
Need not be so.
There were to be a series of breakings,
So many degrees each day——

Tommy.

One evening
Mary heard him whistling,
Saw him coming up the steep yard to her door.
The impossible had been done,
The knee and the hip were supple again.
"Great man, the captain," says Tommy,
"I sure was in luck to bump into him!
When me spine is straightened now,
I'll be meself again—
Give us a tune, Mary!"

A great one for his fun, Mary's old man,
It was rapid fire, indeed,
When he and Tommy got spinning yarns.
"'Twas the year I come over——"
And "That reminds me——"
And "The year of the big wind it was——"
And "Do ye know the one about Paddy,
Wid the foive-dollar gold-piece
And the pinny in his pocket,
And how he made the mistake o' puttin'
The foive on the plate at church?
And whin he stops for his dhrink
He throws down the pinny.
The bartinder says, says he:
'Pfwat's that, ye rogue?'
And says Paddy, seein' the blunder,
''Tis given to God,
To h—l wid it!'"
So with merry enough talk
The evenings passed.

Every day, for as long as she could remember,
Mary had gone into the little church
By the lake,
To pray;
And Tommy would be going with her.
There, in that dim, still place,
Kneeling together,

In the midst of such a feast of friends—

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They seemed free from the dread
Of the passing of things,
And to know that they two
Were to be each other's for time
And for eternity.
So one day Mary leaned toward him
And whispered:
"Lend me a dime, Tommy."
Noiselessly she went
Past the stations of the Cross,
Toward the altar
Over which the red symbol
Of the spirit
Flickered.
She knelt before the shrine of the Mother,
And lit a candle.
Outside, among the windy trees,
There was the twittering of many birds,
Within the dim chapel,
The two were long in silent prayer.

Out in the sunny street again,
Said Mary:
"I'll be just a minute, Tommy,
I must be getting some bread
And a bit of tea."
So the lad, puffing his cigaret,
Waited till she came.
"I've changed the bill,
And here's the dime I borrowed!"
"No, never mind, Mary!
'Tis given to God,
To h——"
Quickly she stopped him,
"There, 'twill do,
That's far enough!" she said.

"That job that's waiting for me
In Philly, Mary,
'Twill be a chance to sink a wad
For the time comin'.
I'm not drinkin', you know,
Any more,
And the gamblin' cut out."
Reaching deep into the khaki pocket,
"Here's the bones,
You can throw 'em away,
If you want, Mary."

Mary's eyes were twinkling.
"Faith, you throw one of them
One way,
And I'll throw one
The other.
Ye might be changin' your mind later!"

So passed the hospital days.
Tommy had been before the board,
Was to be discharged.
Two weeks—one week
To-morrow—he must go.

They were together again in the moonlight,
On the little porch of Mary's home
They had been planning for the future.
There was a bit of a house
He had seen once,
When he went with the boys
To play ball.
It was in Overbrook,
Outside of Philly.

"'Tis a pretty name—Overbr-rook,"
Said Mary,
And all of a sudden
She was sobbing forlornly.
"You'll be forgetting Mary,"
She said.
"Listen," he said,
"Listen, Mary—
You know what it is I value most,
'Tis all I have to remember her by.
—Not as the engagement ring,
I'll be bringing that—soon,
Mary—oh, very soon.
But just as a pledge.
She gave it to me,
The night I left for 'over there'.

'Tis yours now, Mary
Me mother's—ring."

The Hidden Wound

She had been traveling all day.
It was after eight when the train pulled in.
"Too late to go to the hospital, ma'am,"
The taxi-man said;
"Visitin' hours is two to four."
But she insisted.
"It's all the same to me, ma'am."
And they were whirring
Through the village streets,
Up the hill,
About the circling drive,
Under the covered porch.
She stood before the thousand-windowed house
Where her son was.

Through the wheezy turning door,
Into the high entrance hall,
She hurried nervously,
Lugging her valise
And the basket filled with good things
For him.
The young orderly
Seemed rather startled.
She did not know
That at sight of her,
His own mother,
Gray,
Slim,
Wistful-eyed,
Out of his sight for long months,
Came before him.

"Robert—did you say,
His first name is?
Yes—at least I think—
Will you sit and wait
Just a moment
Till I see?"

Robert's mother sat in a great chair,
Looking very small
And far from home.
She saw through the glass partitions
A number of young soldiers
Lolling here and there,
Smoking or reading.
Faint strains of music
And occasional storms of hand-clapping
Came from the mess-hall,
Where a show was going on.

She gave her hair little womanish touches,
She straightened the black bonnet,
Smoothed all the fingers of the black gloves
She must look her best for him.
How fortunate she was!
Great fellows came now and again
Through the turning door,
Hobbling on crutches.
Once the doors beyond were thrust open
And a soldier came in,
Wheeling another.
How fortunate
That her son had escaped!
His body was as sound as when she saw him last,
And he had been through so much.
The account of his regiment
At the Argonne—the glory—
Had not every one read of it?
Just the slight trouble with his heart,
And that almost cured.

The orderly returned:
"Yes'm, he's here—but the—"
He stammered,
"But the visiting hours
Are over for to-day.
I—wish you could see him tonight.
I'm sure if you—come in the morning,
At nine—you can—
The rules, you know, are so——"

"He's not sick?"

"Oh, no, ma'am—no!
He's not in his room.
You see—the place is so big.
I—could you write a note for him,
So he could know? I'd take——"
"I think," his mother said,
"I'll come in the morning.
Don't say I came.
I meant to surprise him.
I'll come—to-morrow."

He helped her into the waiting car,
And said, "Good night."
He wanted to say
"Good night, mother."
When she had gone
He hurried back to the room
Where he had left her son.

He was not lying in the iron bed now,
But was at the door
Leaning against the iron bars,
Clutching them with shaking fingers.
The news that 'mother' was out there
Had sobered him.

"You didn't tell her, Buddy?
I knew you wouldn't, I knew you wouldn't!
You're a good skate.
She would die.
You see, old dad was killed
When he was drunk—
What did I say to-night—what did I do?
Suppose she'd come sooner
And seen them bringin' me in!
God—!
You see—I'm not excusin' myself,
Not huntin' sympathy,
But folks that didn't get across,
The ones that never lived it,
They don't understand—they can't.
The nights, the years,
The rain and rain and rain.
The mud,
The snow,
Alone—no news from home,
And death to face,
And bloody screamin' mangled things
All round you,
And dead things
That were your laughin' pals
An hour before.
O, God—!
You'd drink to hide it all,
You'd drink to keep from goin' mad!

"You didn't tell her?
You're all right, old man.
She wrote she was so thankful
That I got back
Without a wound.
Without a wound—drink—
It's in our family—dad killed,
And Uncle Will
Burned to death when he was—
She's dreaded it for me.
You didn't let her know?
She'll never know!
So help me, God, she'll never see
The hidden wound—"

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Childhood's Happy Hour

By Constance Austin

Why this conspiracy on the part of grown-ups to perpetuate that legend that the years under, say ten, in the life of man are inevitably one rosy round of care-free delight? Don't they remember their own nearly intolerable first ten years in this vale of lessons and errands and chores presided over by socially impossible adults whose only one reliable characteristic was a complete misunderstanding of your motives? Lessons! Ye gods! 'Rithmetic! Spelling! Nine o'clock! If you were bright, you helped other kids 'n' got the dickens. If you were stupid—there was only heaven to look forward to, or *maybe* Grandmother with a cookie.

The kitchen-garden and those blame beans! Not that anybody *likes* beans. Not that there is the least atom of sense in raising beans when the world is full of lollipops and root beer and ice-cream cones. Why, a First-Grader knows what it means to say a person doesn't know *beans!* Yet your family would raise 'em. And a hundred other perfectly senseless vegetables like potatoes and lettuce and pie-plant. And you were expected to keep the weeds out! And water 'em. And remember to do it without being told every time. You would wonder and wonder: Was it worth the licking to let the old chore 'go *again* and slip off to the ball-game?

"Being a little lady" and "learning to sit still" and "not cross your legs" and hem and hem *and hem* some wretched old apron *for practise!* (Not that you held with aprons. Not that you would be seen dead with one in your coffin.) You couldn't just lope along the edge with nice easy jumpy stitches either. They must be little, tweenty, even, slanty stitches and Mother would look at every one and then show you hers!

It wasn't that you weren't willing to help Mother. Mother was all *right*. And even Father sometimes showed gleams of being human. But they made you do such dull things. Now you would have been perfectly delighted to tune the piano or see a man about a new bull-pup or even read some from Mr. Alger aloud to the family in the evening, say from about nine to ten-thirty. But they only made you do the things they didn't want to do themselves. And you had to do them over and over, and doing them never seemed to have much of any bearing on your standing in the family—or your allowance.

Next to taking care of the baby when Mamie Brown is having a tea-party with real cake down the street, in point of actual pleasure comes practising. An hour a day (and if you divide it into two half-hours, each half-hour seems like an hour and you seem to miss just about twice as much fun) with a relentless metronome. You can't practise the way you like, either—fast and *animato* over the easy parts and just hitting the high spots of those frightful chords. No. Because Mother or Aunty is always conveniently at hand with "Mar-reeee, I'm sure Miss Nielson doesn't play it like that. Begin over again, dear, and slower."

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"You've grown heaps, Harry O'Brien!" she cried. "I'll bet you're six feet!"

Aspen Manages

By Dorothy Culver Mills

Author of "Getting Acquainted"

Illustrated by George Wright

ASPEN disciplined herself to sit away from the window during this last brief, intolerable wait, which she employed in rereading Harry's letter, fancying she heard his voice:

I'll be gettin' my papers any minute now. I'll send a telegram when I start, and if I'm on time I'll come right out. I couldn't stand waitin' to phone less I had to, an' hearin' you, without havin' you right there. And I'd rather not have you meet me. I'd rather wait a bit longer an' have you all at once. You know how we feel about havin' folks around.

You know it's funny. Try as I may, I can't seem to see ahead much beyond just seein' you. It's like as if that had to come first before I can think much. Maybe it's because we've still got a lot of gettin' acquainted to do yet.

Her choice of what to wear on this third successive most important day in her nineteen years had been a matter of some indecision.

One possibility was the old white dress she had worn a year ago September at the Sunday concert in the city park, when she had taken her knitting to a far bench just within sound of the distant music and had found Harry stretched moodily before it. In spite of the shy propriety of the country-bred, their lonely youth had called and comforted, and the girl who had no soldier had "adopted" the boy setting forth next day with no woman to weep to see him go. A brief kiss in the dusk had been their farewell, for she had not let him return with her to her aunt's house with its vulgarity and teasing.

Then there was the shabby blue serge she had worn the Sunday, four months later, when he had magnificently traveled hundreds of miles from the far Southern camp to which he had been transferred, in order to spend with her the few hours that their exchange of letters had made imperative.

The wanderings of that January day—with the thermometer registering five degrees below zero and the town in the grip of a coal famine—had ended in a miracle. Barred from her aunt's kitchen by a noisy group collected in the one known spot where breath did not congeal to fog, their sensitive ecstasy of undeclared love had shivered from pillar to post in an evangelical city destitute of courting places on the best of winter Sundays. Desperate, the boy had at last brought her to his old employer.

Bradford Quay, on wishing his young typesetter Godspeed, and assuring him of his continued interest, had not expected to be asked to supply a warm room for a few evening hours, that a grim-lipped, smoldering-eyed youngster might have a chance "to really get acquainted" with his girl before he went to France. But Aspen had never gone back as dressmaker's assistant to the aunt who had fallen on bad company. She had stayed with the Quays, helping both seamstress and nurse, highly beloved by the three small Quays and their parents. "Being a sort of supersomething in the house—dashed if I know quite what," Bradford Quay would remark contentedly; "but every family ought to have one."

The third dress she had spread before her in her room on the top floor of the Quay mansion this cool April day was of brown velvet, like the others ridiculously small and straightly fashioned, as for a child. The material was a Christmas gift from Mrs. Quay, and she was well aware

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that she was bewitching in its unaccustomed splendor.

And because she was nineteen she had chosen to wear the most beautiful.

She was in a transport of happiness that had dimmed Bradford Quay's quizzical eyes as he watched her that morning at breakfast with the children. "Dash it, Emily," he had worried to his wife, "those infants have only seen each other twice, and at that not for a year and a half of the most formative period of their lives, with him trenchin' it in a cootie dugout and her in this house gettin' used to finger bowls and subjunctives!"

"Of course they've been writing—" she offered doubtfully.

"Correspondence course!" he snorted.

"Do you know I half wish, Brad——"

"What?"

"Do you think Paschall March——"

He paused in his restless tour of the living-room. "So you've noticed it too," he stated. "Paschy's a king; but he's forty, and I don't believe in tanglin' up the generations. Paschy ought to find somethin' more used to livin'."

"I don't believe she has any idea—" Emily began.

"That cash an' culture are makin' eyes at her!" he finished. "No; she wears a charm against even seein' 'em. I've caught her more than once fishin' down her neck for these skim-milk-colored letters with a red triangle branded on the shoulder."

"Your figures are getting involved, Bradford; and you haven't pronounced a final 'g' since you began," she commented.

"Well, the look in that kid's eyes for the last week has gotten on my nerves," he admitted as he kissed her and departed.

Aspen had planned that no one else should see Harry first. The Quays had taken the children to the circus and she had instructed the waitress not to answer the bell. She would stand behind the door as she opened it; he would step in; she would shut it quickly and he would find her there alone. Then she would take him into the back room with the davenport that the Quays had good-naturedly turned over to them that bitter January evening; and because there was a March chill in the April day a low fire would be burning on the hearth that had blazed for them before. She herself had not been able to plan for their future very definitely beyond that.

THE moment came when she heard the bell, when she opened the door, when she closed it and Harry stood before her; when their fingers touched, then clung for an instant before he had her in his arms.

He was the first to speak. "It's funny," he whispered. "There was times over there when I wondered if it had ever really happened—you an' me like this!"

"Come on in," she cried breathlessly. "This is no place!"

Established on the davenport before the low gold-and-blue flames and the whitening ash of nearly exhausted logs, they grew silent.

"You talk," he commanded. "Me later. I can't, somehow—yet."

She obediently started in. "Oh, they're wonderful to me." she ended as she began. "And I adore them all, from Mr. Quay down to Braddy!"

"You seem pretty much at home in this grand place," he commented.

"I'm used to it now. At first it made me tiptoe around like a museum," she chuckled. "But you get used soon."

She did not see the shadow in his blue eyes as he nodded and swept the room again with a critical glance that lingered on a table laden with current *ologies* and *isms*, some still in their paper jackets.

"Lots of books," he said.

"Hmh. I've been reading them a bit. You learn loads of things; though some of them are awfully queer."

"I never held much to books, somehow—before, anyway," he replied. "Never was around 'em much."

She changed the subject. "I wrote you your old job's waiting."

He did not answer her directly. "You know that fellow I bunked with longest over there—the one I wrote that got killed—he'd been to college."

"Everybody can't go to college," she flamed in response to his tone. "Besides, everybody don't need to. Some folks are so nice without it that it scares you!"

HE MADE a suitable reply, but the shadow returned to his eyes. There followed a series of silences, not so beautifully complete as at first; once or twice Aspen was dimly conscious that there was something they ought to be talking about and weren't.

"They'll be coming soon," said Aspen.

"Then we're goin'," said Harry firmly. "We'll find a place to eat early, before the crowd, and then we'll go to a movie."

"I was hoping," she laughed happily. "You've grown heaps, Harry O'Brien!" she cried as they stood. "I'll bet you're six feet! And inches and inches wider. And older——"

He nodded. "An' you're littler than ever," he replied. "An' more like—like——"

"Like what?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe like a kitten, that'd squash easy."

"That's not very poetical," she giggled.

"I know," he muttered. "I'm not."

"Goose;" she chided, twisting a button of his soldier's coat. Then, "You know, Harry——"

He leaned to catch the scarcely spoken words. "What—Aspen?"

"I often used to wonder if when you came back it would seem—well—natural. Or sort of queer—so long as it was only twice——"

He understood her. "How does it?"

"You know!" she told him.

He nodded once more. "It's funny. It always seemed natural, even that first day in the park when I'd never laid eyes on you before. Just sort of—exactly right."

"I'd better be getting my coat," she decided after a moment.

"I guess. An' cover up that dress good for fear of rain. It—it's velvet, ain't it? You look like a queen in it—that lace an' all."

She paused in the doorway. "I feel like a queen—to-night," she stated before she fled.

Gradually the boy began to talk, though that first evening and usually thereafter his speech was not of the grim business of killing, but of the daily routine of preparation to kill. "An' you rub against all kinds together," he told her at dinner. "The roughnecks an' the fellows that know somethin'. It makes you think. You can just sort of see where they're all goin'. The fellows that know somethin' are goin' to get ahead, an' the others are goin' to stand still an' shrivel up."

"You know a lot!" she cried.

"No, I don't," he contradicted moodily. "I'm not along in my trade. I was an awful dawdlin' fool—all asleep—just a kid. I'd ought to have gone to night school if I'd had any ambition. An' I ain't—I'm not grammatical; though my job's a compositor, it never sunk in. Just listen to me aside of you!"

She chuckled. "That's just what I'm so happy doing I'm scared!"

"What?"

"Listening to you right here beside me. And besides, Mrs. Quay says Mr. Quay says you have a fine head. So that's all of that!"

"Much he knows about my head," Harry grumbled in a gratified bass as they entered the motion-picture house, featuring a millionaire melodrama in which the figure, coiffure, gowns, lingerie and furs of a current favorite were shown among regal surroundings obviously unaffected by the servant problem. They departed after the closing salute approved by the state board of censors, and as they walked away in the spring night Harry spoke.

"It's funny. Thinkin' of you livin' in grand fashion like that all these months an' takin' to it like a duck to water."

"Not grand like *that*."

"Same as," he insisted.

"That's all *you* know," she laughed.

"I know a lot," he retorted darkly.

"You said a while back you didn't," was her triumphant rejoinder.

"Shucks! You know what you'll get when we get back, for teasin' me," he threatened a bit heavily.

SHE got it. Nor did she see, nor would she have understood, the fear in his eyes that accompanied that abrupt final kiss.

But in the following weeks she identified the thing they should be talking about and weren't. It was the future. The simple plans forming in her mind she found herself unable to broach to Harry, grown tight-lipped and thinner. Gradually, not only the mention of the future but even her chatter of her daily life—of the elder Quays, the children, her sewing, the books she read—faltered and failed before his stubborn silences, silences in which he so clearly suffered that she never doubted his love for her.

He was back at his job with Bradford Quay; "working like two men; the union'll call him down soon," the latter reported to her. But to his wife Bradford Quay fumed: "Something's up, Emily; what'd I tell you! The boy's a furnace. I think he wants to talk to me and can't—yet. I believe he's one of these sullen tongue-tied cusses that turns the key on his worries and keeps 'em shut up till there's an explosion. If that's the case, God help 'em both; it's a disease. And as for Aspen—Emily, that kid's eyes are *naked*. There ought to be a law!"

"Have patience, Bradford," his wife counseled calmly. "You and I both lost five pounds once, when we were engaged, and managed to pull through—you, especially!" She accompanied this last with a glance at his plump figure that dismissed him in high dudgeon.

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They looked up quickly to see Harry standing in the doorway.

Just once Aspen asked Harry what was the matter, why he was so quiet.

"I ain't quiet. Nothin's wrong. How could there be—with me havin' you?" he had replied tensely, crushing her hands in his till they ached. "Me an' you," he whispered.

Then came evenings when he was absent from her, without telling her how he spent them.

After one of these, she was waiting for him in the small cubby-hole of a nondescript sitting-room that had, by tacit agreement, come to be her domain since his return; she was sewing in the long twilight after the children's early ceremony of supper and bed. Paschall March, dining informally with the Quays, found his way to her as he had often done before. She welcomed him, for this grave slender man with the fine eyes was a favorite with her and the children; though he spoke little, his simple presence added to their pleasure. He now sat beside her on the window-seat, leaning to touch the sheer white fabric heaped on her lap.

"A dress?"

She nodded.

"Tucks and gores and gussets and biases and all the rest, I suppose," he added.

She laughed obligingly at the worn masculine joke.

After a brief silence he spoke wistfully. "Wedding dress, perhaps?"

Sudden tears blinded her as she bent her head lower without reply.

"Why, my dear!" he said. "You—you mustn't be unhappy." He repeated it in an urgent troubled undertone. "You—you mustn't be unhappy."

Starting at a sound, they looked up quickly to see Harry standing in the doorway. And Harry caught in Paschall's eyes that which Aspen had never seen, before they were instantly veiled to a cordial friendliness at her introduction.

"Who was that man?" Harry asked savagely when the door closed.

She told him.

"Rich, and a college man and all that?"

"I think so."

"He's in love with you."

"He isn't!"

"Yes, he is!"

"He is not. And, anyway, he's old."

"Not so very. Not as things go nowadays."

"You're being silly."

"No, I'm not. I'm bein' sensible," he retorted with bitterness. "If you know what you're about, you'll marry him—he can give you everything——"

"You're horrid! You're horrid!"

"I don't mean only velvet clothes an' servants an' a big house," he went on. "I mean learning and books and good manners, an' all the other things you deserve an' I ain't got! Don't think I don't know! I didn't all along over there—not till I got back; but I know now!"

She was very quiet. "Know—just exactly what?" she asked.

"That I won't be fit to take care of you for years, an' that I ain't got the right to ask you to wait for me an' keep off fellows like this March that can put you where you rightly belong to-morrow!"

"How do you mean—years?"

"Just that. Even settin' aside that I'm—well, sort of common yet, I can't keep you like you ought to be kept on twenty-five a week with prices what they are. An' that's all I get; with thirty the most I can expect unless I study a lot so as to work up. This trade ain't gone up during the war like the others; it's the worst paid there is

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"An' I'm *goin'* to work up. I've started. I'm goin' to night school already. An' it ain't only for you; I got to for myself too. The war waked me up. That college fellow that got killed—what's the use of him dyin' an' me livin' if I'm just goin' to stay put all my life an' not make the most of myself? I got it in me; I'm goin' to study—everything—an' make good, an' get out of the shop and into the business end of it where you meet with men like Quay and this man March here. I'm goin' to be like them some day; I may be a partner yet. I got it in me, an' somethin's drivin' me to it."

"So that's all!" said Aspen.

"Ain't it enough?"

"I'm not surprised at you wanting to work up. I planned that too. But I don't see——"

"It's plain to me," came his dogged answer. "You're soft an' little. An' you're a lady. Look at what you're used to here! I got too much pride, an' I love you too much, to let you slave an' pinch for me while I'm workin' all day an' studyin' all night. A man's got no right to a girl like you he can't take care of, an' be company to, an'give a nice home an' pretty things. Nor a man that calls himself a man won't keep a girl danglin' year in an' year out while he's makin' up for the time he's wasted—specially when men like this March here——"

"You stop right there!" said Aspen.

He had been staring at the floor, speaking in a dreary monotone that correctly gave the impression of an endless repetition; it was clear that the thoughts at last uttered had been revolving restlessly within him till they had become an obsession. But at the anger in Aspen's tone he looked up aghast. He could not have told what he expected from her, but it was surely not this white face with rigid lips and blazing hostile eyes.

"What about *me?*" she asked. "Here you never stopped to ask *me* what *I* want! You never thought of *me!*" she cried.

"It's you I *am* thinkin' about!" he answered hotly.

"It isn't!"

"It is!"

"If that's so, why don't you ask me what *I* want? Maybe I'd rather——"

"But a man can't——"

"There! I told you! You're just a selfish, stubborn pig, Harry O'Brien!"

"I'm not!"

"You are!"

"Then if you think that——"

"What do you want, anyway, if you won't do this and you won't do that?"

His anger failed before the misery of the words that were upon him, but his temperament carried him inevitably to the disaster of speech. "I think I oughtn't to let you go on bein' engaged to me—" he muttered.

"All right," agreed Aspen with a nod.

He watched her stupidly while she collected her sewing materials and without further glance at him left the room. When he no longer heard her slightly unsteady steps mounting the stairs he stumbled from the house.

"AND I've been thinking harder than I ever thought before in my life," said Aspen to Bradford Quay in his study a week later. "You have to do a lot of thinking when you love a person, don't you? I never realized. Specially when that person's just a man; and you're not much used to each other yet. Of course I got mad. He'd set me nearly crazy and here it was nothing. Just a lot of ridiculous old-fangled notions and being upset by a velvet dress and—and things. And then not even talking it over with me, as though his ideas were the only ones that counted! He wouldn't listen to me, so I just let him have his own way till I could see how to manage. I've figured out that it'll be never any use my trying to argue with him. The only thing will always be to just go ahead and manage things myself when I once make up my mind. I've thought of a plan. Mrs. Quay says it's all right as far as her part of it goes, and what I want to ask you is if it would make him mad. Being a man yourself, you'd know. It's queer to me he can't see all that really counts is my being right there to look after him while he's working. He'll get used to having me around soon and then I won't distract him—I'll be a help!"

While she proceeded to outline her scheme in the austerely simple style of a recipe or directions for knitting, Bradford Quay watched her; the tricky dusk showed a smallish child in white dangling from the edge of a cavernous leather couch. He restrained his emotional temperament and forced himself to answer in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Speaking as a man, I think I can promise you that it will not make him mad."

She slipped to the floor with a relieved sigh. "That's all right, then. Now I'll go ahead."

"Of course you'll let us help you."

"Some—thank you very much. But I'd better do most of it myself, don't you think?"

The humility of his reply amazed him on later reflection. "You know best, my dear," he said.

At the end of two feverishly busy weeks she sent a note:

Dear Harry (it read after final revision): Please come to 918 South 60th Street next Saturday afternoon at three o'clock. You get off at Smithfield Avenue. Come to the back apartment on the second floor. You needn't bother to answer. I'll be looking for you.

ASPEN.

He was kneeling, his face buried in her lap, his arms holding her.

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On this occasion she did not wait for him in the velvet dress, though the unseasonably cold June sunlight could have justified it to a determined vanity. She wore instead the out-of-date white frock in which he had first seen her. But above the skirt, too short and full for the current fashion, there was a sweater of pink as tantalizing as the brown velvet, though to a degree informal and nothing to be afraid of.

She was hemming a white scrim curtain in a room about the size of two double beds, containing a cot with a brown burlap cover and a rose-colored pillow, one golden-oak rocker, one square golden-oak table, and a golden-oak bookcase with two empty shelves, one shelf of books, and one of blue and white china. On the table was a low bowl of pink garden roses that were standing upright from a perforated glass island in the center.

She sat in the rocker with her back to the window, which looked across a cement valley to a similar rear window in a similar row of two-story apartments having their entrance on the next street. Of the two doors in the wall facing her, one led to the outer corridor, the other to a room dim under a skylight, a room that showed a large white enameled bed, a golden-oak bureau, and, further than that, only space for the movements of one conservatively built person at a time. Through an arch along the wall to her right, one stepped into a vestibule half the size of a bath-mat and was confronted by two more doors. These were at right angles, the one leading into a very small, bright kitchen in the rear, the second into a compact square bathroom faintly lit from the kitchen; it was delightfully white, but with a tub adapted to none but children and contortionists.

ASPEN held to her task with difficulty as a noisy nickel clock on the bookcase showed the moments passing three. She had not counted on Harry's unfamiliarity with the neighborhood interfering with his record for promptness, by making him ten minutes late.

Nor did the moments immediately following his arrival pass quite as she had rehearsed in any of the hundred variations of the scene that had kept her awake at night.

She opened the door this time to a young man whose splendid jauntiness of new spring attire—he had outgrown all his civilian clothes of the pre-war period—was in sharp contrast to his set face with its deeply shadowed eyes determinedly blank. The force of his wretchedness had only served to strengthen his conviction that he was in the right, and he had steeled himself against showing tenderness that might be construed as weakness. But in thus steeling himself against the betrayal of one overpowering emotion he had lost the ability to release any emotion at all, even that of surprise. Afraid to so much as touch her hand in greeting, and afraid to relax his self-control by exhibiting any normal feeling, he stood there far less polite and less approachable than a bill collector.

Now no matter what the catastrophe that might follow, Aspen had certainly expected surprise to begin with. It was as though by not showing surprise Harry refused to let the curtain go up on the play.

"H-hello," she said after a pause. "Come in."

When she had closed the door there was another silence.

"I'm late," he remarked tonelessly.

"It's pretty far out," was her reply, not quite steady.

Suddenly she sat on the couch, for her legs had become quite incapable of supporting her. "There's a chair," she said.

He made no move.

"What—what do you think of it?" she inquired in a voice still less secure.

"This place, you mean? Who lives here?"

"We do."

He stared. "What do you mean!" he cried hoarsely.

With the lifting of the curtain she lost her stage fright. "I've rented it—for us—for a year. There's not much in it yet, only just enough to start. We'll want to do the rest together——"

"Aspen!"

"We're going to be married at half-past four. The Quays are bringing the minister. I got the license and the—the ring the other day; and they're in the top bureau drawer."

His rigidity was breaking up with the tragic strain of an ice-locked river in the spring. "But Aspen!" he cried. "Oh, my God, I don't dare—you mustn't——"

"Being married is both our businesses—as much mine as yours, Harry O'Brien, and the sooner you learn that the better. I'm going to keep on working for the Quays. So I won't be lonely; and if I don't want to go there sometimes, there'll be sewing I can bring home. I've figured we can get along perfectly well on your wages. I'll save mine for the bank, and we can use just a little sometimes for extra things that come up. Lots of girls—*ladies* do that now. And if you think I'd rather have velvet dresses than you—oh, don't, darling, don't! Don't cry, Harry! Don't cry!"

He was kneeling, his face buried in her lap, his arms holding her.

"You've been such a great big goose," she whispered later through her own sobs.

"Never again," was his tense promise.

She achieved a sincere chuckle as she dried her eyes.

"What's the joke?" he asked in a bewilderment which her reply did not dispel.

"I'm thinking I maybe can manage!" she said.

BRADFORD QUAY was sentimental and subdued as, following the minister, he solicitously led his perfectly capable wife back through the dark corridor and down the stairs to the street after the ceremony. But on the way home he recovered his buoyancy.

"Dash that youngster, Emily! Here she practically kidnaps that young chap—foregoes every wedding tradition dear to women—is going on wage-earning after marriage—and plans to practise God knows how many new-fangled bob-haired schemes on him she learned from the unblushin' literature lyin' around our house—an' all because she's in a deuce of a hustle for the old-fashioned right to darn his socks and fry his bacon and slap a mustard plaster on him when he's escaped without his rubbers!"

"You will find, Bradford," was his wife's reply, "that the eternal feminine will utilize even feminism to accomplish its ends—thus completing a neat circle."

"That's the most hopeful outlook for feminism yet," he retorted. "And perhaps it suggests an unadvertised explanation of it, eh, Emily?"

"Perhaps," she answered.

Gardens

By Theodosia Garrison

THE rain that beat the whole night long was still before the dawn—
(O sorrow, beating on my heart, how long before you cease?)
All the garden rose and shone and sparkled in the sun—
Glad, O so glad, again of warmth and mirth and peace.

If you should forgive me, as you will never do,
My heart would be a garden after rainfall in the sun,
Rising, shining, sparkling with a hundred loves of you—
But O, it's weary waiting till the long rain's done!

If you should forgive me sometime when I am old—
I would break my youth to bits to hurry on the day;
A garden lifts and lives again for all the rain and cold,
But, O, it's weary waiting when the sun's away!

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Linda Condon

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Author of "Java Head," "The Three Black Pennys," etc.

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

SYNOPSIS

WHEN the story opens, Linda is ten years old—a strange little girl, brave beyond her years, and very lovely, with deep blue eyes and a straight black bang. Her mother is in complete contrast—a gay, coarse-fibered woman, a radiant blonde, whose chief concern is her beauty and the conquests it can make.

The only home they know is a succession of sumptuous hotels, where Mrs. Condon pursues pleasure, and Linda is left much alone, without friends of her own age, without schooling.

Linda adores her mother, without understanding her, or the references made to her by the other women in the hotel; but meantime she is accepting her mother's materialistic and selfish views of life.

One night, while she is waiting up for her mother, she meets an extraordinary man, obviously ill, who talks to her of the worship and service of beauty, a strange new creed that Linda does not comprehend, but that is to influence all her life. There is an interim in Linda's life. Now she is fourteen, living in New York, in an expensive suite of the Hotel Gontram. It is the familiar kind of existence but in a metropolitan setting. Mrs. Condon is the same restless butterfly, but her beauty is fading, and she is full of fears for her future. Linda, left much alone by her mother's excursions into pleasure, has opportunity to grow up in an unusual and unchildlike way; she learns to manage their affairs, and tries to curb her mother's extravagances.

One evening, when Mrs. Condon is at a party, Linda is waylaid by Mr. Moses Feldt, a very rich Jew, who talks earnestly with her of his infatuation for her mother. She finds him at once fat and ridiculous, but a person she is forced to like. She tells her mother of this encounter and is much shocked at her mother's expressed regret that Linda is not quite old enough to marry him. Mrs. Condon then gives Linda her own cold, sophisticated philosophy of life, which unconsciously makes a deep impression on the child's mind. The next day, Mrs. Condon, again worried over her fading appearance, decides to have her hair permanently waved. It is a most distressing performance, and results, through bungling, in the partial ruin of her one remaining, real beauty. That night, Mrs. Condon accepts Mr. Feldt's invitation to dinner for herself and Linda, with every intention of accepting him.

XIII

WITH her mother away on a wedding trip with Mr. Moses Feldt, Linda was suddenly projected into the companionship of his two daughters. One—as he had said—was light, but a different fairness from Mrs. Condon's—richly thick, like honey; while Judith, the elder, who must have been twenty, was dark in her skin, in everything but her eyes, which were a contrasting ashen-violet. She spoke at once of Linda's flawless whiteness.

"A magnolia," she said, in her deliberate dark voice; "you are quite a gorgeous child. Do you mind my saying that your clothes are rather quaint? They aren't inevitable, and yours ought to be that."

They were at lunch in the Feldt dining-room, an interior of heavy, ornately carved black wood, panels of Chinese embroidery in imperial yellow, and a neutral mauve carpet. The effect, with glittering, tideless[illegible] glass, massive flowering and frosted silver, burnished gold-plate and a wide table decoration of orchids and fern, was tropical and intense. It was evident to Linda that the Feldts were very rich indeed.

The entire apartment resembled the dining-room, while the building itself filled a whole city block, with a garden and fountains like an elaborate public square. Linda, however, wasn't particularly impressed by so much; she saw that Judith and Pansy had expected that of her; but she was determined not to show a surprise that would have implied any change in her mother's and her condition. In addition, Linda calmly took such surroundings for granted. Her primary conception of possible existence was elegance; its necessity had so entered into her being that she had lost consciousness of it.

"I must take you to Lorice," Judith continued; "she will know better than any one else what you ought to have. You seem terribly pure—at first. But you're not a snowdrop, oh, no—something very rare in a conservatory. Much better style than your mother."

"I hope you won't mind Judith," Pansy put in; "she's always like that." A

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silence followed in which they industriously dipped the leaves of mammoth artichokes into a buttery sauce. Linda, as customary, said very little; she listened with patient care to the others and arrived at conclusions. She liked Pansy, who was warm and simple like her father. Judith was harder to understand. She was absorbed in color and music, and declared that ugliness gave her a headache at once. Altogether, Linda decided, she was rather silly, especially about men; and at times her emotions would rise beyond control and she'd weep in a thin hysterical gasping.

The room where, mostly, they sat was small, but with a high ceiling, and hung in black, with pagoda-like vermilion chairs. The light, in the evening, was subdued; and Pansy and Judith, in extremely clinging vivid dresses, the former's hair piled high in an amber mass and Judith's drawn severely across her ears, were lovely. Linda thought of butterflies of the Amazon; of orchids like those always on the dining-room table. A miniature grand piano stood against the drapery, and Judith often played. Linda learned to recognize some of the composers: Pansy liked best the Kreisler waltzes; Judith insisted that Richard Strauss was incomparable; but Linda developed an overwhelming preference for Gluck. The older girl insisted that this was an affectation; for a while she tried to confuse Linda's knowledge; but finally she admitted that the latter was sincere, playing the airs of "Orpheus and Eurydice" for her.

"They sound so cool," Linda said in a clear and decided manner.

There was a man with them, and he shook his head in a mock sadness. "So young and yet so formal. If, with the rest, you had Judith's temperament, you would be the most irresistible creature alive. For see, my dear child, as it is you stir neither tenderness nor desire; you are remote and perfect, and faintly wistful. I can't imagine being human or even comfortable with you about. Then, too, you have too much wisdom."

"She is frightful," Pansy agreed; "she's never upset, nor her hair in strings; and, above all else, Linda won't tell you a thing."

"Some day," Judith informed them from the rippling whisper of the piano, "she will be magnificently loved."

"Certainly," the man continued; "but what will Linda, Linda Condon, give in return?"

"It's a mistake to give much," Linda said evenly.

"No, no, no!" Judith cried. "Give everything; spend every feeling, every nerve."

"You are remarkable, of course." His name was Reynold Chase, a long, thin, grave young man in a dinner coat, who wrote brilliant and successful comedies; "almost no women have the courage of their emotions. Yet Linda isn't parsimonious." He turned to her. "Just what are you? What do you think of love?"

"I haven't thought about it much," she replied slowly. "I'm not sure that I know what it means. It hasn't anything to do with marriage——"

"Ah!" he interrupted her.

Her usually orderly mind grew confused; it eddied as if with the sound of the piano. "It is not marriage," she vaguely repeated her mother's words. Reynold Chase supported her.

"That destroys it," he asserted. "This love is as different as possible from the ignominious impulse eternally tying the young into knots. It's antisocial."

"How stupid you are, Reynold," Pansy protested. "If you want to use those complicated words, take Judith into the drawing-room. I'm sure Linda is dizzy, too."

The latter's mental confusion lingered; she had a strong sense of having heard Reynold Chase say these strange things long before. Judith left the piano, sat beside him, and he lightly kissed her. A new dislike of Judith Feldt deepened in Linda's being. She had no reason for it, but suddenly she felt absolutely opposed to her. The manner in which Judith rested against the man by her was very distasteful. It hurt Linda inexplicably; she wanted to draw into an infinity of distance from all contact with men and life.

She didn't even want to make one of those marriages that had nothing to do with love, but was only a sensible arrangement for the securing of gowns and velvet hangings and the luxury of enclosed automobiles. Suddenly she felt lonely, and hoped that her mother would come back soon.

XIV

BUT when her mother, now Mrs. Moses Feldt, did return, Linda was conscious of a keen disappointment. Somehow she never actually came back. It wasn't only that, after so many years together, she occupied a room with another than Linda, but her manner was changed, it had lost all freedom of heart and speech. The new Mrs. Feldt was heavily polite to her husband's daughters; Linda saw that she liked Pansy, but Judith made her uncomfortable. She expressed this in an isolated part return of the old confidences:

"That girl," she said sharply, "likes petting. She can talk all night about her soul and beauty, and play the piano till her fingers drop off, but I—I—know. You can't fool me where they are concerned. I can recognize an unhealthy sign. I never believed in going to all those concerts and kidding yourself into a fever. I may have shown myself a time, but you mark my word—I was honest compared to this Judith. Don't you be impressed with all her art talk and the books she reads. I was looking into one yesterday, and it made me blush; you can believe it or not, it takes some book for that!"

At the same time she treated Judith with a studious sweetness. Mr. Moses Feldt—Linda always thought of him as that—was a miracle of kindly cheerfulness. He made his wife and her daughter, and his own girls, an unbroken succession of elaborate and costly presents. "What's it for if not to spend on those you love?" he would remark, bringing a small jeweler's box wrapped in creamy-pink paper from his pocket. "You can't take it with you. I wasn't born with it—mama and I were as poor as any—you'll forgive me, Stella, I know, for speaking of her. I got enough heart to love you both. 'Oh, mama!' I said, and she dying, 'if you only won't go, I'll give you gold to eat.' "

Curiously, as Linda grew older, the consciousness of her stepfather as an absurd fat little man dwindled; she lost all sense of his actual person; and, as the influence of her mother slipped from her life the mental conception of Mr. Moses Feldt deepened. She thought about him a great deal and very seriously; the things he said, the warm impact of his being, vibrated in her memory. He had the effect on her of the music of Christopher Gluck—the effect of a pure, fine chord.

Pansy she now thought of in a faint contempt: she was rapidly growing thick-waisted and heavy, and she was engaged to a dull young man not rich enough to be interesting. They sat about in frank embraces and indulged in a sentimental speech that united Judith and Linda in common oppression.

There were, not infrequently, gatherings of the Feldts at dinner, a noisy good-tempered uproar of a great many voices speaking at once; extraordinary quantities of superlative jewels and dresses of superfine textures; but the latter, Linda thought, were too vivid in pattern or color for the short, full, maternal figures they often adorned. But no one, it seemed, considered himself aging or even, in spite of the most positive indications, aged. The wives with faded but fashionable hair and animated eyes in spent faces talked with vigorous raillery about the "boys," who, it might have happened, had gone in a small masculine company to a fervid musical show the evening before. While they, in their turn, thick like their brother or cousin Moses, with time-wasted hair and countenances marked with the shrewdness in the service of which the greater part of their lives had vanished, had their little jokes about the "girls" and the younger and handsomer beaux who threatened their happiness.

At times the topic of business crept into the lighter discussion, and, in an instant, the gaiety evaporated and left expressionless men and quick sharp sentences steely with decision, or indirect and imperturbably blank. A memorandum book would appear for an enigmatic note penciled with gold; then the cheerfulness slowly revived.

The daughters resembled Judith or the slower placidity of Pansy; while there was still another sort, more vigorous in being, who consciously discussed riding academies, the bridle-paths of Central Park, and the international tennis. Their dress held a greater restraint than the elders, though Linda recognized that it was no less lavish; and their feminine trifles, the morocco beauty-cases and powder-boxes, the shoulder-pins, their slipper and garter buckles, were extravagant in exquisite metals and workings.

They arrived in limousines with dove-colored upholstery and crystal vases of maidenhair fern and moss-roses; and often, in such a car, Linda went to the theatre with Judith or Pansy and some cousins. Usually it was a matinée, where their seats were the best procurable, directly at the stage; and they sat in a sleek, expensive row, eating black chocolates from painted boxes ruffled in rose silk. The audience, composed mostly of their own world, followed the exotic fortunes of the plays with a complete discrimination in every possible emotional display and crisis.

Lithe actresses in a revealing severity of attire, like spoiled nuns with carmine lips, suffering in ingenious problems of the passions, agonized in shuddering tones. Or else they went to concerts to hear young violin-

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"Some day," Judith informed them from the rippling whisper of the piano, "she will be magnificently loved."

ists, slender, with intense faces and dramatic hair, play concertos that irritated Linda with little shivers of delight.

Sometimes they had lunch in a restaurant of Circassian walnut and velvet carpets, with cocktails, and eggs elaborate with truffles, and French pastry. Then, afterward, they would stop at a confectioner's, or at a café where there was dancing, for tea. They all danced in a perfection of slow graceful abandon, with youths who, it seemed to Linda, did nothing else but have a sufficient amount of money.

She accepted her part in this existence as inevitable, yet she was persistently aware of a feeling of strangeness, of essential difference from it. She was unable to lose a sense of looking on, as if morning, noon and night she were at another long play. Linda regarded it—as she did so much else—with neither enthusiasm nor marked annoyance. Probably it would continue without change through her entire life. All that was necessary, and easy,

Her manner, Pansy specially complained, was not intimate and inviting; in her room Linda usually closed the door; the frank community of the sisters was distasteful to her. She demanded an extraordinary amount of personal privacy. Linda never consulted Judith's opinion about her clothes, nor exchanged the significant aspects of feeling. Alone in a bedchamber furnished in silvery Hungarian ash, her bed—without head or foot boards—a pale quilted luxury with Madeira linen

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crusted in monograms, and a dressing-table noticeably bare, she would deliberately and delicately prepare for the night.

While Judith's morning bath steamed with the softness and odor of lavender crystals, Linda slipped into water almost cold. This, with her clear muslins and heavy black silk stockings, her narrow unornamented slippers, represented the perfection of niceness.

There were others than Pansy, however, who commented on what they called her superiority—the young men who appeared in the evening. A number of them, cousins of the Feldt dinner-parties or more casual, tried to engage her sympathies in their persons and prospects. It was a society of early maturity. But, without apparent effort, she discouraged them; principally by her serene lack of interest. It was a fundamental part of her understanding of things that younger men were unprofitable; she liked far better the contemporaries of Moses Feldt.

Reynold Chase had ceased his visits, but his place had been taken by another and still another emotionally gifted man. The present one was dark and imperturbable; they knew little of him beyond the facts that he had been a long while in the Orient; that his manner and French were unsurpassed; and that practically every considerable creative talent in New York was entertained in his rooms.

Judith had been to one of his parties; and, the following morning in bed, had told Pansy and Linda the most remarkable things.

"It would never do for Pansy," she concluded; "but I must get Markue to ask you sometime, Linda. How old are you now? Well, that's practically sixteen, and you are very grown up. You would be quite sensational, in one of your plain white frocks, in his apartment. You'd have to promise not to tell your mother, though. She thinks I'm leading you astray now—the old dear. Does she think I am blind! I met a man last week, a friend of father's, who used to know her. Of course he wouldn't say anything, men are such idiots about that—like ostriches with their pasts buried and all the feathers sticking out—but there was a champagne expression in his smile."

Linda wondered, later, if she'd care to go to a party of Markue's. There was a great deal of drinking at such affairs; and though she liked cordials, crême de menthe and Grand Marnier, even stronger things flavored with limes and an occasional amber cocktail, she disliked—from a slight experience—men affected by drink. Judith had called her a constitutional prude; this, she understood, was a term of reproach; and she wondered if, applied to her, it were just.

Usually it meant a religious person or one fussy about the edge of her skirt, neither of which she ever thought of. She didn't like to sit in a corner and be hugged—even that she could now assert with a degree of knowledge—but it wasn't because she was shocked. Nothing, she told herself gravely, shocked her; only certain acts and moments annoyed her excessively. It was as if her mind were a crisp dress with ribbons and she hated to have it mussed or disarranged.

Linda didn't take the trouble to explain this. Now that her mother had withdrawn from her into a perpetual and uncomfortable politeness, she confided in no one. She would have been at a loss to put her complicated sensations and thoughts into words. Mr. Moses Feldt, the only one to whom she could possibly talk intimately, would be upset by her feelings. He would give her a hug and the next day bring up a new present from his pocket.

The one thing about which she was clear was that people, who all seemed to get so desirably and happily close to each other, were always a little removed from her. The affairs that were so absorbing to them hardly touched her; she never cared if they came or went; she never really wanted to see any special person; she never had anything in particular to tell them, and listened without excitement to whatever they might say. The truth was, she admitted silently, that the only exterior obligation that affected her was the pleasure she got from dressing with the greatest possible taste and care.

Her clothes, with the entire support of Lorice, were all delicate in fabric, mostly white with black sashes, and plainly ruffled. She detested the gray crêpe de Chine from which Judith's undergarments were made and the silk flowers of Pansy's; while she ignored scented toilet-waters and extracts. Markue, in finally asking her to a party at his rooms, said that there she would resemble a Parian marble, of the uncolored epoch, in the ballet of "Sheherazade."

XV

"THERE'S nothing special to say about Markue's parties," Judith, dressing, told Linda. "You will simply have to take what comes your way. There is always some one serious at them, if you insist, as usual, on dignity." She stood slim and seductive, like a dark pierrot, before the mirrored door of a closet. Linda had finished her preparations for the evening. There was no departure from her customary exactness of black and white. She studied her reflection across Judith's shoulder; her intense blue eyes, under the level black blot of her bang, were serious on the delicate pallor of her face.

In the taxi, slipping rapidly down-town, Linda was conscious of a slight, unusual disturbance of her indifference. This had nothing to do with whether or not she'd be a success; her own social demands were so small that any considerable recognition of her was unimportant. Her present feeling came from the fact that to-night, practically, she was making her first grown-up appearance in the world, the world from which she must select the materials of her happiness and success. To-night she would have an opportunity to put into being all that—no matter how firmly held—until now had been but convictions.

Her interest was not in who or what she might meet, but in herself. Judith, smoking a cigarette in a mist of silver fox, was plainly excited. "I like Markue awfully," she admitted.

"Does he like you?" Linda asked.

"That," said Judith, "I can't make out—if he likes me or if it's just anonymous women. I wish it were the first, Linda." Her voice was shadowed; suddenly, in spite of her youth and exhilaration, she seemed haggard and spent. Linda recognized this in a cold scrutiny. Privately she decided that the other was a fool—she didn't watch her complexion at all.

The motor turned west in the low Forties and stopped before a high, narrow stone façade with a massive griffon-guarded door. Judith led the way directly into the elevator and designated Markue's floor. It was at the top of the building. He met them with his impenetrable courtesy and took them into a bare room evidently planned for a studio. There were an empty easel, the high blank dusty expanse of the skylight, the somber hats and coats of men and women's wraps, like the glistening shed skins of brilliant snakes, on various chairs.

They turned through the hall to an interior more remarkable than anything Linda could have imagined; it seemed to her very high, without windows and peaked like a tent. Draperies of intricate Eastern color hung in long folds. There were no chairs, but low broad divans about the walls, a thick carpet with inlaid stands in the center laden with boxes of cigarettes, sugared exotic sweets and smoking incense. It was so dim and full of thick scent, the shut effect was so complete, that for a moment Linda felt painfully oppressed; it seemed impossible to breathe in the wavering bluish atmosphere.

Markue, who had seemed sufficiently familiar outside, now had a strange portentous air; the gleams of his quick black eyes, the dusky tone of his cheeks, his impassive grace, startled her. New York was utterly removed: the taxi that had brought Judith and her, the swirling traffic of Columbus Circle and smooth undulations of Fifth Avenue, were lost with a different life. She saw, however, the open door to another room full of clear light, and her self-possession rapidly returned. Judith—as she had threatened—at once deserted her; and Linda found an inconspicuous corner of a divan.

There were, perhaps, twenty people in the two rooms, and each one engaged her attention. A coffee-colored woman was sitting beyond her, clad in loose red draperies to which were sewed shining patterns of what she thought was gold. Markue was introducing Judith, and the seated figure smiled pleasantly with a flash of beautiful teeth and the supple gesture of a raised brown palm. That, Linda decided, was the way she shook hands. Two dark-skinned men, one in conventional evening dress, were with her; they had small fine features and hair like carved ebony.

Linda had never before been at an affair with what she was forced to call colored people; instinctively she was antagonistic and superior. She turned to a solemn masculine presence with a ruffled shirt and high black stock; he was talking in a resonant voice and with dramatic gestures to a woman with a white face and low-drawn hair. Linda was fascinated by the latter, dressed in a soft clinging dull garnet. It wasn't her clothes, although they were remarkable, that held her attention, but the woman's mouth. Apparently it had no corners. Like a little band of crimson rubber, or a ring of vivid flame, it shifted and changed in the oddest shapes.

It was an unhappy mouth, and made her think of pain; but perhaps not so much that as hunger—not for food, Linda was certain. What did she want? There was a light, appealing laugh from another seated on the floor in a floating black

(Continued on page 90)

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"Don't be rude, Susanna," Pleydon commanded. "Look again at our child. Tell me what you see."
"I see Siberia," she said finally. "I see the snow that seems so pure, while it is as blank and cold as death."

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"Safe!"

This Is the Life!

The Confessions of an Umpire

By Billy Evans

THE umpire. Oh, yes!

A big husky critter, with an expansive chest and a thick, short, bull-like neck resting on a pair of broad shoulders. The head—why comment?—that's the reason he is an umpire. The king's English, well, he can simply murder it. Noah Webster means nothing to him. The face—oh, yes, I had almost forgotten!—eyes deep-set and close together; forehead low and on a forty-five-degree angle; jaw protruding and pugnacious; the nose, any old style. Not a very handsome individual of course. Hardly a matinée idol.

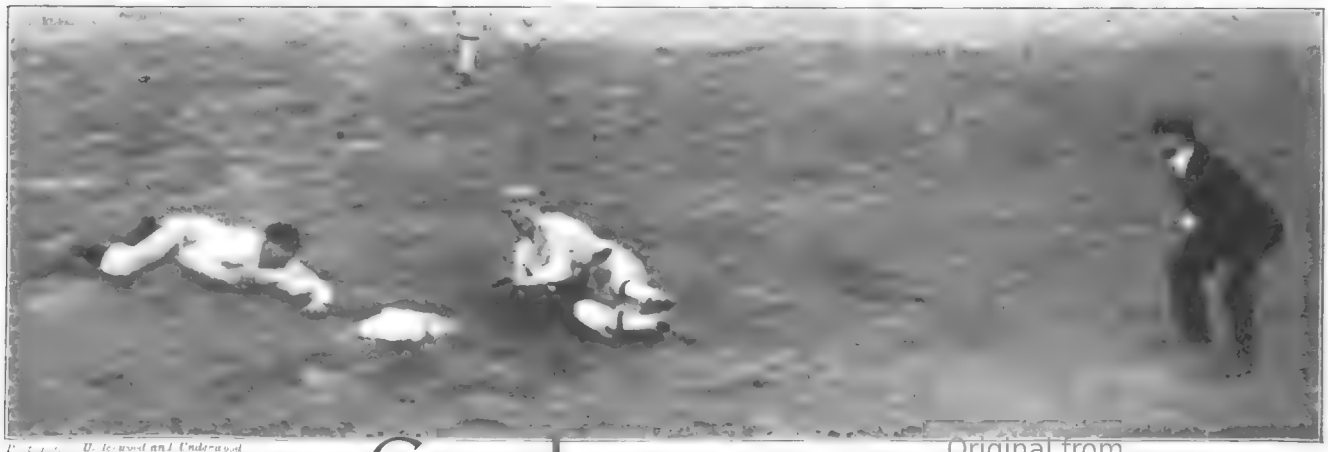
That's the picture the word "umpire" leaves in a great many people's mind. When you mention the fact that you are engaged in that strange and peculiar calling, they give you the once-over, as if rather in doubt as to your sanity. There are some people who are inclined to believe umpires are not human. That no one loves them. That they live the lives of a recluse; do not eat like other people; have no friends, and probably wouldn't say "Ouch" if some one stuck a pin into them.

With some, perhaps, there is a doubt whether an umpire is vegetable or mineral. I remember one person who was very much surprised to learn that I was happily married, the father of the finest boy in the land (who, by the way, will not be an umpire), and that I lived in a house and actually enjoyed life.

Mr. Webster very kindly lists an umpire as one chosen in a game to see that the rules are enforced. To those who regularly attend games, the umpire is a disagreeable individual who is always giving their favorite team the worst of it. He is a man supposed to possess keen insight, but who in their opinion is far more blind than many of the street beggars who depend upon shoe-strings and a tin cup for sustenance. He is one who seems to dote on reaching conclusions directly opposite to those entertained by fandom.

To the sophisticated, to whom the baseball game means little or nothing, the umpire is an individual who is constantly courting death. Every now and then they have read of his efforts as being on a par with the wild and woolly bandits from the West. They picture him an individual always seeking trouble; disappointed when he isn't causing a riot; always under the suspicion of the law.

Some years ago the congressman from my home district—a red-blooded American, a regular fellow, an honest-to-goodness gentleman—introduced me to a very prominent United States senator. Unfortunately for me, my congressman friend, hoping to make me look better in the eyes



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When the umpire wishes he were a camera

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of the senator, mentioned the fact that I was an American League umpire. "Oh," said the senator, showing interest, "I have never seen a big-league umpire before." Then he took me in from head to feet, and having finished, he looked me over in the opposite direction. Under his close scrutiny I felt that I must be a very unusual creature. I was hardly embarrassed; just a trifle self-conscious that the senator should put me through such a minute inspection. After giving me everything but the X-ray treatment, he permitted me to speak a few words, so that I might disclose my species, said a few words in return, shook my hand, and concluded by saying that he was agreeably surprised. I have never been able to figure whether the senator was trying to pay me a compliment or not. Suffice it to say, I have lost considerable respect for the senatorial toga since that meeting. When a boy I aspired to be a senator, possibly the president, but a senator sure. Now I am rather satisfied that I am an umpire.

A great many people form impressions upon hearsay. Once upon a time, in the dim, distant past, not quite so far back as the stone age, one might occasionally bump into an umpire who really wasn't cut out to hold down a seat in the Supreme Court Bench, and who had much more difficulty in getting shoes to fit his feet than a hat for his head. Perhaps he might show a decided preference for the use of "them" instead of "those," and his verb didn't always fit his subject; but regardless of his station in life, education or no education, brains or brawn, he was what all umpires are—honest. And, believe me, honesty covers a multitude of sins!

Force is always a great asset, but the modern umpire need not be a giant in physique, although I must confess that even to-day size is convincing. I have been blessed by having at least my share of size and strength as to physique. I have always believed in taking care of my physical resources. To me, boxing has always been a great form of amusement and exercise. Ability to box inspires one with a confidence that can come in no other way. Early in my career as an American League umpire, I became involved in a dispute with an athlete that was finally settled off the ball field. It didn't end in a draw. In my days as a "bush leaguer," my boxing ability had several times served me in good stead. My initial big-league experience in that particular line convinced me it was just about as essential in the majors.

Of course, the little affair was brought to the attention of the League president, despite the fact that it was all pulled off very quietly. While I was not severely criticized for the escapade, still it was impressed upon me very forcibly that I had been hired by the American League to umpire, not to box. That players upon whom it was necessary to use brute force to convince them between right and wrong, had no place in the American League. That in the future I was to make no athletic engagements without the knowledge and consent of the president. Also, that it would be unnecessary for me to attempt to carry my work beyond the ball field. That all he expected me to do was to make a report of any of my difficulties to him, and he would render a decision that would be diplomatic and final.

No, the modern umpire doesn't have to be a Jess Willard in physique to be successful. Neither is it at all necessary that he know the rudiments of the art of boxing. It is very essential that he have some brains and that he make use of them. It is also necessary that he have good eyesight, keen judgment and common sense. Also, it is very important that he have plenty of nerve, and that he render his decisions without fear or favor. When the final inning is over, there should be no aftermath. In the American League, if trouble of a serious nature comes up on the ball field, an immediate report must be made to the League president. From then on he handles the situation; the umpire need not give it another thought. There is no need of meeting some athlete at his hotel to engage in mortal combat to preserve your

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"Y'rout!"

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integrity and maintain discipline. If you weigh scarcely one hundred and thirty-three, soaking wet, you need have no fear that some one-hundred-and-eighty-pound athlete will break in the door of your dressing-room, indignant over your treatment of him in the field.

No one in baseball appreciates the difficulties of the position of the umpire more than the head of the American League. He knows that regardless of an umpire's ability or reputation, he is bound to bump into trouble, render decisions on close plays that are sure to cause strenuous protest, and very often find it necessary to remove players from the game. There are some umpires who hold the belief that to put players out of the game is a work of poor umpiring. That is a most erroneous impression. Often a perfectly correct ruling on some unusual or close play is bound to create a dispute, and disputes usually result in some one making use of the club-house exit.

There are some people who believe the umpire is friendless. They figure during the summer months he lives the life of a hermit, or nearly so. Strangely enough, even among the real fans, there is an impression that an umpire can in no way associate with the player, that he can not travel on the same train or stay at the same hotel. That, of course, is all wrong, yet it exists. I will admit that I do not make a pal of any of the players, likewise I prefer to stay at some other hotel. As to riding on a train, one need only remember that there are ten or twelve coaches on any good train. Familiarity breeds contempt, no place more so than on the ball field. To maintain his dignity and preserve discipline, there must necessarily be a certain aloofness between the player and umpire, although there is no reason why a very cordial feeling can not exist if so desired.

There is a very excellent reason why the umpires don't make a practise of staying at the same hotel as the players. On the ball field, in the heat of action, a lot of things are done and said which are later regretted. Very often relations on the field become very strained over some close or unusual play. Of course, there are always two sides to every argument; the player has his point of view as well as the umpire. In a great many cases, for the umpire and player to be constantly thrown into contact with each other all evening in the lobby of the hotel, would certainly not tend to allay the feelings of either. As a rule, a good night's rest and an absence of twenty-four hours works wonders with the principal actors in disputes of the ball field. When a new game is started, things in the dim past are forgotten, for the time being at least.

Yet there is no rule as to where the umpire must live. For years I have stayed at a certain hotel in Boston. The hospitality always extended made it seem far more like home to me than the feeling that ordinarily prevails in hotel life. Then one day upon arising, I learned a certain American League club had just registered, and that in the future the other American League clubs would stop there. I decided the presence of the ball team wasn't going to stop me from staying there, since it had been my Boston home for years. I figured a prior claim on the right to remain. I decided to stand my ground. I won the decision, for the owners of the hotel secured another Boston hostelry, and now take care of the teams there.

The modern umpire has nothing particular to fear, as I have said before. It is no longer necessary to possess a physique that will make it possible to battle your way to the top if diplomacy fails. I have always had some rather peculiar theories on umpiring. In a good many instances, some of my colleagues have not always agreed with my ideas, but that is only natural, since each individual has an opinion if he amounts to anything, and it must be an original opinion to make you stand out. What little success I have attained in a baseball way, I attribute almost entirely to the methods I have followed in handling men and situations.

I am an optimist. There are enough natural obstacles in umpiring without creating more. When I go on the ball field to start the game, I am at peace with the world. I look forward to as pleasant an afternoon as it is possible for an umpire to enjoy. I make it a point to firmly believe that the players are going to accept my rulings graciously, knowing that I am doing the best I possibly can, that I am honest, and am giving the plays as I see them. I make up my mind that there are not going to be any close decisions, and that if perchance there are, they are not going to worry me.

Umpires very often remark to me: "Say, you are the luckiest fellow that ever lived. Somehow you manage to dodge trouble. If you umpire the bases, every runner is thrown out a step. When I umpire the bases, they are all nip and tuck. Likewise, when you work the plate, you get good pitching and draw catchers who are not crabs, while it is just the opposite with me when I work the plate." To which I

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Ought an umpire know how to box? Billy Evans says brains are more necessary than brawn in close decisions.

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A close one at third.

This photograph shows New York's first Sunday ball game.

always reply: "My one great hope is that I continue to be lucky."

I am inclined to think that in most cases you get just what you are looking for. If an umpire steps on the field with a frown and a grouch, and a deep conviction that he is in for a tough day, they will usually be his portion. I am firmly convinced that there is enough trouble on the ball field without stopping on said field looking for and expecting more. There is no need of having a chip on your shoulder. I believe that the personality of the official is at once reflected in the players. Therefore, I have always worked on the theory that a smile and some well-put words of caution are more effective than a scowl coupled with a threat.

To me all ball players are gentlemen until they prove themselves otherwise. Once a player proves to me that he prefers the "treat 'em rough" style, it becomes my immediate task to so handle him. However, I much prefer the gentlemanly method of reaching conclusions, if such a thing is possible. I have always made it a point never to expect from players anything that they could not in turn expect from me. Any umpire thoroughly detests a ball player who tries to cover up a mistake at the expense of the umpire. Therefore, when it has seemed to me that I have been in error, I have never tried to alibi myself at the expense of the player. There have been many times when I have made a mistake, and found it necessary

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"Above all," says Billy Evans, "the umpire must not lose his temper."

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to expel a player, sometimes several of them, in order to maintain discipline and restore order. I never make it a point to make a public admission of my error, even though it may have been apparent to most every one that I kicked the decision. At such times my reply is, "Well, that's the way the play looked to me." When I am positive I'm right, I say so in a decisive way, and most of the players, I believe, accept my interpretation.

One must have the confidence of the players if he is to be a successful umpire. I care not what the crowd says, if the players have confidence in me. Usually the crowds view the situations as do the players. I have never worked along the theory that I was infallible. I'm only human, hence I make mistakes. My aim is to make as few mistakes as I can, and to have these few create as little dissension as possible. The players have often let me off lightly on some weird decisions, simply because they had confidence in me and, despite the apparent error of the ruling, were willing to accept it because they believed I had given the play just as it seemed to me. The most difficult task for the umpire is to establish himself. That is possible only by gaining the confidence and respect of the players, which isn't the easiest thing in the world.

A GREAT many people regard umpiring as a strange calling. They wonder how one could select such a vocation. Why did you start umpiring? That question is put to me hundreds of times during a year. To which I reply, "As an umpire I simply happened." The main reason for my taking a whirl at the game, was because I was ambitious and wanted to advance in a worldly way. I was getting eighteen dollars a week writing sports on a small-town paper, and fifteen dollars per game looked to me like all the money in the world. Incidentally, I wasn't taking any chances, because the owner of the paper very kindly told me that I could have my job back if I proved a fizzle.

What feature of the game appeals to you most? What strikes you as the most disagreeable part of the position? Those two queries are fired at me as often as the one seeking knowledge of why and how I became an umpire.

Answering the first query is one of the easiest things in the world. The feature that appeals to me most about the umpiring game, is the check President Johnson mails me every two weeks. The hours, three to five, run a close second. It makes you think you have a regular job. Never, until September and October of 1918, did I realize how much those checks really did appeal to me. Because the powers curtailed the regular season, there was nothing doing in the check line for the last six weeks of what would have been the regular season. I haven't quite recovered from the jolt yet.

There are a number of disagreeable features connected with the umpiring game. It is rather annoying to render what you know is a correct decision, and then have some player alibi himself by casting reflections on your judgment. In baseball the old alibi has been worked to the limit, but it is getting less effective each year. The baseball public is wise and doesn't fall for the alibi stuff any more.

It is also a trifle embarrassing to render a ruling that on the surface may seem unjust and yet be absolutely correct as to the playing code. In such a case the crowd accepts surface conditions and gets after the official, when, as a matter of fact, he is in the right.

To maintain discipline and command respect it is necessary every now and then to remove a player from the game. While I point the finger to the exit sign perhaps as much as any other official in the game, such an occurrence is always unpleasant to me, unless the player has so sinned that he is beyond recall. If there is any way that I can get by without putting the player out of the game, I always fall for it. I try my best to handle every situation without working an injustice to any team, but every now and then some athlete refuses to listen to reason.

IF A LOVER of boxing goes to a bout, advertised as a championship affair between the title holder and a claimant for the honors, he wouldn't be satisfied if the champion was withdrawn and an understudy substituted. In all probability he would demand the return of his money and get it. If a theatregoer bought tickets for an attraction featuring two big stars, he wouldn't care to see a couple of understudies portray the rôle. If such shifts became necessary, the affair probably would be postponed, or an explanation offered, and the holder of said tickets notified his money awaited him if he didn't care to remain.

In baseball a different condition prevails, and the public, because it regards it as a part of the game, stands for it, and this is, in a way, a big testimonial to the sportsmanship of those who attend ball games. When a lover of baseball goes out to see Detroit play, he does so with a hope that Ty Cobb will have a big day. He also hopes the Tigers will get away to advantage, so Hughey Jennings will cut up on the coaching lines. He also hopes the diminutive Donie Bush will be at his best around short-stop.

If the Chicago Cubs are the attraction, Mr. Fan is hoping that big Jim Vaughan or Lefty Tyler will pitch; that Bill Killefer will have one of his brilliant days behind the bat; that Short-stop Hollocher will perform some stunt. It is the same no matter what teams are opposing each other. In the grand-stand, at every game, are any number of people who came not only to see the ball game, but were attracted to the park because of some favorite or favorites.

Imagine yourself a strong follower of the Detroit club, living in some small town about two hundred miles from the Michigan metropolis. For years you had read everything that pertained to the Tigers. Ty Cobb had been your idol. You had read about his great speed, his remarkable fall-away slide, his wonderful batting eye. It was the height of your ambition to get down to Detroit some day and see Cobb in action. After a wait of five or six years you found a reason for going to Detroit, although it did seem to be a bit of extravagance on your part. Detroit was playing New York, and Russell Ford, then the pitching sensation of the American League, was scheduled to pitch against the Tigers.

Here was a choice morsel: you were to see Ty Cobb in action against one of the best pitchers in the game. You get out to the grounds early, all intent on seeing Cobb. It happened that Cobb was not feeling well, and took only a few minutes' practise prior to the start of the game. That, of course, was a big disappointment. Detroit took the field, but the side was retired without Cobb having a thing to do. On his appearance at the plate in the first inning, Cobb fouled off the first ball, while the next two were called strikes, retiring the great batsman. Once more you were disappointed. A protest by Cobb followed the umpire's final decision. The game was delayed several minutes, and then from the actions of the umpire, it was apparent that Cobb had been put out of the game.

This actually took place at the Detroit ball park, and I was the umpire. In the lobby of the hotel that evening the fan told me his story, and took me to task for spoiling what promised to be an epoch in his life. After I had explained my position, he agreed with me that there was nothing else for me to do.

To begin with, Cobb was sick, and didn't want to start the game. A big crowd was present, many of whom had come to see Cobb in action, so Manager Jennings insisted that he at least start. Russell Ford was using the emery ball then, and getting away with it in grand style. He was the only pitcher in the big show who knew the mysterious secret. He was practically unhittable. Ty didn't see any fat chance to swell his batting average. As Ty afterward admitted, he decided to make me the goat and I couldn't escape the situation. After I had called the third strike he persisted in questioning my judgment. He just naturally wouldn't leave the batter's box and permit the game to proceed. After I had exercised all the patience possible, I told Ty I was going to dust off the plate, and that upon finishing I expected him to be on his way to the bench.

I never did such a job of dusting in all my life. There wasn't a speck of dirt when I finished, but Tyrus was still present. Of course, I insisted that he make himself scarce, which he immediately did. I knew a lot of people came out largely to see Cobb in action. I knew they would be disappointed at his removal, but there was no other course open. I had given him every opportunity to stay in the game, but he didn't want to play.

THE CASE is typical of many put up to the umpire during the summer. I always seek to avoid ejecting the player, since I know the desires of the crowd, but every so often a trip to the club-house is the only weapon to which the umpire can resort. If such expulsion from the game gave the fan the right to get his money back at the gate, fewer stars would be removed, as the magnates would soon assert themselves.

Umpiring isn't a half bad job these days. Otherwise I would be casting my lot in some other direction. The days of the riots, fisticuffs on the field, an almost absolute disregard for the authority of the official, are events of the dim, distant past. Differences of opinion will always rise in a red-blooded game like baseball, but usually an amiable adjustment is possible. To President Johnson of the American League, umpires everywhere are indebted for their present status in the baseball world. He has made the life of the umpire worth while. I know; I speak from an experience of eighteen years.

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The Invisible Girl

By John Armbruster

"BOY operators proved to be," runs the record. "inattentive, impatient, mischievous and frequently impertinent."

Boys are all right for playing a little ball with in the back yard after supper and for giving fifty-cent pieces to when you are courting their sisters, but on the telephone—the thing you use when you are worried or in a hurry—the person you want on the telephone is "Central."

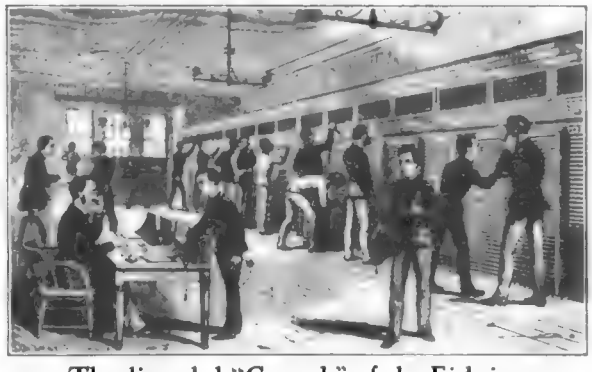
I admit I am sentimental about Central. Even through the war, when she was often cross to me and absent-minded to the point of not noticing me at all, even now after I have been taken through the huge New York City exchanges where they tried to convince me that my Central is not one lovely, sympathetic, invisible girl, but sixteen thousand girls of varying degrees of charm—after all this informative adventuring, I still believe in Santa Claus and in Central—my own personal Central.

First of all, they said, when I take my receiver from its hook, a little light glows somewhere. Whereupon one of the sober, intrepid young women in one of the mathematical rows pictured in the center of the page "plugs into" the "jack" directly above my lighted lamp, "throws" her "listening-key" and says, for possibly the thousandth time during her four-hour shift, "Number, please." And, by the way, when Central is elusive and my train is leaving in a minute, it really doesn't do me very much good to bang the hook up and down. This agitates Central just about as much as a summer shower does a cow under a tree. It makes my tiny lamp wink, but Central doesn't see me any plainer for that. In fact, I suspect it makes her just a bit disciplinarian.

I think my personal Central is something like this.

Unbelievable rows of unemotional, intrepid young women.

The Misses Information.



The discarded "Centrals" of the Eighties.

I stood at the end of one of the rows of young women whom they were trying to pass off on me as my Central and watched dozens and dozens of deft pairs of hands pull dozens and dozens of slippery multi-colored cords up from their secret abiding-places and click them into as many dozens of little holes in the wall in front of them. Never a false move, it seemed to me, though perhaps the Supervisor—one for every nine Centrals—moving silently up and down behind her charges—knew better.

Speaking of Supervisors, my guides told me that they all rose from the ranks of the Centrals. Assistant Chief Operator is the next step upward and onward for Central, and after that Chief Operator.

I was almost overpowered when my guides showed me rows and rows of Informations, who, in addition to keys and plugs and things, are monitors of great loose-leaf tomes full of data not contained in the layman's own local phone book.

It became obvious to me from that moment that "Information" really does know a great deal, though I must say she doesn't tell it! For such an all-round informed person, though, it is strange what hazy ideas she has of the length of "one moment, please"!

It appears that at "Rector," the heart of the business of Manhattan, "the peak of the load," *i. e.*, the maximum number of calls, comes in between ten and eleven, twenty-one thousand of them as contrasted with seventeen thousand between three and four, and a sinking spell between twelve and two of only thirteen thousand; while in a residential sort of exchange, like Audubon, the "traffic" (phone talk for number of calls) is comparatively even during the daytime, though heaviest between nine and ten (the grocer's hour?) and seven and eight, when John is calling up Mabel (or Mabel, John?) about taking in a little show.

Time was, before the experts came along and, in vulgar business parlance, "sold efficiency" to the telephone companies, when the telephone was a *real* convenience. There is the historic instance of the lady who rang up Central and said: "I am just stepping over to Mrs. Brewster's for a few minutes to get her doughnut recipe—she's Main 227—and I'll leave the receiver off so you can hear if the baby cries and let me know." In my home town we used to ask Central where the fire was and who was dead and did she think there was any mail for us.

I left the rigid priestesses of the telephone exchanges and came sadly home—illusions a bit shattered.

But after a while I had occasion to telephone and there she was again, prompt and kind, coming to help me when I needed her, my own Central, my sympathetic (though

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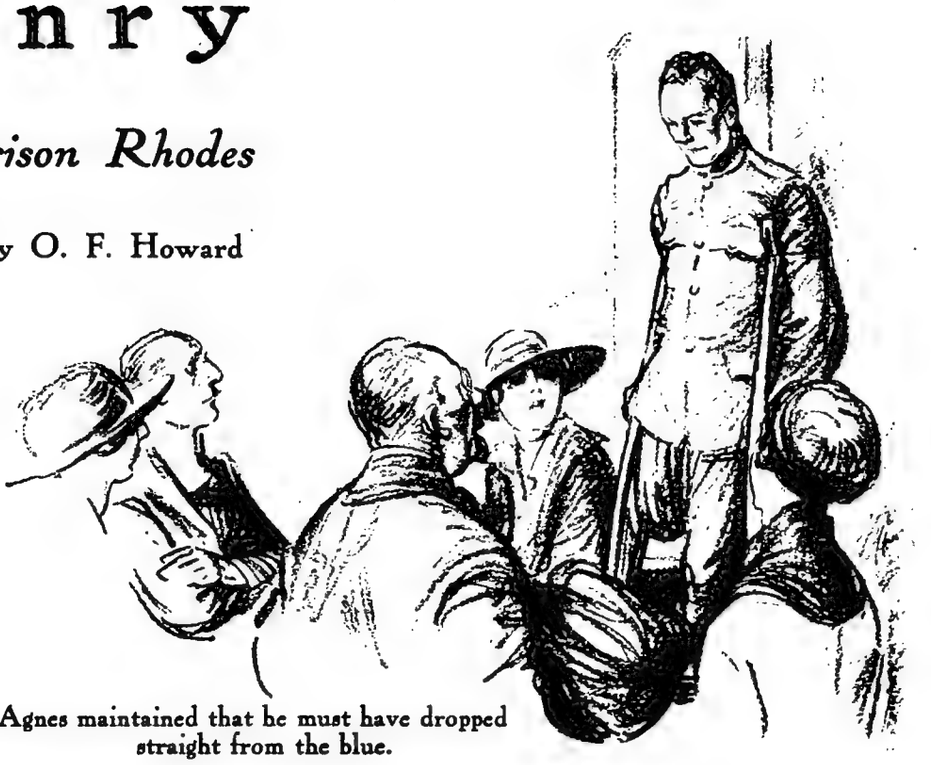
Henry

By Harrison Rhodes

Illustrated by O. F. Howard



Agnes maintained that he must have dropped straight from the blue.

HIS name was Henry Foster, but we mostly called him just Henry from the very beginning. He was young and he was very ingratiating. And, too, there was the khaki uniform and the empty trouser leg and the crutches. Yet my wife did not bring him back to dinner that first night, which—once you had heard her talk about Henry—argued some little restraint.

She had a booth, or a stall or whatever you call it, at the Waldorf for a week to collect money for some military fund or other, I've forgotten just what. Two nights she came home fagged and discouraged. Her stand was a hermit's hut, she asserted, for all the attention the hurrying crowds in the hotel paid it or her. They had already forgotten the war, was her bitter comment, though the sale of lace blouses in the adjoining room was going on nicely. They no longer remembered the lads who had gone to France. They cared nothing for those who had come back disfigured and maimed—her fund had something to do with appliances for the mutilated. The week went on drearily and drearily I began to wonder what I myself should have to contribute. But I procrastinated and on Friday Henry turned up.

Agnes maintained that he must have dropped straight from the blue, but on cross-examination she admitted to have first seen him slowly stumping down the Waldorf corridor. She must have noticed at once that one leg was gone, yet she says she didn't think of that at first. It was his smile, his gay young face that caught her attention, his eager look as if he were ready to be friends with every one along his way. Agnes, of course, was hopelessly infatuated from the beginning; she says he left a kind of spiritual trail or wake behind him as he came down Peacock Row. People looked at him and after him. It wasn't, at least at first, pity for him, for they smiled. He looked as if it were a pleasant thing to have only one leg. He was the distributor of friendship, the messenger of good tidings. In a kind of golden mist, if one could trust Agnes's description, he advanced along the dusky crimson splendors of that famous corridor and stopped at the booth of his already adoring victim.

I extracted some kind of a description of him from Agnes—that he was about twenty-one, had blue eyes, straight brown hair not too well brushed, and so forth. He came from the West, she thought; he wasn't college-bred; and he possibly wasn't, she said rather sharply, from my narrow and technical point of view, a gentleman. Not that that mattered to Agnes. I realized I had made a tactical error. I asserted hastily that it mattered even less to me. I regretted that Agnes had not asked her soldier-lad home to dine. She would tomorrow night, she answered. But I was in no mood now to be outdone in handsomeness of behavior. I remember I turned to little Allie Marshall, my wife's silent, odd, shy, small niece who was staying with us, and extravagantly assured her that it was now the object of my life to secure Henry as a husband for her. Allie turned pale with such anguished embarrassment that I kissed both her and Agnes, and, as we went in to dinner, tactfully changed the subject by talking a little more about Henry—in a very slightly soberer spirit.

I asserted that with him, too, it was the *coup de foudre;* that he had loved Agnes at first sight. Agnes is forty, but she said she hoped he had, and little Allie blushed.

Henry had cheerily asked Agnes how things were going and she had at once told him they were going badly.

"They don't seem to understand," she said anxiously; "they don't seem to be sorry for——"

"For guys like me?" he had suggested as she hesitated. "Oh, well, I don't know they got much need to be sorry for us. It's all right when people know you've lost your leg in war; it makes you proud of yourself."

"That's now," answered Agnes—it was not for nothing that she had read up on Red Cross pamphlets about the reconstruction period. "But after a while they may forget. We hope they won't—but they may. And even a boy like you——"

His face darkened with a sudden, astonishingly passionate emotion. "Oh, if a fellow hadn't lost his leg for his country, it would be just hell." He looked down at his own stump. "If I wasn't in khaki, I'd be an awful sight for any one."

"You couldn't be an awful sight," Agnes protested, fatuously, no doubt.

"Oh, yes," he grumbled, still in gloom. "I know," he went on darkly.

And indeed he seemed a little later to know, by some fine power of his boyish imagination, what it was going to be like when a "guy" had been one-legged for a long, long time. He wanted to help Agnes, he had said—small return, as I pointed out, for her obvious adoration.

"Shall I make a speech?" he suddenly asked, gloom having instantaneously fled.

"Why not?" said Agnes, as if she had been the March Hare.

Henry jumped on a chair by her booth and spoke (I say jumped, because my wife so described it, in spite of the crutches). And the power to command instant attention, already manifest in his progress down the corridor, collected a little group around him at once.

I can not give his speech, but I think aided by Agnes I can guess at something of it. He was simple, boyish, and had an air of demanding friendliness and affection from his hearers, as if in imagination he already saw the long, perhaps lonely, years that stretched ahead of any crippled soldier.

"You've got to stand by us. We'll work," he protested. "We'll earn our living somehow. It ain't that we want charity. Nor exactly pity neither. A fellow just wants to be made to forget sometimes that he ain't a hundred per cent, there. He don't want to think all the time that he ain't like other fellows.

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You don't know," he went on, "what it's like when you ain't like other guys. You don't believe you'll have friends, like two-legged fellows have. And," here he hesitated and then went on in a lower voice, "you don't believe you'll get a girl, like a fellow that's whole can get. That's the good of the things these people are going to do for crippled soldiers. It ain't just the things themselves. It's making sure that a leg gone will be some kind of honor instead of a kind of disgrace. A disgrace is what it is now for every one except a soldier. Don't let it ever be that for a soldier. Nor for the other fellows if you can help it," he added almost inconsequentially.

Perhaps I do not reproduce his eloquence. Or perhaps I reproduce it too seriously. His seriousness, so Agnes said, had an amazing, gay quality, almost feverish and exaggerated at times, as though the boy were on a truant holiday from some grim, biting unhappiness. How true this was we were later to know.

The crowd gathered—and gave. Somehow Henry made a lark of it. The finish was a grotesque procession down the corridor, Henry on his crutches, a queer little dwarfed Italian who runs one of the east elevators, and three Pekingese dogs borrowed from an old lady from Buffalo.

Agnes took both his hands in hers.

"I don't know how I can thank you, you dear, dear boy. I'd like to kiss you."

"I'd like to have you," replied Henry grinning. And she did.

"You've got to come and help us to-morrow; it's the last day."

"Oh, I don't know," the boy answered, vaguely perturbed somehow. "I'm not staying here, you know; I just happened in."

"Oh, but you must come. And I'll get my organization to put just a squib about you in to-morrow's papers, about what you've done to-day."

"Oh no—" he began.

"I don't mean much," said Agnes; "just your name and your regiment and where you lost your leg and how you helped me raise almost three thousand dollars here to-day. It might bring a crowd to-morrow."

The old lady from Buffalo, with the three Pekingese, sat monumentally like Patience.

"I don't believe I can come to-morrow, anyhow."

"Oh, yes, you can. And I won't put anything in the papers. I see you don't like that."

"You won't really?"

"No, I promise," said Agnes.

"All right then. Well—perhaps I'll come."

He hobbled quickly away, too quickly certainly for Agnes's satisfaction.

I had said that Henry, for all his good looks, his charm, his lack of legs and his high-bred dislike of newspaper publicity, should lure me to no Waldorf corridors, but as the office is closed Saturday afternoon I went, as I presumably had meant to all along.

I arrived at five o'clock and the air was black with gloom. Agnes sat tragically in her lonely booth. The old lady from Buffalo, with the three Pekingese incredibly brushed and shining, and in her hand a folded something that looked like a check, sat monumentally, like Patience, looking down the corridor. Even the dwarf of the east elevators occasionally peered sadly from his cage. There was no Henry and the place yawned for him.

He did not come till 5:35, but between that time and 6:15 we took in over thirty-five hundred dollars—the Buffalo check was for a thousand. The air grew golden with youth and with the odd gaiety that made you more sorry for the poor mutilated boy than you could have been if he had seemed sorry for himself. And yet from his little speech you knew that he felt poignantly, for himself and his comrades in misfortune, the danger that they might come to seem physically repellent and so in time be avoided or forgotten as the world hurried by. He himself had been one-legged only three months, but somehow his misfortune had burnt in as if it were years old. This was at the heart of his gaiety and made it gallant and winning. I may as well admit that, although I am not such a fool as Agnes, I was immensely captivated with the boy. As a matter of fact, I believe it was actually I who invited him to come home to dinner with us that night.

The next week he was constantly with us and it was a very pleasant week. He had just come back from France and been discharged and was on his way home to a small Pennsylvania town, but he had a little money and meant to enjoy New York while he could. He meant, too, I believe he would have admitted frankly, to enjoy being a hero while he could.

He didn't, however, much enjoy talking about the events and deeds which made him one. We knew, of course, his regiment and something of the day when the German shell took toll of Henry's leg. And he had a humorous point of view as to the surgeon who amputated it. But though we all, even shy, pale little Allie Marshall, would, I think, gladly have sat at his feet and listened to brave tales of war, Henry preferred to talk about the musical comedy he had seen the night before, or about how good lobster tastes to an inlander, or about other really important things.

He was charming to Allie, but aloof. He didn't quite dare to be easy with her; and she, frightened little thing, could do nothing to make it easier for him. I quite renounced the match I had earlier laughingly proposed, and acquiesced in my fate that my wife was his affinity. I forgot my original question as to whether he was "from my narrow and technical point of view, a gentleman."

He was so young, so sensitive, so eager, he could easily learn the tricks of that trade. And I could have sworn his heart was right.

It was, I repeat, an extremely pleasant, unclouded week. There was no shadow on its cheerful days and nights of anything to come, nor indeed anything to indicate that it was more than just a pleasant week which would pass and in time grow dim in memory.

Henry was to go home Sunday. On Saturday I was lunching, a business engagement, at the Astor, and little Allie was to pick me up in the car. It turned out such a bright, lovely afternoon that I proposed to her that we should walk up Broadway and across the Park to Sixty-seventh Street. And so, never pausing to meditate what a world of chance it is, we strolled in the sunshine, and went idly past the portals of a great moving-picture palace where a famous war film had

"Let's go in and see it."

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just started unreeling before delighted audiences.

"Let's go in and see it."

She hadn't before wanted to see either war plays or war films.

"More interested in the war now?" I asked with a laugh. And as she looked tortured by my innuendo, I made amends at once and in a moment we were inside, in the warm darkness, where dashing doughboys were racing across the screen.

To describe "Come on, America!" is no part of my plan. It caught me, and especially, perhaps, because for a week I had been so much with a living reminder of war's tragedy. And I knew without turning to her that little Allie in the darkness was properly palpitating too. Then came the scenes of the boys coming home. There was one of an American mother in an East Side tenement flat (in Cherry Street, perhaps, for there was Brooklyn Bridge to be seen out of the window). An excellent actress sustained this rôle and she made us feel all her hopes and prayers as she waited there for her boy. Then at last the door burst open—and Henry stumped cheerfully in with his one leg and his smile and his uniform we knew so well.

Little Allie caught my arm and gave a little scream, and we held our breaths while he played the scene, prettily and effectively. There was another scene where he was being trained in a school, as an inspector of gas engines or electric gauges, I forget which. I remembered his unwillingness to talk much of war. I recalled his delicate distaste for newspaper publicity. I excused myself and strode up to the back of the playhouse. A fat man standing there looked knowing and proprietary. I asked him if by any chance he knew whether "Come on, America!" had been made in France. "No," he answered, "it was made in New Jersey, three months ago." The proof was very simple. And I went back to my seat overwhelmed by our discovery.

"Why do you suppose Henry never told us he had acted in the movies?" asked little Allie. She had not yet seen the unhappy implications of the film. We walked home, almost silently, I was going to say, but I believe the child prattled and I scarcely heard her. I realized only one thing—that Henry had never been in France, that he was a cheap imposter preying on our patriotism and our pity and our love. I wondered whether he had got money from Agnes—and yet, as I said it to myself, I could not believe it. I was bitter, but bitter, I suppose, only because I had liked him so very much.

We found him and Agnes having tea, the wretched boy munching cakes. I had not quite decided when nor how I should speak to him, when Allie took the matter out of my hands, as of course I should have known would happen.

"Oh, Henry," she cried happily, "we saw you in the movies to-day."

He looked at her very quietly. He was pale and his eyes slowly brimmed with tears. "Of course I might have known you would."

"Why didn't you tell us, Henry?"

"Perhaps because," I broke in roughly, "the picture was taken three months ago in New Jersey at the time Henry is supposed to have lost his leg at Le Tremoix in France."

"I never was in France," said Henry. There was no fight in him. He looked at little Allie a moment longer, then turned to Agnes.

"Then, Henry—" Agnes stammered. Little Allie had understood at last. She was quietly crying in a chair far too big for her.

"I'm a fake. That's all I am."

My wife turned to me. "But, Peter, isn't impersonating a soldier some perfectly dreadful thing?"

"I don't know," I answered. "I imagine there's a pretty severe penalty. If we turn him over to the authorities——"

Both women winced.

"Oh, Henry," pleaded Agnes, "haven't you ever been in the army? At all?"

"Only a picture army, that once."

"And your leg?" I asked.

"I lost that when I was fifteen, playing with some fellows in the switchyard. I've had this darned stump and these old crutches for five years."

"Where do you really come from?"

"From Cutterhonk, like I said. I've earned my living in the telegraph office ever since I was sixteen. First delivered messages on my bicycle. I can ride, you know. Then I was operator. I haven't got any family. That was a lie. If you begin lying, you might as well fix up everything the way you wish it was."

"Then you aren't generally an actor?"

"No. Say, do you really want to hear about it all? Or would you rather just kick me out at once?"

"Henry," said Agnes, "we want to hear about it all. We've been fond of you, all of us. And we want to know why you did this dreadful thing."

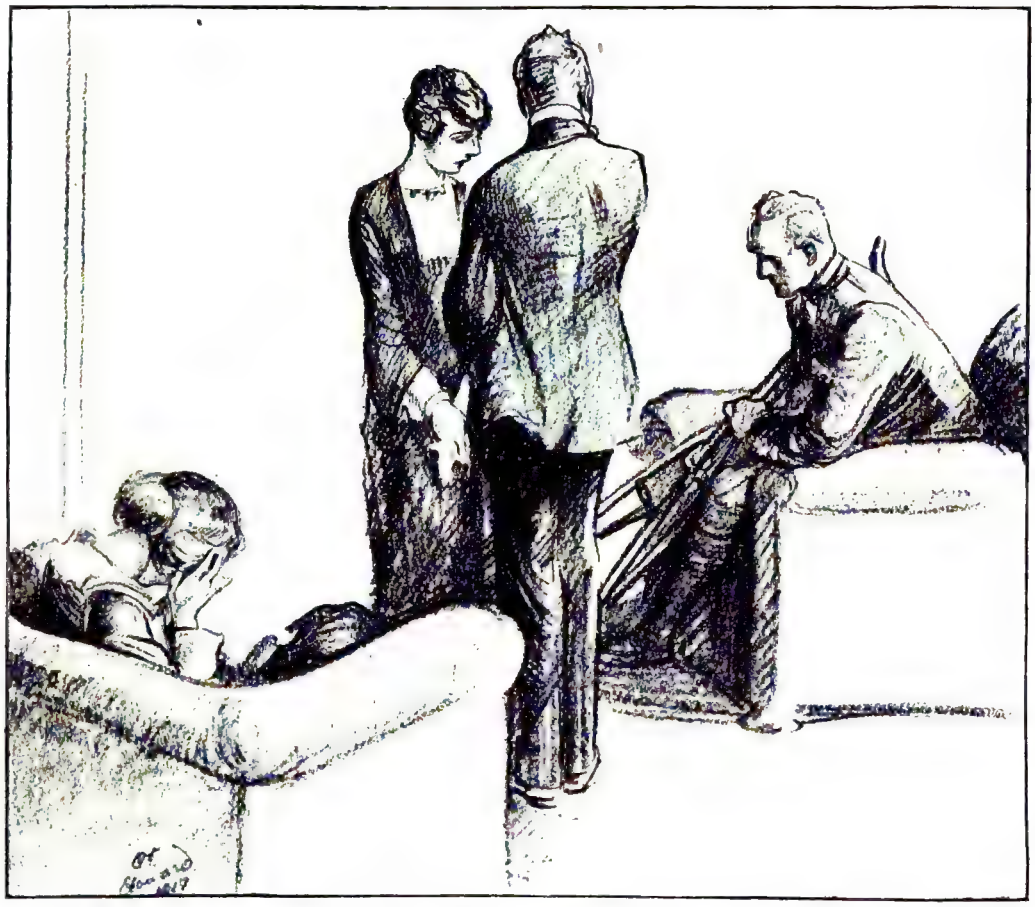
"You don't think it was funny?" asked Henry, oddly enough. Agnes stared at him.

"Why, yes, it's funny. Of course it is—only it isn't. I don't know about it legally. But what I'm thinking of is the unfairness to others. You come and get our pity, our liking on false pretenses."

"I suppose you don't think I needed any pity or any liking because I lost my leg in the switchyard."

Agnes rose and crossed the room to him. She was crying unashamedly now. "Oh, my dear, my dear," she said, "you needed everything, crippled and alone. But just why couldn't you ask for it without this—this trick of pretending to be a soldier?"

"Oh, you know, ma'am. You really know why," answered Henry. "Those boys are the only ones that count. And that's how it should be. I don't complain. But," he went on eagerly, "I didn't really plan it all out—not in Cutterhonk anyway. It just sort of happened."



We had been happy and in love for twenty years. And we knew what the boy had lost, better than he did.

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"How?" I asked, as coldly as I could manage. It was left to me to keep up the family dignity.

"Well, you know when the war came. And everybody in town was enlisted or drafted or liable to be or something. Sometimes folks said, 'You got it easy, Henry.' But really that only made it worse. Because it was my country too, and anyhow I was trying to get something. I heard about limited service and I thought I could sure do pretty limited service. And I wrote about office work and I thought perhaps because I could do telegraphy I could get into the Signal Corps. But most generally I wouldn't even get an answer, and if I did it was always that there wasn't any place in the war for a one-legged boy. Some man who came into the office told me if I'd go to New York myself and see the recruiting officers perhaps I could make it. Well, I had a little money saved up and I'd always wanted to see New York anyway. Well, that about the recruiting officers was bunk. But New York was all right. I liked it."

Even in his condition he couldn't help smiling cheerfully at his metropolitan memories.

"Made the money fly, did you, Henry?" I commented, rather sympathetically I'm afraid.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "I had a two-dollar seat twice at the theatre, but I generally got my chow at Child's." He smiled a little regretfully.

"I know I oughtn't to call it 'chow,' seeing as I'm not a real soldier. But I've been trying to. It goes with the uniform."

"How about the uniform?"

He grew red again. "Oh, it belongs to the moving-picture company. I deserted with it. But then I didn't draw my last week's salary, so I guess I didn't steal it, really. Do you think I did, sir?"

"I think," I replied, "that you took it with intention to defraud."

"Yes, when I finally ran away in it, yes. But not when I put it on first. I tell you I never really planned it out, not like you think."

"HOW did you happen to go into the moving pictures, Henry?" It was Agnes who spoke.

"Well, ma'am, I was standing by the entrance of a building in Longacre Square. You haven't got any idea," he went on, almost cheerfully, if you haven't got any money to spend and you like New York, what a lot of fun it is just to stand and watch things go by. Especially in a place like Longacre Square. And folks talk to you and generally they offer you cigarets and they'd offer you drinks if you'd take 'em. Well, there I was one day and a man comes along and looks at me and says don't I want to be an actor in a film. At first I said yes, only had he noticed my stump? And he said yes, that was why. So I went. And when I found it was a war film I almost felt as if the recruiting officers had taken me at last."

"You were very good in it. Was that because it seemed real to you?"

"Perhaps," said Henry. "I couldn't go over the top nor be in the trenches, of course. We had a real battle-field, you know, over back of Englewood. But I ki-yi-ed when the other fellows charged. And then I used to be fetched in wounded on a stretcher pretty often. And when we got at my return to my mother every one said I did fine. I told the director I hadn't had either a father or a mother for six years, and perhaps I wouldn't be any good. And he said, perhaps I'd be all the better. 'Go ahead and feel it,' he told me. And somehow I did. I guess perhaps when you've got a leg gone you've got more feeling left in the rest of your body. I feel things too much," he went on, almost as if he were unconscious of us, "too much for a grown man."

"Are you a grown man, Henry?" I asked, and we smiled momentarily at each other. In the face of his simple revelations I felt my original anger and my standards both disastrously crumbling. And yet he was coming in his narrative to the very point where he had done the intolerable thing, falsely assumed the uniform of the United States Army, and started his career of adventurous fraud. I steeled myself afresh to judge him justly. I knew Agnes had no strength, and as for little Allie, I think I had quite forgotten her.

"When I ask if you're a grown man, Henry, I mean did you understand what you were doing when you sneaked the uniform and started out to pretend you were a hero?"

"Yes, sir. I think I did. But I don't think I cared. It just got me of a sudden that this was my chance."

"Your chance?" from Agnes.

"Yes, my chance for a day or two or a week to get things I wouldn't ever get any other way. And I just thought that if I got a good week I didn't much care what happened. And I don't much care now."

We fell into an instant's silence. I wondered whether judges found it easy to condemn criminals—one-legged ones especially. Finally, because some one had to, I spoke:

"Has it been so good a week, boy?"

He didn't raise his eyes from the floor, but he smiled a little wry smile as he answered:

"The best ever. It ain't," he went on, "that folks in Cutterhonk weren't nice to me. They were. But I was an old story. Even you people—well, if you hadn't thought I was a soldier— Say, there's lots of one-legged boys in New York City, but I guess you've never had any of them to the house like me."

"You love me! You!" repeated Henry in amazement.

Agnes looked at me. I suppose we made a little silent pledge as to the future.

"Besides," said Henry, "there's another thing perhaps you'll think I oughtn't to speak of. But when you get to be nineteen and twenty and all the other fellows have got girls and get engaged and married—well, it's kind of hard to bear when you know you'll never get married and no one'll ever love you and—well, I got to hating that engine in the switchyard pretty bad.

"I don't know," he said a moment afterward, "that I exactly thought because I had the uniform on every girl was going to fall for me. I don't know what I thought. But anyhow the way you folks treated me this week is good enough, no matter what you do to me now. I'll get along and not worry about any girl's ever loving me."

I was standing near Agnes and she caught my hand in hers. We had been happy and in love for twenty years, and we knew what the boy had lost, better than he did. Somehow it was unbearable to look at him and his stump and know what his mutilation meant and must always mean. I knew Agnes was thinking of our little boy who died. So was I, there is no use pretending. For an instant we forgot the room and everything that was happening in it. And then I swear I felt a queer shiver suddenly race up my spine. I looked quickly up and, obeying some wholly unexplained impulse, at little Allie.

Instead of being a crumpled, crying mass in one corner of a huge chair, the child sat pink-cheeked and with eyes alight. There was something strange and new about her, and as her lips slowly parted to speak, something soft and miraculous fluttered there.

"I don't think you should say no one loves you," she said to our false one-legged soldier. "I love you, Henry."

I can't describe the look with which he turned to her. There was in it something so vivid with hope and youth and passion. Yet he only said: "It can't be so. You're wonderful and you're sorry for me."

"No," she answered; "I love you. You made a joke, Uncle Peter, about it's being Aunt Agnes, but it was me all along."

There was here a moment when the old torturing shyness gripped her, but she held it off.

"You know," she went on, "I can understand better than you think. I'm small and I'm always frightened and—well, boys haven't ever liked me much. I've been lonely too, Henry."

"You love me! You!" repeated Henry in amazement. "But I'm nothing."

"I'm not much," replied Allie smiling, almost as if she knew that now she was pretty at last.

"You! But you're wonderful! I love you."

"Did you until now?"

"No. I wouldn't have dared to think of it. But I love you now. I shall always love you."

"I'm afraid, Henry," I said, as gently as I could, "you mustn't dare to think of it now."

(Continued on page 91)

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When Lovely Woman Stoops to Labor

By Alfred Sinclair Clark

Decorations by C. B. Falls

ONE disadvantage about living in great days is that so much is happening that you can't really know what is going on. The Parisians who burned the Bastille did not know as much about their revolution as the leisurely Victorians who never burned anything except tobacco. The Englishmen of the fifteenth century hardly realized that they were smashing feudalism. But their descendants in the nineteenth century read all about it in a novel, "The Last of the Barons." It makes one wonder how many things are toppling about us unnoticed. Perhaps somewhere about the year 2172 our age may be romantically portrayed in "The Last of the Ladies."

"The Undefeated."

For the lady is having a hard time of it. She always does in stormy years. In the French Revolution she rolled in a tumbril to the guillotine. The German war machine transformed ladies into women—women who worked!

The aftermath of the war, with so much to be done, may well witness the extinction of the lady. Like the dodo and the dinosaur, she may seem to have been created merely for future wonderment. The twenty-second century will shake its head and reflect, "People toiled to give her a life vacation from thinking."

Times do change. The Puritan John Winthrop lamented over Mrs. Hopkins, whose husband had let her read books. "If she had not gone out of her way," Winthrop wrote sadly, "and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, she had kept her wits." To-day, if it were not for women readers, all the novelists who do not specialize in detectives and cowboys would be sending off their manuscripts from almshouses.

The lady has, however, played a great part in world history. If she is passing, it is no small event. To get the full meaning of it, one ought to read what Mrs. Emily James Putnam has to say about her in "The Lady" (Putnam). It is a witty and an able book, placing pitilessly in her niche of ornamental uselessness the lady who is a parasite and nothing else. It traces the progress of the lady from Greek times down to the period just before the Civil War.

Mrs. Putnam points out that the lady emerged considerably later than the gentleman. He captured a mate and made her do all the hard work. He hunted and fought and loafed. He was a gentleman. Then he discovered that his wife would be more desirable if she did not work. He fixed things so that other people did the manual labor. At last he managed to make his wife idle. If she produced anything, it was preferably something useless. Civilization and the lady were both with us.

There is a great deal of both in "Christopher and Columbus" (Doubleday, Page), by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." But the twin heroines fail to qualify as ladies. In the first place, they think too furiously. And always do they pop out upsetting remarks about *Uncle Arthur's* trousers and other topics that no lady would mention.

They were really *Anna-Rose* and *Anna-Felicitas*, but they called themselves *Christopher* and *Columbus* because they were going out to discover a new world. They were orphans and only seventeen years old. Their mother had been English and their father German. They talked English too, but they looked German. It wouldn't have mattered much if the war had not broken out. That upset everything, especially *Uncle Arthur*, who inherited them. He had very strong opinions about inheriting nieces who looked German and he didn't keep them to himself. He went around exploding like a bunch of perpetual firecrackers.

Aunt Alice is the first lady in the book. She liked the twins, but being a lady she had to side with her husband. It's one of the first rules of the game.

Uncle Arthur got rid of them by shipping them to vague friends in the United States. *Mr. Twist* was on the steamer and he formed the habit of taking care of them. It complicated life for him. For his mother was a lady. She was even more—she was a New England lady. For years she had been mourning comfortably. And then her son suddenly expected her to act like a knight-errant for damsels in distress. She could not say what she thought with quite the picturesque fluency of *Uncle Arthur*, but her more chaste phrases got the same idea across.

So behold *Mr. Twist*, a young multimillionaire, chaperoning the twins to California in search of one of *Uncle Arthur's* vague friends. The friend inconsiderately died while they were on the way, so poor *Mr. Twist* still had the twins under his wing. In all California, you could not have found three people more guileless.

There were ladies, virtuously rich and busily useless, in the hotel. Such people are always sure that innocence is a mask for bacchanalian revelry. So it came about that the twins and *Mr. Twist* had to leave the hotel. They started a tea-house, The Open Arms. Unfortunately it attracted all the rich Germans in California. Gutturals just rolled around in it. That made the ladies feel certain that the twins and *Mr. Twist* were fixing up things for a German invasion. It wasn't very fair to the twins, who would have had their German blood taken out if they could.

Luckily a wounded young Englishman happened along and decided to take care of *Anna-Felicitas*. And of course it's easy to guess what happened after that, with *Mr. Twist* yearning to be loved and with *Christopher* left all alone. Perhaps it is just a little sentimental toward the end. But it is all so brightly told and so constantly amusing that you don't mind at all. Especially when you think about how chagrined the ladies were and how neatly they were fooled.

Even now it's a little early to be sure about what the war has done to the lady in America. She has not been so important here as in England and on the Continent. There she has played a disproportionate part in affairs. Somehow or other, she has managed to cling to the upper deck of civilization. Her cold stare of superiority has not altered. Through her lorgnette she has looked with calm condescension upon the crowded second-class and steerage below. They toil that she may not spin, but she is no more grateful to them than she is to the sable that shields her from wintry winds.

The lady survived the French Revolution, but it seems doubtful that she can survive the war and the present uprooting of old traditions. You can study her changed status in England in two of the recent novels, W. L. George's "Blind Alley" (Little, Brown) and J. C. Snaith's "The Undefeated" (Appleton). They are so contradictory that you can't form from them any reasonable conclusion about the lady's future, but they indicate that her day is waning.

Mr. George evidently thinks that the war has been a bad thing for the lady. There are three of them in the family of *Sir Hugh Oakley*, his hero. *Lady Oakley* goes hard. She becomes but a strident voice, a scream flung out against the unreasoning herd who stupidly refuse to see robes of glory transfiguring the Milners, the Carsons and the Curzons.

Sir Hugh's daughters, on the other hand,

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go soft. *Sylvia* shrinks from nothing. She married hurriedly; married hurriedly again when her first husband was shot. She found a lover while her second husband was in the trenches, blazoned her shame abroad, was divorced and had to go discontentedly to the altar a third time.

And there was *Monica*, who has more of a part in the tale. She went into munitions and rather liked the unusual sensation of being useful. But the war breaks down her defenses of pride and caste and she drifts into an aimless and abandoned passion for a married man. She totters perpetually and if she does not fall, it is not through any virtue of her own. It isn't a pleasant episode, but it would be more unpleasant if it were more convincing. For you never can believe that the *Monica* of Mr. George's earlier pages would be lured to such decadence as he pictures.

Mr. George seems to keep a pair of blue spectacles ready to slip on whenever he looks about him to see what the war has done to the English women. It's a pity, for it mars what would otherwise have been a convincing and searching story. *Sir Hugh* does not argue as well as he might against conscientious objectors and pacifists; but he is, on the whole, a well-wrought and very human man who is like a lot of people everywhere to-day. He is forever between the devil of anarchy and the deep sea of the shouting imperialists. It's an awkward predicament. Whenever *Sir Hugh* rages against the Bolshevists, he finds that he is helping the people who don't want anything changed. And whenever he cries out upon their blindness, he is but aiding the men who are filled with a holy rage for tearing everything to shreds. *Sir Hugh* is an appealing figure. But one refuses to believe that England is quite such a blind alley for women as Mr. George seems to believe.

IN "THE UNDEFEATED" the blind alleys are opened up. Sunlight streams into them and burns away the multiplying microbes of the world. Mr. Snaith takes to rose-colored glasses just as Mr. George does to blue spectacles. But on the whole his world is more convincing. It's curious, for he does not dig so deep and his novel is more facile. But, from everything that you can gather, you feel that there is more warrant for his exaltation than for Mr. George's thick gloom.

"The Day of Glory."

Sarah Ann Munt is Mr. Snaith's challenge to *Monica Oakley*. And *Sarah Ann* is a likable young heroine. Her short khaki skirt, her khaki leggings, her bobbed hair that makes her look like Joan of Arc, her slender, boyish figure—these make *Sally Munt* the sort of girl that you could not forget. You might even be chummy with *Sally* right away, but you'd know that you couldn't be familiar with her. That's the charm of her.

"Christopher and Columbus."

Sally is the youngest daughter of *Josiah Munt*, the self-made and domineering mayor of a big English provincial city. There were two other daughters. *Melia* had demeaned herself by marrying *Bill Hollis*, who dreamed so successfully that he was a very unsuccessful greengrocer. *Ethel* had done well. Her husband was a rising young doctor and *Ethel* was a real lady. She was ornamentally and busily useless. *Sally* had been the greatest disappointment of all. Education had gone to her head. She had become a suffragette and had been sent to jail. It was a hard blow to *Josiah*.

Sally had believed in suffrage, but largely, you suspect, because it gave her ardor a chance to flame. The war was something bigger than a safety-valve. Where she had sputtered fitfully, she was now all clean and glowing fire. Her recklessness stood her in good stead. She volunteered with the Servians, guided her car over the Albanian trails and slid right through the enemy lines with the Servian commander. She was publicly honored in France for her gallant adventure and it was a proud moment for *Josiah* when his native city paid her homage. He still thought of her as "the hussy!" but there was a difference in his tone when he said the words now.

And *Melia* too came back. For what did the lazy *Bill Hollis* do but go and make himself a hero? Mr. Snaith does not strain probabilities. He does not make *Bill*, with his inarticulate longings for art and beauty, go out to the front and win a Victoria Cross. He goes out and does his bit manfully and is wounded. And every one in Blackhampton knew that *Bill* had lied about his age to get into something that he was fitted for. And there was sincere mourning for him on all sides when he insisted upon going back to the front and "died, a soldier and a gentleman, that his faith and his friends might live."

You feel a little too much neatness in the picture. *Sally's* renunciation of life for love is rather too well arranged; every one in the book except the utter ladies are a bit too rosily transformed. To be wholly fair, Mr. Snaith ought to let us into one secret. He ought to tell us how long he thought this transformation was going to last.

Whether you agree with Mr. George or Mr. Snaith about the war, or whether you think that the changes it has brought about are somewhere between their visions, it is clear that the new woman in England is no lady.

In France, too, the frivolous lady of before the war has become the tireless toiler. Kipling, in "France at War," finds his hostesses of 1913 at the base hospitals doing menial tasks.

The heroine of Fernand Vanderem's pre-war novel, "Two Banks of the Seine" (Dutton), is *Zoze Chambannes*, who aspired to be a lady, the queen of a salon. She did not scruple to lure from patient days of plodding scholarship, *Eusebe Raindal*. He had been happy in his family, happy in his researches into Egyptian days and ways, until a book of his became the rage and *Zoze* pounced upon him to give prestige to her salon.

Soon his peace of mind was destroyed; he fluttered about her; her face came between him and his books. *Zoze* rewarded him only with smiles and laughed at him with her lover, a stupid man but desirable because he came from a good family. The *Zozes* were common enough in the butterfly days of Paris before the advent of the war.

In blazing contrast is a highly cultivated Frenchwoman, vividly depicted in Dorothy Canfield's "The Day of Glory" (Holt).

Dr. Nicole Girard-Mangin was, by a mistake, the only woman doctor at first sent to the front. She performed miracles of organization in those early days of chaos, and when the fury of Verdun burst upon her hospital, she became a marvel of endurance, operating hours upon end, scarcely eating, scarcely sleeping, braving that unparalleled attack to the absolute end.

Surely in France the war has intensified the worth of the *Nicole Girard-Mangins* and lowered the status of the *Zoze Chambannes*.

LONG before the great war, even before the suffrage siege of London, a new and joyous ideal of woman was taking hold of the mind of the whole civilized world.

Hardy arraigned the society which destroyed a beautiful *Tess* by its ideas about women; Meredith painted the tragedy of a *Diana* ensnared by civilized views of women, but he intimated the dawn of a new era.

"A new start in existence," in which men and women would work shoulder to shoulder, "the senses running their live sap, and the minds companioned, and the spirits made one by the whole-natured conjunction."

Sally Munt, a free woman freely dedicating herself to companionship in work and love; *Dr. Girard-Mangin*, the free woman developed to capacity, yet passionately a mother—these and a million other women fire the hope that the great war has hastened the passing of the lady, the coming of the woman.

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Science *on the* Job

How the Bureau of Standards Is Helping American Industry

By Thomas H. Uzzell

A SPEEDING train drops through a steel bridge. Several hundred passengers, dozing with the comfortable assurance that the railroad company will deliver the safe transport for which they have paid, are without warning hurled into the river, pinned under the wreckage, mutilated.

The horrible deaths which result, the suffering, the sorrow which spreads its raven wings over extending groups of people make up a human loss which is only too familiar to every one of us Americans. We simply add a few figures to our annual quarter of a million machine-made casualties—and hope that we'll always be on the lucky train.

Nor is this all. Claims against the railroad on the part of the numerous injured start an endless series of lawsuits. Payments by the road will run into a million dollars. Thousands in fees will go to lawyers. Large business enterprises are seriously crippled by the loss of members of their directing staffs. A division engineer of the road loses his job and during his entire life will never be able to remove the red stain of this wreck from his career.

And why, *why?*

The pious call it the mysterious will of God. The court intones a lot of solemn stuff about "contributory negligence" and the "incalculable risks of industry" and whitewashes everybody all around. The newspapers editorialize perfunctorily about "safety devices," quote a few permanent accident statistics, and cry the next sensation.

The Savings of Foresight

BUT—down in Washington, in his laboratory in the Bureau of Standards, a scientist, after quietly examining with delicate and unerring instruments a piece of steel from the shattered bridge, raises his head and speaks the simple truth to the railroad official standing beside him: "The wreck resulted from failure to use a standard quality of steel."

"But," protests the official, "how in the world are we to detect flaws as well concealed as this one was? The defect was an invisible one."

"Not to these instruments," replies the scientist. "They are the result of many years of exhaustive experiments. One of them enables us to photograph the inside of a steel beam."

"Do you mean to say that you can detect flaws inside a piece of structural steel?"

"I certainly do. This other machine here can detect internal flaws in steel by means of electricity and magnetism."

"Well, if these machines are actually practicable, they would tell us what will happen before it happens!"

Dr. S. W. Stratton, Director of the Bureau of Standards.

"Exactly!"

"There'd be big savings in that, if we could do it."

"Right again. That is what science is for," explains the laboratory man. "That is the big hunch behind the Bureau of Standards—savings to the people. We experiment cheaply—and safely—in laboratories; but our industries experiment with the people's pocketbooks—and lives."

"The business of science is to predict," wrote Herbert Spencer. And the difference between the dark ages and modern civilization is very largely due to man's ability to predict by the use of accurate measurements. The brains of the scientists of two thousand years ago were as good as the brains of the scientists of today; but those ancient fellows didn't have accurate measuring instruments — which instruments produce tools, which tools produce machines. To produce all sorts of such measuring instruments accurate to any desired degree—the Bureau of Standards at your service!

This guardian temple of the modern oracles of our world of machinery is located in a quiet stretch of woods on the outskirts of the national capital. The twenty-one buildings, large and small, look like a cross between a university and a modern factory. The air overhead is webbed with a network of radio wires. At the center of the "campus" rises an eloquent monument to the Spirit of Industry—the tall smoke-stack of the power-house flying a banner of industrial smoke.

In these buildings are kept in jealously guarded captivity all the ultimate standards of measurement used in this country. Besides the simplest units of length and weight, a platinum-iridium meter and kilogram interned in a fire-proof vault in the basement of the main building, are also detained the means of standardizing other articles too numerous and complicated to be described. Items: yardsticks, troy weights, horse-power, gas, thermometers, canvas, cement, lariats, battle-ship big guns, opera-glasses, briar pipes and egg-beaters.

The unit-of-time apparatus has not yet been put under lock and key, possibly because it is composed of an observatory, the earth and a certain star!

Among the more complicated of the Bureau's standards are the ohm and volt. These are not so popular with Washington sightseers as Congress, but they save a lot more money. Upon their almost incredible accuracy depends the accuracy of all the electrical meters in all the homes and factories of the United States. A variation by the thousandth of a volt in one of these "standard cells" might ultimately cost the public a million or more dollars. But you are protected from the possibility of such a loss by a ceaseless process of testing your meter against the company's meters which, in turn, are periodically sent to the Bureau to associate scientifically with these precious cells which know no change or variation.

Scientific Justice

IN MAKING more accurate and uniform the simple fundamental units of length and weight the Bureau has behind it eighteen years of brilliant achievements. It is best known everywhere as a high court of appeal on the fairness of commercial scales. During the coal famine of 1917, for instance, when the Eastern states were dismayed by a threatened strike of five thousand miners in the Cumberland coal-fields because they believed that they were being cheated of their pay by inaccurate scales, the Bureau's scale expert saved the day.

Loading two trucks with scale-testing machinery they sped to the coal-fields. Miners and operators had agreed to accept their findings. Five out of the six scales were found to be inaccurate. The errors, in favor of the mine-owners, totaled in several instances hundreds of pounds to the ton.

The strike was averted; indictments were brought against the owners; fines were levied and the pay robbed from the miners was returned to them. In this direct way scientific standards paid dividends to the people.

An investigation of commercial scales all over the United States was conducted, as many will remember, with sensational

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results some ten years ago. Forty-five per cent. of all scales tested were found to be three per cent. or more in error. The exact cost to the consumers of a situation like this is not known, but the figure, if it could be secured, would be staggering.

Take butter. In 1912 the Bureau, by averaging the inaccuracy of retailers' scales throughout the country and determining the amount of print-butter consumed by the American people, discovered that the annual loss to consumers in this commodity alone was more than $8,250-000. This sum would pay the running expenses of the whole Bureau for eight years.

Protecting the People's Pocketbook

WHAT an opportunity for national household economy! And yet, after years of agitation, only twenty states have legal codes adequate to protect the popular pocketbook. There is no Federal legislation on the subject; it's up to the states. The Bureau of Standards has prepared a code that will do the work, but as a people we seem indifferent.

"What's a penny anyway?" we say and the retailer smiles and pockets several million dollars.

Then again: one inaccurate scale begets others. Take the motor gasoline stations in a city which fails to protect its people from false weights and measures. One station man, to attract trade, will cut his price two per cent. and his quantity four per cent. The motorist pays less but loses by doing so. Another dealer, observing the trick and unwilling to be penalized for honesty, does the same. Soon all are compelled to do it. In most cases the motorist has no redress. He can sue for damages, but his recovery will be only a few cents while his costs will be many dollars.

In the state of Illinois alone motorists to-day are paying half a million dollars yearly for the privilege of being served by inaccurate gasoline pumps.

By providing the means for guaranteeing that scales, materials and machinery used in serving the public be efficient, or "standard," science has put millions in hard cash into the people's pockets. It could save millions more if a bigger demand were made upon it. Strangely enough, however, this demand is limited. The people are prevented from knowing the practical value of scientific research as applied to the mechanical world. Research that produces better seeds, pigs, hens, we understand; and while Congress gives the Department of Agriculture $25,-000,000 a year, it appropriates only $1,000,000 to the Bureau of Standards.

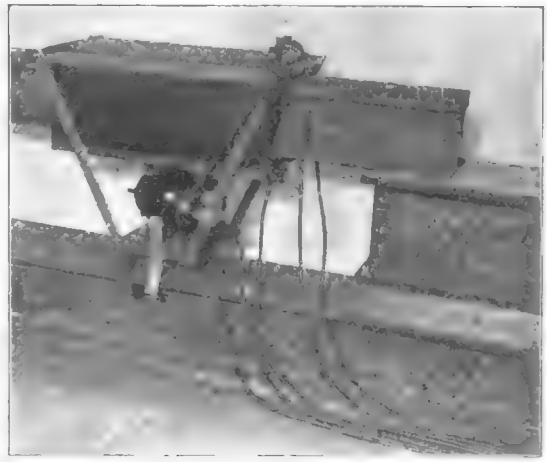
Most of us look upon scientific research as an occult mystery which, alas! is necessary to produce dull school text-books but which is hardly a topic for business shop-talk. And when we get these scientific fellows out of their laboratory retreats they talk a sort of fe-fi-fo-fum which nobody understands.

The dividends of science have not been altogether a mystery to our manufacturers, especially those in the larger industries. A few have spent millions on laboratories in the last quarter century. Yet their scientific work is almost entirely routine; it is, with a few notable exceptions, seldom genuine research.

"The most dangerous defect of American industries," declares Secretary of Commerce Redfield, "has always been the fact that they were divorced from scientific knowledge. In spite of a marvelous advance in science for years, many of our mills and factories have continued blindly to work by rule of thumb."

War-Savings of Science

THEN war! How it did rub into our hair the practical value of science to industry! We were fighting a war of industrial machinery. The high military command sent forth the word: "Poor materials are expensive and wasteful; we'll have none of them. Wagons, motors, uniforms—it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to replace them—test them out for wear and durability. As for guns and ammunition, if they are not accurate to the thousandth of an inch we may lose a battle."



Because of an invisible flaw in a rail—! Such microscopic death-traps hidden in the steel of bridges and railroads the little instrument shown above is always ready to reveal.

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The Government was the universal buyer. Its Bureau of Standards was its official sampler. Like it or not, manufacturers had to come to the Bureau to get a war grade of industrial morality into their goods. They and military workers came by the thousands. The Bureau became a Mecca for industrial pilgrims who would learn more about the regenerative power of laboratory truths.

The result? Uncounted millions of dollars were saved the people in government purchases; the grade of goods used by our enemy was surpassed; and fifty years of industrial progress was made in two years. Best of all, there is not a single war discovery which will not promote the arts of peace.

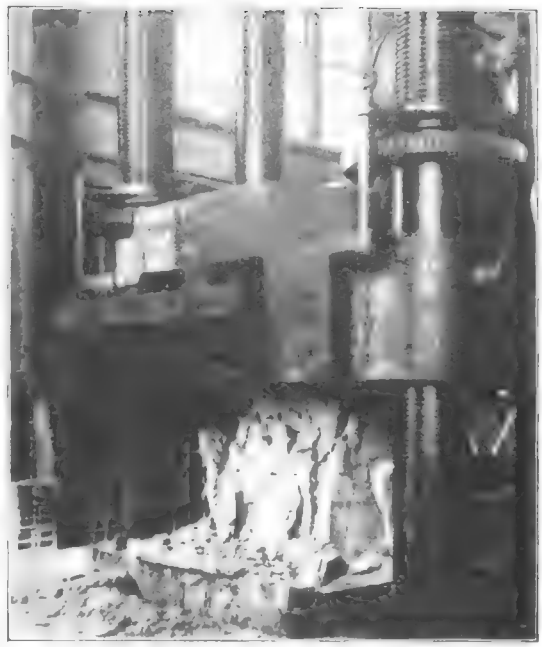
Cutting the Nation's Tire Bill

MOTOR tires! Forty makes were submitted to the Bureau by the office of the Quartermaster-General. They were given laboratory "durability runs," after which they were autopsied by the rubber specialists. Their "carcasses" were cut up and the pieces boiled, roasted, stretched. The results were discouraging. Very few, it was discovered, could be called standard. Even the best of them seemed to suffer from improper "toughening."

So into their little rubber-mill went the experts, with notes furnished them by the tire manufacturers, and proceeded to make up some tire rubber which had the proper degree of toughness. They succeeded. They passed out the word: "The trouble is that you makers are not sifting your zinc oxid before mixing it with the rubber compound."

The makers began to sift. Better tires resulted. Some thirty million dollars were saved to the Government. And today you are enjoying a cut in your tire bill by getting better tires—a result of that experiment with zinc oxid.

And the good work continues. Tire-makers and these same scientists are working out other baffling problems together. The makers have research laboratories of their own, of course; but their abilities are often limited, and they welcome assistance. They have, for instance, informed the Bureau that a serious item in their expense bill is the four hours that are necessary to vulcanize their rubber. They want to reduce the time to one hour.



The machine which is seeing whether this concrete block can stand the gaff can exert a pressure of two and a half million pounds.

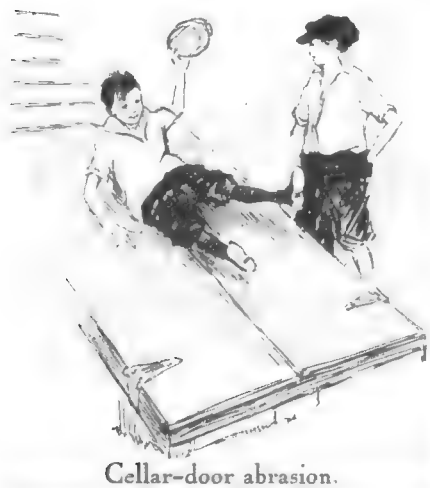
The rubber experts say: "Very well; the answer lies in chemistry; we'll see what can be done." And they will do it.

An endless catalog of war discoveries of practical use in industry might be cited. The Bureau's scientists produced, for the first time, an antifreezing solution for motor radiators which would not injure the metal.

Other discoveries were: an anti-rust dope, improved porcelain for spark-plugs, a standard luminous paint, better tanning solutions for shoe-leather, and a cotton fabric that was as serviceable as linen.

The production of this cotton fabric for winging airplanes was one of the dramatic episodes of the war. Our supply of linen became exhausted. Aircraft officials declared that cotton could never be made to do. "By H_2SO_4, we know better!" replied the Bureau. "Anything is possible. All that is needed is the demand and money enough to finance the experiments." So, hereafter, Ireland and Russia can keep their old linen if they wish to. We should worry.

The Bureau is planning to test the strength of bridges by recording their vibration under moving loads with the same instrument which it invented during the war for locating the position of enemy guns. The Bureau's work on the concrete ship has given the industrial uses of cement a big kick forward. For use in making these ships they produced a "burnt clay aggregate" which was one-third lighter than the old cement mixture and just as strong. The clay, which is two-thirds of the compound, is found in its unburned state all over the country.



Cellar-door abrasion.

How many weeks will Johnnie's pants last? The Bureau of Standards can tell you by its textile-testing machine.

Important Little Things

JUST to prove that they can invent simple as well as complicated things they devised a "slump tester" with which builders can determine the moisture content of their cement compounds. You fill a tin can with the fresh mixture, lift the can, and presto! the height of the remaining little mound gives you the degree of wetness.

Investigations made of the effect of air-currents on airplane wings in the Bureau's wind tunnel may be continued on automobile bodies. "It is possible," declares the wind-tunnel men, "that the vacuum-creating tendency at the stern of a motor body, caused by the want of a proper stream line, exerts an appreciable braking power. If it takes a tenth of a cent's worth of gasoline per mile to overcome this drag, you can easily figure what the profits of such an inexpensive investigation might be."

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Once our motor-car passes through that wind tunnel, it's good-by to the straight stern inherited from the dear old buggy!

Probably the most sensational of all industrial advances made at the Bureau during the war was the invention of a new method of making precision gages. The value of this invention was explained in an article in EVERYBODY'S for June.

Formerly, precision gages were made only by Johannson in Sweden. They cost a thousand dollars or more a set. There were not enough to go around for war manufacturing. Yet they were indispensable. The shop gages used in making the Liberty motor, guns, shells, had to be adjusted more delicately than ever before. Precision gages alone could do this. Colossal were the money losses caused by lack of enough of them. Two shell-makers alone lost twenty million dollars in contracts mainly on this account.

The Bureau has made a great cut in the country's tire bill through its experiments.

The Bureau, cooperating with W. E. Hoke, an inventor from St. Louis, produced the goods. Sweden's monopoly of her little "Johnny blocks" was broken and with gages twice as accurate as hers! In a single tray at the Bureau can be seen whole rows of them, some of them true absolutely to the millionth part of an inch.

During the war the Bureau set up branch offices in New York, Cleveland and Bridgeport for testing master-gages against the new precision disks. Since one manufacturing firm alone had a million dollars' worth of these master-gages stored in a single room, you can realize the immense value of this new government service.

Factory managers with their gages flocked to these gage centers like devotees eager for a spark of the sacred fire. A gage-maker offered two million dollars for the right to produce and market them. In vain. The Bureau can establish standards, but without more funds it can not go into the business of making them for general use.

The salvaging of these war-time discoveries for peace use is but the beginning of the new partnership between science and business. The broad path beaten to the gate of the Bureau of Standards during the war by the industrial craftsmen of America is still being used.

A big new building, just finished, will house all the miniature industrial mills which will grind out national products in a continuous exhibition of quality, economy, speed. And when the Bureau's hard-headed and skeptical visitors say: "It can't be done," its scientists will lead the way to the little mills, replying, in the words of Washington's war-workers, "Perhaps not; but here it is."

If you would get a concrete picture of the Bureau's post-bellum activities, take a glance at its progress record. There you will see that a manufacturer on the seacoast is being told how to make lime from oyster-shells. A city-planning commission is getting figures showing the cost to motor-car owners of the congestion of city streets. Great electrical manufacturing concerns are being let in on a war secret of improved gas-engine ignition. A government bureau is being sent a bulletin telling how to secure safety and hygienic protection in the building trades.

Science's Peace Services

A MAKER of scientific instruments is getting the latest regarding tests for maximum efficiency in tuning-forks. A big packing company is asking for the Bureau's laboratory method for pulling wool. Information is being given on how to make heat-insulation material from cottonseed-hull fibers, how to compare the properties of leather and rubber belting, how to make paper pulp from wheat straw, how to harden concrete floors. The explorer, Stefansson, has sent some musk-ox wool from Alaska, asking if it could not profitably be made into felt.

"Every once in a while," says Dr. S. W. Stratton, the Director of the Bureau, "some one discovers the enormous wastes of the industrial and commercial practises of this country. It is like discovering the value of health! The Bureau has been making and is making war on these losses through uneconomic methods of manufacture, waste of natural resources, deception practised upon the people in the quality of goods they buy. A bill has already been presented to Congress which would enable manufacturers to secure from the Bureau a certificate of quality for their goods. That bill, if passed, would make a beginning of doing for materials and goods what the Pure Food Law does for food.

"The Constitution provides punishment

(*Continued on page 90*)

Photograph by Bureau of Standards.

Testing the strength of a vital part of a dirigible airship in the gigantic hydraulic press of the Bureau.

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Swanson's "Home, Sweet Home"

By

Conrad Richter

Illustrated by Frank Stick

She leaned quietly against the semaphore pole and cried.

SHE was a slender blue-eyed girl. With her cheeks wet she wandered into the dim light beyond the splintered platform of the Redding station and dropped her bag. Then she leaned quietly against the semaphore pole and cried.

Swanson was oiling up his nine hundred freight engine on the second track, hardly ten feet away. At the sight of a woman in tears he wrinkled his eyebrows perplexedly. The girl cried quietly on. Swanson stopped poking the cross-head oil-cups with the nose of his spring can and crossed the ties to the semaphore pole, the long neck of the can nodding gravely to his legs as he came.

"Something wrong, lady?" he asked uncomfortably, stopping beside her.

Perhaps it was the word "lady." It might have been something in Swanson's gray-blue eyes. At any rate, the girl tried hard to conceal that she had been crying.

"I—it isn't much," she protested hastily. Her brace-up was so sudden that Swanson misunderstood and thought he was being told to mind his own business.

"Excuse me," he offered awkwardly. "I thought maybe I could help you or something." He started away, but turned at the sound of a muffled sob.

"If you wanted to help me, why didn't you ask me?" choked the girl, winking hard to keep back the tears.

"Because I'm a boob," answered Swanson. Penitently he studied the platform. When he looked up, instead of a tear-drawn face, he found clear, pale skin, the softest of black hair, and eyes with the purest look in them that he had ever seen. He waited ten seconds more. "Can I help you now?" he asked humbly. "If I can, remember I can't unless you tell me what's the matter."

"I lost the last section of my ticket," confessed the girl. "And I haven't any money. I spent all I had left for something to eat at Fort Wayne."

"Fort Wayne!" echoed Swanson. "Nothing to eat since Fort Wayne! No wonder you look so white. I thought at first you powdered your complexion. Where you going? Wait here. I'll be back in a jiffy." Swanson swung aggressively on to the coaches of Ninety-two for which he was waiting to follow up to Penn City.

He found Ninety-two's important little conductor in the vestibule of his smoker.

"We'll be out of your way in a minute," snapped that uniformed individual before Swanson could speak. "Can't go too soon for me. Hang these women that expect you to carry them for nothing. The way they dog a conductor is a crime."

"Flinty," began Swanson determinedly, I——"

"A girl, mind you!" went on the conductor, unheeding. "She said she lost her ticket on the Pennsy—a fishy story. One of her kind caught me once. A respectable looking old woman, she was. With her promising to mail the money in the morning and to remember me in her will, I took her up. Never heard a word from her." The little conductor looked at his watch, then reached for his whistle cord. "Never let a woman promise you anything, Home. She'll never keep it."

"Er—it's getting damper," said Swanson. "Feels like rain." He waited thoughtfully while Ninety-two's lighted coaches swung by him. Then he followed and cut across behind her red tail lights to his engine.

"Bill," he mentioned to his fireman who was "cocked up" on the left side, "I might carry somebody to-night far as Queenston. She's stuck here without any money. I sort—of know her. How about putting her on your side?"

"Sure. Go ahead," assented Bill, getting to his feet. Swanson hurried out. He found the girl quietly waiting for him by the semaphore pole.

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"Couldn't do much with that conductor," he explained apologetically. "He's an old crab. About the only thing I can do now is take you along in the cab. Maybe you won't mind. It's dirty, but it won't be so dirty since you don't have anything white on."

"I'd be glad to get in a coal car—just so it went to Queenston," declared the girl. She followed Swanson across the track to his steam-bathed engine and was just putting her foot on the steps of the tender when a young voice called imperiously from the platform:

"Just a minute, engineman! Who's O. K.'d your taking a woman on your cab?"

The girl stood at once still as if rooted to the cinders. Swanson turned and saw the road foreman of engines, young Keens, who in the last two months had been jumping about from assistant trainmaster to assistant chief draftsman of the locomotive shops, to traveling car-tracer, to his present important position. It was not wholly a coincidence that his father was vice-president of the road.

"Giving a little lift," explained Swanson. "Missed Ninety-two. Got to get to Queenston to-night. Friends expect her."

"Just a minute, engineman! Who's O. K.'d your taking a woman on your cab?"

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"You ought to know it's against the rules."

"I got a book of rules," said Swanson patiently. "I've had them for nearly half as many years as you are old. This doesn't come under rules at all. She doesn't know anybody here in Redding and she has no money to go anywhere."

"I give you no authority to take her on."

Swanson turned reassuringly to the frightened girl. "Don't mind him," he said kindly. "Nobody on the road does."

"He'll make trouble for you," protested the girl. "Please go on without me. I'll be very grateful just the same."

Swanson's only reply was to pick her up, bag and all, as if she were a kitten and stand her on the tender apron. He swung up after her and showed her to the fireman's seat, where, a moment later, he presented her with an enormous rectangular bucket with a brass handle.

"Pitch in," he invited boyishly, jerking off the lid. "There's jelly bread and bologna and a pie. The things that are whole I didn't touch. It's time now for us to be moving. Don't be scared. If you never rode in a cab before, you'll notice we rock pretty bad sometimes, but to-night as far as Queenston I'll take double good care."

When Swanson went to his place, he found Keens still on the platform.

"Can't blame me if a bull-headed engineman makes a fool out of himself and has to be shorn of a certain special privilege he has," observed the road foreman meaningly.

Swanson's only answer was the call to his flagman, four shrieking blasts that must have troubled young Keens's ears. A few minutes later the Redding platform was left behind, and with an ever faster *shup-shup shup-shup* they were bowling up through the Redding yards.

To Swanson's eye there were few things prettier than a railroad at night. He never tired of it. Darkness now hid the unsightly back yards of Nicholas Alley. Ahead on the Oley Street bridge hung, in pairs, a constellation of red, green and white lights, most of them red. Far beyond the dim outline of the bridge were the two red tail lights of a caboose, probably changing crews, on an extra run to Penn City. On the east-bound track came a facing headlight, with the two white side lights that mark an extra. Here and there, low on the ground, gleamed a dozen red switch lights and blended red and blue dwarf lights. Dead ahead, fresh as minted silver, curving, one exactly with the other for all the world like the toy tracks under the Christmas tree, amazingly frail to bear up hurtling tons of train, lay the west-bound twin ribbons of rail.

THESE magical twin rails! They were always full of romance to Swanson. He could never quite grow accustomed to the thought that these same rails ran all the way to Chicago, New York and San Francisco, that they spanned waterless deserts, crossed deep, wide rivers, wound over the great mountains, and touched hot sand, cool plains, and snowy mountain passes. When he thought these things, Swanson breathed deeply; he realized that he was in a great business.

This realization had spurred his ambition and caused him to spend only three years before the fire; and it had kept him keenly watching to do the right thing, before any one could tell him to do it. Often, when they lay out somewhere waiting for a clear block, the rest of the crew watched the board like hawks, each wanting to be the first to call, "There's your board, Home." But when the board would finally turn, the first man's opening word would be drowned in Swanson's calling his flagman in.

He had been thinking what a fine night it was for "Home, Sweet Home" to carry over into Second Valley when his fireman touched him on the shoulder.

"Play 'Sweet Home' a little."

"Not to-night," answered Swanson, inclining his chin toward the girl on the other side of the high "goat" boiler.

"Bet she'd like it," indignantly declared Bill.

"Too much like showing off," Swanson scornfully shook his head.

"Play something else then," urged Bill, who never understood. "Crow like a rooster for her."

SWANSON turned his head away, and Bill went grumbling back to his coal, leaving his engineer to dream about the other home, sweet home, the one he had never had, a misty, wistful little gray future home, that had been the inspiration of the "Home, Sweet Home" on his engine whistle.

A tune on an engine whistle! Railroad men from other roads had seldom believed it. They called it a feeble fake. More than a dozen had bet good money against it; only to come and learn that to every man, woman and child in Penn Valley it was as common property as the miracle of the sun. Night after night, like the song of some giant spirit stalking down the valley, the song drifted ponderously across the fields. Sometimes the high note in the third bar was a trifle flatted, as Swanson tried in vain with one hundred and thirty pounds to reach it. Usually his first three notes were so low that they could scarcely be recognized. But it was none the less "Home, Sweet Home." And, played on this great screaming flute, it held a solemn majesty that stopped you dead in whatever you happened to be doing and held you fast until it was done. In many parts of the valley farmers and their wives and children waited nightly for it before they went to bed.

Snatches of this misty little gray home of "to-morrow" were still drifting through Swanson's head, when he suddenly came to and brought his train to a clanking stop at the small darkened Queenston station.

"Here you are," he announced, hurrying to the girl. "Shake you bad?"

"I never felt better," she answered. She paused earnestly on the steel apron. "Later, I'm going to try to tell you how grateful I am." Then she made her way quickly down to the gravelly platform. The last Swanson saw of her she was walking toward the still lighted business section of town, her little black bag in her hand. The last he thought of her—There was no last.

The next two days Swanson blew perfect bars of "Home, Sweet Home" each time he passed through Queenston. At the same time his blue eyes searched the town for a womanly form and a clear girlish face with the purest eyes he had ever seen. The third day the superintendent called him into the office.

"Home," said the official, looking out of the window, "we've had a complaint from up the line about your playing that 'Home, Sweet Home.' Aren't you overdoing it?"

Swanson was plainly taken aback.

"Never—never knew that anybody didn't like it before," he managed to utter. "Most people told me they wanted to hear it—especially around Penn City."

"This was at Queenston," said the superintendent. "Just why have you started to blow it around there so much?"

"I—I tell you," stammered Swanson, flushing. "You see—they're five or six crossings there in a bunch, and I thought it would be a lot nicer to hear a tune going across instead of screeching out unmusical-like for every board—especially at night time."

"But you waste steam, man!"

"No, sir," protested Swanson. "An engineman to Bill Hendel can't waste steam. That's why I always figured I might sooner turn it into something than let it pop off and waste."

"But it isn't an engineman's business," persisted the superintendent, hiding a smile. "We don't hire an engineman for music."

"All right," said Swanson sadly. "I only wish I could see you at Queenston some time when I blow for those seven crossings."

"It's business, Home," explained the superintendent.

"Not much use for anybody to call me 'Home' any more," said Swanson forlornly. "If you say I'm not to blow it, I won't." He waited a moment, then walked out of the office.

TRUE to his orders, he played no more "Home, Sweet Home." Bill, the fireman, often begged him to play at such out-of-the-way places as the Minnersville Cut-off and the Shillington Link. But Swanson insisted he would never play it again. When the managers stopped it, they had killed it, he maintained; and the farmers with their wives and rosy-cheeked youngsters listened in vain for the familiar tune as they pared their evening apples in Penn Valley; while in Swanson's big, simple heart grew a full resentment against young Keens, who surely had been the complainant. The elder Keens's summer home was just outside of Queenston.

But the muzzling of "Home, Sweet Home" was not all of Swanson's bad luck. For the fourth morning, now, the round-house slate had him down for an old burned-out seven hundred engine. For the fourth morning, Bill cursed it as a useless bunch of junk.

This same fourth morning, Merrit, the conductor, brought up to the cab a written message from the train-runner, signed with the superintendent's initials:

C & E No. 103
Give Cause for making poor time.
L M M

"You answer it, Home," urged Merrit, getting ready his conductor's book as a pad.

"Just as you say." Swanson thought a moment, then dictated slowly: "C. A. F. Feebleness, old age and general disability

(Continued on page 74)

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A skid like that wears out tires

No matter how careful a driver you may be, *when roads are wet and slippery, it is next to impossible to avoid skidding unless your tires are equipped with* ***Weed Tire Chains.***

When a car skids, it "shoots" over the road, the tires being pressed down on the grinding surface by the weight of the car—the rubber tread is ground away—the fabric is stretched and weakened—separation and disintegration begin—with the inevitable blowouts and punctures.

Only a crazy man would dream of spinning his tires on coarse sand paper or on a rough file—which is exactly the effect of skidding.

Every time you skid you wear off miles and miles of tire service and *you well know what tires cost* these days.

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

Protect Tires

Weed Chains continually shift—"creep"—backward around the tire and thus the cross chains do not come in contact with the tread at the same place at any two revolutions of the wheel.

When you drive with chainless tires on wet, skiddy, slippery roads, if you are lucky you *may escape* accidents that threaten your life and the lives of others; but you *can't escape* the injury to your tires—you reduce their service by hundreds of miles.

"At the first drop of rain" put on your Weed Chains

American Chain Company, Inc.

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In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

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The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

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SWANSON'S "HOME, SWEET HOME"

(*Continued from page 72*)

on part of engine 713 is cause of making poor time." C. A. F. were the initials of the chief train-dispatcher.

Merrit added the words, "C & E No. 103," folded the message up in lead stripped from a torpedo, and threw it off at Poole Junction. Two stations farther on, young Keens awaited them. He had come up from Redding on Eighty-three. He flagged Swanson briefly, and clambered aboard.

"What's the matter with this engine?" he demanded aggressively.

"Won't pull the train," answered Swanson simply.

"Have your front end open? Mmmm. Open it."

Swanson silently complied, although he knew Keens would find neither of the steam-pipes leaking.

"Mmmm. Close it. Try your cylinder-packing? Mmmm. Try it."

Swanson knew all the cylinder-packing was not bad, but he put his valves on center and opened his throttle. Sure enough, nothing blew out.

"Mmmm," murmured young Keens again. He walked in a horseshoe around the great placid engine and came up on the fireman's side.

"How much steam you got?"

"Hundred and fifty."

"Ah!" breathed Keens, with the air of a detective who had found a clue. He opened one of the fire doors. "Ah!" he said again, much louder. "I suspected as much. Your fire is much too high."

"That fire's just right," declared Bill indignantly.

"When we get up here on a siding, you can knock the middle out of her," answered Keens shortly.

"I won't do it," asserted Bill righteously.

"If you're looking for suspension, like your engineman was the other night, keep right on," said Keens. "You have an excellent opportunity of being stopped from doing more things than making a noise on an engine whistle."

Bill's eyes widened.

"So it was you, was it?" he asked violently. "You dirty scab! I ask you right now, come down off this engine and take your coat off."

"You certainly are looking for suspension," drawled young Keens, but his voice shook nervously.

"Bill," said Swanson sharply, "hold on to yourself and do as he says."

BILL gritted his teeth and subsided. At the next siding he grimly knocked down his fire as requested. Then Swanson started the old seven hundred engine out on the Sheridan grade.

"Now you'll see her pick up," promised young Keens, going confidently to the left side.

Old engine number Seven Hundred and Thirteen managed to groan up a mile and a quarter of the Sheridan grade. Then, with a last trembling gasp, she faltered and died.

"What's the matter now?" called young Keens, coming around the boiler.

"Steam's down to a hundred and ten," answered Swanson regretfully.

"And still going," added Bill.

"Damnation!" exclaimed young Keens. "Can't your man fire an engine?"

Swanson saw the flush burning through the black on Bill's face. He got up from his seat grimly.

"Keens, you're road foreman," he said. "But you wasn't given your job just so you could bawl us fellows out. You're supposed to tell us how to get along with an engine when we can't get along with her no more. That's what you get paid for. Now we want to know what's the matter with this engine?"

"There isn't anything the matter with her," asserted Keens heatedly. "I'll see after this that a real engineman gets this engine."

IT WAS Swanson's turn. He fisted his hands once or twice, then went to the fire-box and threw open one of the doors.

"You looked in there a minute ago," he said quietly to Keens, "but you didn't see anything. If you'll look again, carefully, you'll see that the flues are leaking badly, and so are the mud-rings and so are the stay-bolts. Bill's fire stood her off pretty well until you made him knock the middle out of her. You can see what's happened since."

For a long minute young Keens bent down, peering into the sizzling fire-box. He got up stiffly.

"Both of you ought to be suspended for insubordination," he muttered. "You can shop her at Penn City."

Next day, as usual, Swanson's hardy eyes searched again as they went through Queenston. But he saw no sign of his late passenger. By the night of the sixth day he was discouraged. "I never thought the old crab would be right," he muttered, meaning the conductor of Ninety-two. Then on the seventh day, on their trip down, they stopped to throw off a car, and Jim Mattern, the Queenston station-agent, came out and handed Swanson a package.

"Guess this is for you," he said dryly. "She said for the engineer—if he was young and had light eyebrows. She's asked a couple of times about you."

"Much obliged," said Swanson casually. But his eyes were glued to the ribboned package and his heart was jumping under his oil-streaked smock. Hardly out of the Queenston station, he untied the ribbon. It was a book—poetry, "Songs of the Rail." It gave him a quick satisfaction—not that she had judged him a reader of poetry, but that she herself must like it. On the fly-leaf he found, daintily written in blue ink: "To the Home, Sweet Home Engineer from a very grateful person. Please play it some more."

"She heard my 'Home, Sweet Home,'" he flushed. "I wonder did she really like it!"

Exactly a week later Mattern handed him another package, a second book. Again a message on the fly-leaf, written in the same blue ink: "Happy Weekaversary?" Swanson whistled softly and figured in his mental calendar that it was just two weeks from the day he had carried her to Queenston. "The thoughtfulness of her," he marveled. Between pages he found a card with the words, "Why have you stopped playing 'Home, Sweet Home'?"

That day Bill caught him at the book, and Swanson had to explain.

"Books is all right, Home," agreed Bill gravely. "But you can't eat them when you get married."

Swanson snorted contemptuously. But he was filled with pride the following week when there came a box of the most delicious creation he had ever tasted—New Orleans molasses pull taffy, spun into light gold that melted in his mouth. Each piece was wrapped in the daintiest waxed paper twisted at either end into the most exacting of flaring ears. Bill tasted it skeptically, then, unashamed, asked for more. Later, Swanson heard him brag about it to the crew. The remainder of the day Swanson spent wondering whether she might have possibly intended the candy by its common name of "kisses." Next "weekaversary" morning he was all agog over what it was going to be. To his mingled ecstasy and surprise he found the girl herself at the station when he pulled in.

"I brought it to you myself to-day," she said, up on her tiptoes to reach his outstretched hand. Then to his chagrin she turned gaily and fled.

Inside of the white paper, Swanson found a cluster of fresh cinnamon buns, generously sticky brown on the bottom with the purest of thickened sirup. He tasted one breathlessly, was caught in the act and forced to share with Bill and the front trainman, Jake. The two ate their allotment greedily. Bill even asked to lick the paper.

"You're going to have a great little home some day, Home," said Jake, with a catch in his voice. His wife had been dead for two years. "When it comes, you don't want to forget us fellows. We got to see that it passes inspection." Swanson blushed like a boy.

IN HIS boarding-house that night he took out of his pocket the paper in which the buns had been wrapped. To his delight he found words written in the familiar blue ink. "This isn't much—I don't want you to be paid back too soon. Why won't you play 'Home, Sweet Home'?"

He read the first sentence over again. Paid back! Swanson sat up straight and decided it was time he gave something to her. Paid back! It was just as much his "weekaversary" as hers. The very next Saturday he invaded the only bookstore in Penn City and guardedly asked the advice of the clerk. The clerk was a woman who knew the conventions, and she tried to sell him a volume of travel in Scotland, with a decorated cover and colored illustrations. But Swanson wanted something nearer home. In spite of the clerk's protest, he bought a book entitled "Bungalows I Have Known." Sunday and Monday he could hardly wait. On Tuesday he entrusted it, all bound up in birthday paper, to Mattern, and asked him to see that it surely got to the right person.

"You ought to put her name on it," Mattern mentioned thoughtfully.

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If it hasn't this Red Woven Label

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New York.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirt and Knee Length Drawers, $1.00 the garment.

B. V. D. Sleeveless Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.), $1.75 the Suit.

Remember—No underwear is B. V. D. unless it bears the B. V. D. Red Woven Label

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Swanson said nothing. He realized in a second that he couldn't tell Mattern that he didn't know her name. That would make it look as though she had been a flirt, and, of course, she wasn't. He feigned indifference and wished he could find out somehow what her name was.

"You do that for me, Mattern," he coaxed. "You can write much better than me."

"Oh, I don't know," protested Mattern modestly. "How shall I put it down?"

"Just the plain name," said Swanson with indifference.

"I'm not sure just how it's spelled," confessed Mattern.

"I tell you," said Swanson hastily. "We want to make sure we spell it right. Suppose you ask somebody, confidentially like, you know. Don't tell them what you want it for. Then you can put it down exactly right."

Mattern agreed doubtfully.

"Now, do you know where you're going to send it?" asked Swanson.

"Where! Why where'd you think? Out where she lives."

"I know," said Swanson scornfully. "What I want to know is that you're sure you know where she lives."

"Her! Why, she's a companion to old Mrs. Coleman, at the Coleman mansion up on the hill!"

"I just wanted to make sure you knew," said Swanson with relief. "I'll be much obliged to you, Matt. Make sure you're confidential, even to your wife."

Mattern promised, but something in his manner made Swanson suspicious.

"What's the matter? Don't you want to take it out to her?"

"It ain't that." The agent turned the book over in his hands. "I thought maybe I ought to tell you something. I don't like to mention any names—and then I don't like to see you get the short end. Did you ever think that somebody else might cut you out?"

Swanson shook his head with quiet confidence.

"You yourself saw the things she's brought me," he said simply.

"I hope you're right," muttered Mattern, reassured by Swanson's face. "For a little while she came down lots and asked loads of questions about the railroad. Most of them were sidewise questions about you. She thought your 'Home, Sweet Home' the dandiest thing she'd ever heard. But lately she hasn't been down."

SWANSON looked thoughtful. He glanced up to the distant Coleman house on the hill.

"Matt," he began confidentially, "she's never yet asked me to come to see her. Don't you think I know her well enough for that—with us giving each other things like we do?"

"Gosh, I'd think so," declared the agent.

"Then put it down," said Swanson eagerly. "Write it on the book that I'm coming down next Sunday."

The following Sunday morning Swanson came to the Sabbath-quieted little town and struck out eagerly for the house on the hill. But despite himself, he passed irresolutely by the gray fieldstone gate-posts.

Turning back to try it the second time, he passed them again. "If only she'd see me and wave at me or something," he said to himself anxiously. He turned to try it for the third time, then he stopped short. Whom would he ask for? What would he say if they wanted to know why he wanted her? What could he say if he couldn't say anything to that? Near the fieldstone gate-posts again he wavered nervously; then he saw a figure in cool, dainty white appear in the green arbor near the house. Something convincingly familiar in the figure nerved him. He strode eagerly up the drive. And it was no surprise to find that it was really, truly she.

"You don't mind I stopped to see where you lived?" he asked as humbly as only a strong man can.

"I don't look sorry, do I?" said the girl with a wonderful smile.

"Your folks here—do you think they might care any?"

The girl flushed. "They aren't my folks, you——"

"I KNOW," interrupted Swanson understandingly. "I don't believe I'd have the nerve to come if they were. I just wondered whether they'd care."

"There is only one," explained the girl. "That's Mrs. Coleman. She is very sweet and won't be down this morning till eleven."

"I wish you'd ask me to come at six," wished Swanson earnestly.

"I will," promised the girl, "if you'll only start to play 'Home, Sweet Home' again. If you could only stand up here on the hill and hear how beautiful and impressive it sounds. Why won't you play it any more?"

"I was complained of," said Swanson briefly. "The same man did it who wanted to keep you off my cab that night at Redding."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. It was my fault then."

"No, sir. It's his fault," replied Swanson grimly. "He never did like to hear it or any other music."

"He was a coward to report you," cried the girl. She clenched her small fists so feelingly that it warmed Swanson's heart to see her.

"You are a good friend to have," he said soberly.

He stayed till eleven o'clock. Under the green arbor they paged together through his gift book of bungalows. But Swanson couldn't make out why the girl flushed and became nervous each time they looked at a plan of rooms. He didn't worry long over this, however, and went back to Penn City humming "Home, Sweet Home." He left just in time to escape seeing an expensive touring-car, lettered K and bearing a well-groomed young man and his mother, turn in at the Coleman fieldstone gate-posts.

Two more happy Sunday mornings, and Swanson had almost learned to court his "weekaversary" girl. The third Sunday he found her gone.

"She went out with Mrs. Coleman in some lady's and young gentleman's automobile," said one of the help. "She said I should tell you that she would be back as soon as she could, but she couldn't tell just when."

"Much obliged," said Swanson gravely. He sat down in the arbor where he and she had gone over his book. He waited and waited. He stayed until it was nearly one o'clock and left only because he felt it awkward to be around at meal time.

"Of course, it is not her fault," he said to himself as he rode back to Penn City. "She's got to be a companion to the old lady. That's her business. If I'd have only known it, though. I might have put in the time to buy that—I could have easy. By jingo, I'll do it yet!" He banged one big fist enthusiastically on to the other.

Two hours more found him eagerly peeping in at the porch windows of a stained shingle bungalow in a little grove at the edge of Penn City.

"Come inside," invited the agent. Swanson took off his hat and stepped carefully into the empty living-room.

"I always liked this house," he confided frankly to the agent. "Every Sunday I used to watch it grow up."

"It's a beauty," agreed the agent. "Big bay window. Window-seat wide and deep. Genuine fireplace. Hardwood floors. French windows out to the veranda." His shoes clattered irreverently into the adjoining room. Swanson followed with more respectful feet. "Dining-room on the east side. Gets the first sun in the morning. Cheeriest kind of a breakfast-room. All bay window. Sky-blue paper. Holland border. Rail for plates and such things about the room. Built-in china-closet. Swinging door to the pantry. If your wife has her hands full of dishes, she doesn't need to set them down to turn any knob. Nice pantry. Copper sink. Another swinging door and a slide to the kitchen. Not so much room, but you don't want much here. You want your wife to spend her time in other places than the kitchen."

SWANSON nodded violently and followed the agent back into a small hall on the other side of the house. "All rooms on one floor," repeated the agent. "Saves your wife thousands of steps a year." As he talked he opened the door of what was evidently a bedroom, but Swanson did no more than peep into it. Somehow, it seemed that he had no right there. He hastily dragged the agent down into the cellar.

"Cement floor. Best kind of heat," chattered the agent. "Keeps an even temperature all night. Still warm in the morning when you get up. If you have any children, they'll appreciate that. Any children?"

Swanson gulped and shook his head.

"Maybe it's pretty big for you then," said the agent. "Now we have a house right in the city on——"

"No, sir," said Swanson. "I'm going to take this one."

"Yes, sir. You'll never regret it," agreed the agent. "I'll give you our best terms."

"Won't need that just yet," said Swanson. "A man who works six years at five and a quarter a day ought to be able to pay cash."

The hardest thing Swanson ever did was to go through Queenston that following week without blowing "Home, Sweet Home." The next Sunday he was under the Coleman arbor at seven o'clock. But boyishly he waited to tell her until it was time to leave. Then with his heart in his

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Camel CIGARETTES

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eyes and eager as a kid he described the house from roof to cellar. The girl listened, drinking in every word.

"It must be a wonderful place," she said softly. "I do wish you all the happiness in the world."

Swanson was a bit taken back.

"Is—is that all you're going to say?" he stammered.

"What else would you want me to say?" asked the girl gently, looking down into the green valley.

This was still queerer. Swanson tried to think quickly and arrive at some relieving explanation. Perhaps she hadn't known him long enough—it wouldn't look right. Perhaps she didn't want to leave old Mrs. Coleman just yet. He hadn't counted exactly on this—but it would be all right. He and the house could wait. As he was picking his thoughts, an expensive motor-car passed along in the road below. The horn called loudly, and a young man whom Swanson recognized waved a hand to the girl, who waved back. Swanson's eyes grew steely. The man was young Keens.

"You know him?" he asked gravely.

"He comes here with his mother to see Mrs. Coleman. Mrs. Keens and Mrs. Coleman are old friends."

"I thought from his waving that you might know him—sort of well," mentioned Swanson. His eyes were very still.

"I do know him well," said the girl. "One thing has interested us very much. His voice always sounded familiar to me, and he says mine has to him. But neither of us can imagine where we ever saw or heard the other before. Mrs. Coleman says it's romantic. Can *you* imagine where we might have met?"

"Don't know—don't know," muttered Swanson stubbornly. For a full minute he was silent, then with a wistful light in his eyes he said good-by and went down the drive.

Down at the quiet little station he drew the agent aside. "Matt, what did you mean a month or so ago when you said I might lose out? Did you ever hear anything about somebody else going with the lady up at Coleman's?"

Mattern turned away uneasily, then shook his head. "I don't know nothing, Home," he declared.

"I want you to tell me," insisted Swanson, gripping the agent's arm. "I'm not going to hurt anybody. I only want to know."

"I never heard much," protested Mattern uncomfortably.

"Then that's all you got to tell me?"

"I don't believe much in——"

"What did you hear, Matt, I asked you?"

"I—MY wife just heard that the help up at Coleman's—" He stopped.

"You got to tell me," declared Swanson grimly. "You might as well have it over with."

"Well, they just said," stammered the agent, "that they believed she'd be nicer to young Keens after she pays you back enough for doing a favor for her once—they didn't say just what it was."

"I'm much obliged, Matt," said Swanson, tight-lipped, turning away.

Awkward with sympathy, Mattern put his hand on Swanson's shoulder.

"You mustn't take it hard, Home," he said. "I don't believe she's got anything against you. But nobody can expect a girl to turn down the son of a vice-president of a railroad when that means a big mansion and society and fine clothes and such things that a woman's heart likes. I'm dead sure she don't have nothing against you, Home."

"It's all right, Matt," said Swanson chokily. "I'm all right. Much obliged. Please don't say nothing to anybody."

He caught the red caboose of a northbound extra and rode her silently into Penn City. That afternoon he tried vainly to think it over. Then he sat down in the unhomelike red-and-green-papered room of his boarding-house and laboriously started a letter on a ruled tablet with thickened purplish ink.

DEAR WEEKAVERSARY LADY:

I just found out that there was somebody else. Excuse me for being so thick-headed before. So I won't come to see you any more. And you won't have to bother to send me any more weekaversary things. You more than paid me back long ago. But please keep the bungalow book. I couldn't stand to keep it. I wish that you will always be happy and have a

Yours truly,
HOME, SWEET HOME.

He dropped the letter in the slot at the deserted post-office and then tramped out wearily to the bungalow at the edge of the woods. Somehow it looked small and very humble to him now.

"I guess we wasn't made for a lady, little house," he said, his voice choking him. "But I'm not going to sell you. We got to stick together. It'll be just you and me, now."

Next morning he reported off sick and asked for a pass out around the Pacific Coast. The trainmaster told him it would take nearly a week to get it. They'd have to write on for transportation. "Never mind, then," said Swanson. "I'll pay my way once like a man."

It was almost a month before he saw Penn City again. Quietly he reported on duty and went out to his little house in the woods. Several times he walked around it, trying to get up courage to go inside. But he couldn't do it; so he sat on the back-porch steps with his chin in his knuckles. Early next morning, at the accustomed time, he went to the roundhouse with his bucket and coffee-can.

The crew was delighted to see him and asked a thousand questions. Merrit, the conductor, told him that Mattern at Queenston had been inquiring for him for several weeks—he had something to tell him. Swanson nodded gamely. He could guess what that something was. Likely she was engaged—he choked—maybe married. He tore at his blue collar. It was growing too tight for him—lately. He was glad they had nothing for Queenston so that he could merely toot at Mattern as they coasted through.

Almost like a sick man Swanson ran his train that day. Then, waiting for track room in the yards at Redding, a clerk from the near-by tower handed him a message. Without looking at it, he passed it to his conductor who, with stammered apologies, handed it back and fled. Swanson glanced vaguely at the penciled words:

JAMES SWANSON, engineman of no. 103:

girl at coleman's left on fifty-seven for good going west nobody knows where they say she turned k. down flat and made mrs. coleman mad has been sort of sick since you're away was down asking about you maybe you'll see her she takes pennsy eleven oclock flyer redding. MATT.

Swanson looked up bewildered; but there were flickers of light burning in his eyes. The cheeks that had grown sallow suddenly took on color. He turned his eyes to the cab window. Nearly a half mile away, high up on the hill, lay the red-brick Pennsy station. He could see the platform dotted with white and black human beings waiting for the eleven o'clock West-bound express. He looked at his watch. Three minutes to eleven—the express was due at eleven-two. There it was, along the river! He could hear the unmistakable Pennsy whistle.

It was too late. She was up there on the platform in that black and white sprinkling of people. In a minute she would be getting on the express—on her way west — nobody but she would know where. He wouldn't be able to find her again—to find out whether she *did* care.

His eyes suddenly crackled and grew very wide and blue. Jake, the front brakeman, gave him the "highball"—the track was ready for him. But he paid no heed. Steadily he wrapped the whistle rope around his fingers and hooked his elbow under the throttle. Then cleaving out from the slit of the whistle valve on the dome behind him, with an accompanying funnel of white steam, came three low but ascending notes of a tune.

"HOME!" cried Bill hoarsely, shouting into Swanson's ear. "Don't you know where you are! McCormick'll have to suspend you, if you play it here under his nose!"

Swanson gave no answer. Probably he didn't hear. His eyes were steady on that speckled Pennsy platform, his ears on the pitch of his song. He had never before played it just as he played it to-day. The music came straight from his heart. And when the tenderness of a heart is coupled with the strength of a steam whistle it can work white magic. Bill stood by with fear on his face, but his eyes grew dreamy with enjoyment.

It was over. The last shred of steam from Swanson's whistle had drifted away and melted into the blue. The eleven o'clock express had come and gone. Swanson slipped down from his cab and started across the tracks.

"Hey, Home!" called Bill, starting half way down the tank steps. He turned to a trainman, who had come up during the tune. "What d'y think is the matter? Has he gone out of his mind?"

Swanson gave no intimation that he had heard. He was now climbing the green terrace which the two railroads maintained between their properties. In five minutes he had gained the level of the other road and was hurrying down the half-mile of track. There were still a few people on the platform when he came near. His eyes searched them. He doubled his pace. There, with the familiar black bag in her hand uncertain whether

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to run or stay, hovered a girl in a dark suit. She was a cleanly fashioned girl, comely and pale, with the softest of black hair and the purest look in her eyes that Swanson had ever seen. He came up to her, breathing deeply.

"You didn't go!" he marveled humbly. "You heard me. What did it say?"

The girl seemed only conscious of the staring faces about her.

"Take me away somewhere," she whispered.

"Where did it say?" asked Swanson.

"Home, Sweet Home," softly answered the girl.

Souvenir

By Charles Brackett

SHOULD I repass familiar ways,
Go up the Rue Kléber,
Then cut across Place Louis Seize,
And climb the ringing stair,

Would I still find the studio,
The curtains drawn for tea,
The rickety shaded lamp aglow,
And a girl to laugh with me?

Odette or Butterfly perhaps,
Clothilde or Valentine,
Who told about their fighting chaps
In those queer digs of mine?

Do they now walk with their own men,
Come back as I am back,
With never a truant memory when
The twilit streets go black?

Perhaps, perhaps—but I know one
Who'll cross the corridor
When April blows her biggest moon
Bright as a *louis d'or*.

And I, when that full moon draws near
And spring perturbs the land,
Though bone and flesh sit staidly here,
Will somehow touch her hand,

And sit above the raucous street
Where troops once whistled tunes,
Finding the moonlight honey-sweet
As was last April moon's.

"It's YOUR Turn NOW"
"We have made your home safe against the danger of the Hun. Now keep it safe against the dangers of the unprotected. Get a Colt. It's the essential protection you owe your home."

COLT
FIREARMS

EVERY man of our fighting forces knows now why the personal protection which Uncle Sam gave him for overseas was a Colt Automatic Pistol — the official side arm of the army and navy.

Its accuracy, safety and supreme dependability were unfailing in every peril that confronted them.

For your home you should not be satisfied with less. You need Colt protection. And now your dealer can supply you. Get him to show you why it is impossible to forget to make a Colt safe.

"The Gun that Stopped the Hun 'Over There.'"

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.
Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of

Colt's Revolvers
Colt's (Browning) Automatic Machine Guns
Colt's Automatic Pistols
Colt's (Browning) Automatic Machine Rifles

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Pick 'em Out!

Shoulder Insignia *of the* American Army

THE shoulder insignia of the combat divisions have added greatly to the picturesqueness of our fighting forces, and their usefulness is obvious. The adoption of these insignia has been a spontaneous growth rather than the result of prearrangement. The 81st ("Wildcat") Division is credited with having been first in the field. Other divisions and units have followed suit, and now there are many scores of the devices which have received official sanction. In some cases the design varies, and appears in two or more forms (see, for example, the 31st, 78th and 91st Divisions in our list). In a few instances the first design has been discarded, as in the case of the 93d Division, which originally used a red hand, but afterward substituted a helmet. The insignia are sometimes worn in combination, as an army symbol, with a division symbol. Also the special markings for engineers, Q. M. C., medical, or other units are combined with the army insignia, as in the sample we have included Army, Aviation Section, showing the aviation symbol in combination with the black "A" of the 1st Army. This list does not claim completeness, but it is the most comprehensive yet published, and is free from the inaccuracies which have appeared in earlier lists.—THE EDITORS.

1st Army

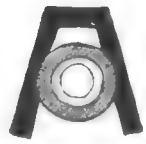
Black A four inches high. Special markings for Engineers, Q. M. C., etc., worn under the cross-bar.

2d Army

Red and white

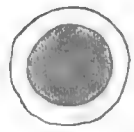
3d Army
(Army of Occupation)

White A, red O, on dark-blue circle.



1st Army
Aviation Section

The aviation symbol (blue, red and white) superimposed on the black A of 1st Army.



1st Corps

White circle on khaki.

2d Corps

White on blue. The eagle and lion symbolize the association of the corps with British troops.

3d Corps

Blue points, white center.

4th Corps

Blue and white.

5th Corps

Blue and white.

6th Corps

White numeral on blue.

7th Corps

White numeral on blue.

8th Corps

White numeral on blue.

9th Corps

Red on blue.

1st Division

Red numeral on khaki.

2d Division

Red Indian head. Color of star and circle varying according to regimental colors.

3d Division

White stripes on blue.

4th Division

Green on khaki.

5th Division

Red diamond.

6th Division

Blue numeral on red.

7th Division

Black on red.

8th Division

Silver 8 with gold arrow on blue.

10th Division

Red devil on blue.

11th Division

Black silhouette of Lafayette on red.

12th Division

Blue ground, red numerals, white bayonet, yellow border and stars.

15th Division
("Rattlesnake")

White on black.

19th Division

Circle red, triangle black with white tips.

26th Division
("Yankee")

Dark blue on khaki.

27th Division

Red on black.

28th Division
("Keystone")

Red.

29th Division

Blue and gray joined in circle.

30th Division

Blue on red.

31st Division
("Dixie")

Red and blue triangle, white numerals.

31st Division
("Dixie")

Red numerals on blue.

32d Division

Red arrow "going through the line."

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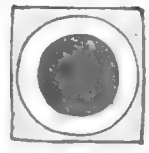
33d Division
Yellow on black.

34th Division
("Sandstorm")
Red skull and white numerals on black.

35th Division
Santa Fé Cross. Regimental colors in spaces.

36th Division
White T on blue arrow-head.



37th Division
("Buckeye")
Red circle, white border.

38th Division
("Cyclone")
Red and blue shield, white letters.

39th Division
Bull's-eye. Inner red, middle white, outer black.

39th Division
Red, white and blue triangles on black circle, red border.

40th Division
("Sunshine")
Gold on blue.

41st Division
("Sunset")
Gold sun, red sky, blue base.

42d Division
("Rainbow")
Outer arc red, middle yellow, inner blue.

71st Division
Seven and ace of diamonds.

76th Division
Blue on khaki.

77th Division
("New York's Own")
Gold on blue.

78th Division
("Lightning")
Gold on red.

78th Division
("Lightning")
Gold on red.

79th Division
Lorraine cross on blue.

80th Division
("Blue Ridge")
Blue on khaki, blue border.

81st Division
("Wildcat")
Red or blue on khaki.

82d Division
("All American")
White letters on blue circle, red square.

83d Division
Gold monogram "OHIO" on black.

84th Division
("Lincoln")
Red ax, blue handle, on white circle, red border. This also appears with "LINCOLN 84" in the border.

85th Division
("Custer")
Red monogram C D.

86th Division
("Black Hawk")
Black hawk on red shield.

87th Division
("Acorn")
Brown acorn on green leaf, red ground.

88th Division
Red (or black) on khaki. Monogram of two S's making four-leaf clover. Also made solid in red or blue.

89th Division
("Middle West")
Black on khaki. Monogram M W.

89th Division
("Middle West")
Black W (or M). Middle section colored according to the arm of the service.

90th Division
Red.

91st Division
("Wild West")
White on blue.

91st Division
("Wild West")
Green.

92d Division
("Buffalo")
Black on light blue.

92d Division
("Buffalo")
Black on yellow.

93d Division
Light blue helmet on black.

Louisiana Division
Red monogram L D.

General Headquarters
Red, white, blue.

Advance Section
Red on light blue.

Service of Supply
S O S in red on blue

District of Paris
White on black.

Transportation
Winged wheel white, top red, bottom green, background black.

Railroad
Letter white, line red on blue.

Railroad Artillery Reserve
Lame duck green, border and track red.

Tank Corps
Red, yellow, blue.

Anti-Aircraft
Yellow shell, red letters, on black.

Chemical
Yellow and purple shield.

Camouflage
Yellow chameleon on black.

Central Records Office
Gold eagle; red, white and blue shield; black ground.

Ambulance Train
White (or silver) rooster on red.

Trench Mortar
Red, yellow piping.

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A MAN *for the* AGES

(*Continued from page 30*)

against the wall stunned by the blow. They rushed upon the boy and disarmed and bore him to the floor. For a little time he knew not what was passing. When he came to, his hands and feet were tied, and the men stood near, cursing and laughing, while their leader, McNoll, was draining a bottle. Suddenly he heard a voice trembling with excitement and wet with tears saying:

"You go 'way from here or I'll kill you dead. So help me God I'll kill you. If one o' you touches him he's goin' to die."

He saw Bim Kelso at the window with her gun leveled at the head of McNoll. Her face was red with anger. Her eyes glowed. As he looked, a tear welled from one of them and trailed down the scarlet surface of her cheek. McNoll turned without a word and walked sulkily out of the back door. The others crowded after him. They ran as soon as they had got out of the door. She left the window. In a moment the young men were galloping away.

CHAPTER EIGHT

In which McNoll meets "the Man with the Iron Arms," and the Traylors Give a House-Warming.

BIM came into the house sobbing with emotion but with her head erect. She stood her gun in a corner and knelt by the helpless boy. He was crying too. Her fair fell upon his face as she looked at the spot of deep, scarlet color made by the shotbag. She kissed it and held her cheek against his and whispered, "Don't cry. It's all over now. I'm going to cut these ropes off."

It was as if she had known and loved him always. She was like a young mother with her first child. Tenderly she wiped his tears away with her blond, silken hair. She cut his bonds and he rose and stood before her. Then her face changed like magic.

"Oh, what a fool I am!" she exclaimed.

"Why so?" he asked.

"I cried and I kissed you and we have never been introduced."

She covered her eyes with her hair and with bent head went out of the door.

"I'll never forget that kiss as long as I live," said the boy as he followed her. "I'll never forget your help or your crying either."

"How I must have looked!" she went on, walking toward her pony that was hitched to a tree.

"You were beautiful!" he exclaimed.

"Go 'way from me—I won't speak to you," said she. "Go back to your work. I'll stay here and keep watch."

The boy returned to his task of pointing up the inside walls, but his mind and heart were out in the sunlight talking with Bim. Once he looked out of the door and saw her leaning against the neck of the pony, her face hidden in his mane. When the sun was low she came to the door and said:

"You had better stop now and go home."

She looked down at the ground and added: "Please, please don't tell on me."

"Of course not," he answered. "But I hope you won't be afraid of me any more."

She looked up at him with a little smile. "Do you think I'm afraid of *you?*" she asked, as if it were too absurd to be thought of. She unhitched and mounted her pony, but did not go.

"I do wish you could raise a mustache," said she, looking wistfully into his face.

Involuntarily his hand went to his lip. "I could try," he said.

"I can't bear to see you look so terribly young; you get worse and worse every time I see you," she scolded plaintively. "I want you to be a regular man right quick."

He wondered what he ought to say and presently stammered: "I—I—intend to. I guess I'm more of a man than anybody would think to look at me."

"You're too young to ever fall in love, I reckon."

"No, I'm not," he answered with decision.

"Have you got a razor?" she asked.

"No."

"I reckon it would be a powerful help. You put soap on your lip and mow it off with a razor. My father says it makes the grass grow."

There was a moment of silence during which she brushed the mane of her pony. Then she asked timidly: "Do you play on the flute?"

"No; why?"

"I think it would break my heart. My Uncle Henry plays all day and it makes him look crazy. Do you like yellow hair?"

"Yes, if it looks like yours."

"If you don't mind I'll put a mustache on you—just to look at every time I think of you."

"When I think of you I put violets in your hair," he said.

He took a step toward her as he spoke, and as he did so she started her pony. A little way off she checked him suddenly, and said:

"I'm sorry there are no violets now."

She rode away slowly, waving her hand and singing with the joy of a bird in the springtime:

> "My sweetheart came along,
> Don't you hear the glad song,
> As the notes of the nightingale flow?
> Don't you hear the fond tale
> Of the sweet nightingale
> As she sings in the valleys below—
> As she sings in the valleys below?"

He stood looking and listening. The song came to him as clear and sweet as the notes of a vesper bell wandering in miles of golden silence.

When it had ceased he felt his lip and said: "How slow the time passes! I'm going to get some shaving soap and a razor."

That evening when Harry was helping Samson with the horses he said: "I'm going to tell you a secret. I wish you wouldn't say anything about it."

Samson stood pulling the hair out of his card and looking very stern as he listened, while Harry told of the assault upon him, and how Bim had arrived and driven the rowdies away with her gun, but he said not a word of her demonstration of tender sympathy. To him that had clothed the whole adventure with a kind of sanctity, so that he could not bear to have it talked about.

Samson's eyes glowed with anger. They searched the face of the boy. His voice was deep and solemn when he said: "This is a serious matter. Why do you wish to keep it a secret?"

The boy blushed. For a moment he knew not what to say. Then he spoke: "It ain't me so much—it's her," he managed to say. "She don't want it to be talked about, and I don't either."

Samson began to understand. "She's quite a girl, I guess," he said thoughtfully. "She must have the nerve of a man—I declare she must."

"Yes sir-ee! They'd 'a' got hurt if they hadn't gone away, that's sure," said Harry.

"We'll look out for them after this," Samson rejoined. "The first time I meet that man McNoll he'll have to settle with me, and he'll pay cash on the nail."

Bim, having heard of Harry's part in Abe's fight and of the fact that he was to be working alone all day at the new house, had suspected the purpose of the flying horsemen on their way up the road, and had quickly followed. Unwilling to confess her interest in the boy, she had said not a word of her brave act. It was not shame—it was partly a kind of rebellion against the tyranny of youthful ardor; it was partly the fear of ridicule.

So it happened that the adventure of Harry Needles made scarcely a ripple on the sensitive surface of life in New Salem. It will be seen, however, that it had started strong undercurrents likely, in time, to make themselves felt.

The house and barn were finished, whereupon Samson and Harry drove to Springfield—a muddy, crude and growing village with thick woods on its north side—and bought furniture. Their wagon was loaded, and they were about ready to start for home. They were walking on the main street when Harry touched Samson's arm and whispered:

"There's McNoll and Callyhan."

The pair were walking a few steps ahead of Samson and Harry. In a second Samson's big hand was on McNoll's shoulder.

"This is Mr. McNoll, I believe," said Samson.

The other turned with a scared look.

"What do you want o' me?" he demanded.

SAMSON threw him to the ground with a jerk so strong and violent that it rent the sleeve from his shoulder. McNoll's companion, who had felt the weight of Samson's hand, and had had enough of it, turned and ran.

"What do ye want o' me?" McNoll asked again as he struggled to free himself.

"What do I want o' you? you dirty, puny little coward," said Samson as he lifted the rowdy to his feet and gave him a toss in the air and caught him as he came down. "I just want you to be decent. Ye got to say you're sorry, and mean it, or I'll put a tow-string on your neck and give you to some one that wants a dog."

"I'm sorry," said McNoll. "Honest I'm. I was drunk when I done it."

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Samson released his prisoner. A number in the crowd which had gathered around them clapped their hands and shouted, "Hurrah for the stranger!"

A constable took Samson's hand and said: "You deserve a vote of thanks. That man and his friends have made me more trouble than all the rest of the drinking men put together."

"And I am making trouble for myself," said Samson. "I have made myself ashamed. I am no fighting man; I was never in such a mess on a public street before, and with God's help it will never happen again."

"Where do you live?" the officer asked.

"In New Salem."

"I wish it was here. We need men like you. What part of the East do you hail from?"

"Vermont," Samson answered. "I've just bought land and built a cabin a little west of the village. Came here for a load of furniture."

"I'm a Maine man and a Whig and opposed to slavery and my name is Erastus White," said the constable.

"I am a Whig and against slavery," Samson volunteered.

"I could tell that by the look of you," said the constable. "Some day we must sit down together and talk things over."

SAMSON wrote in his diary: "On the way home my heart was sore. I prayed in silence that God would forgive me for my bad example to the boy. I promised that I would not again misuse the strength He has given me. In my old home I would have been disgraced by it. The minister would have preached of the destruction that follows the violent man to put him down! The people would have looked askance at me. Deacon Somers would have called me aside to look into my soul, and Judge Grandy and his wife would not have invited me to their parties. Here it's different. A chap who can take the law in his hands and bring the evil man to his senses, even if he has to hit him over the head, is looked up to. That day a number of men and boys increased my shame by following us to the wagon and wanting to shake hands and feel of my muscles and paining my soul with praise. It's a reckless country. You feel it as soon as you get here. In time, I fear, I shall be as headlong as the rest of them. Some way the news of my act has got here from Springfield. Sarah was kind of cut up. Jack Kelso has nicknamed me 'The man with the iron arms,' and Abe, who is a better man every way, laughs at my embarrassment and says I ought to feel honored. For one thing, Jack Armstrong has become a good citizen. His wife has foxed a pair of breeches for Abe. They say McNoll has left the country. There has been no deviltry since that day. I guess the gang is broken up—too much iron in its way."

Sarah enjoyed fixing up the cabin. Jack Kelso had given her some deer and buffalo skins to lay on the floors. The upper room, reached by a stick ladder, had its two beds for Harry and the children.

"Some time I'm going to put in a windletrap and get rid o' that stick ladder," Samson had said.

Sarah had all the arts of the New England homemaker. Under her hand

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"SAME here—When I go fishin' I want fish that bite, and tobacco that don't."

Velvet Joe.

"BITE" in tobacco comes either from poor leaf or wrong "ripening."

We use for VELVET only the finest, silkiest Kentucky Burley. But we don't stop there. We put the tobacco away in wooden hogsheads for two years—for Nature to patiently ripen and mellow.

The VELVET way costs more—but it makes the friendlier kind of tobacco. No bite, no kick, no harshness—just friendly.

Open a tin of VELVET. You will find it just right—"good enough to eat."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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the cabin, in color, atmosphere and general neatness, would have delighted a higher taste than was to be found on the prairies, save in the brain of Kelso, who really had some acquaintance with beauty. To be sure, a bed was in one corner of the living room, but spread with its upper cover knit of gray yarn, harmonizing in color with the bark of the log walls. A handsome dark brown buffalo robe lay beside it. The fireplace had its crane of wrought iron.

Every one in the little village came to the housewarming.

"There is nothing in America so beautiful as 'this here kind o' thing' when the firelight shines upon it," said Kelso, who often indulged in the vernacular of the real ladder-climbers.

"Well, of course it isn't like Boston or New York," Sarah answered.

"Thank God!" Kelso exclaimed. "New York hurts my feelings, so many of its buildings are of grand design and small proportions. Mrs. Traylor, you are lucky to have this beautiful island in an ocean of music. There is music in the look and sound of these meadows—bird music, the level music of Felicien David's 'Desert.' Perhaps you don't know about that, and really it doesn't matter. Traylor, tune up your fiddle."

Samson began to play, stopping often to give the hand of welcome to a guest. The people of New Salem were in their best clothes. The women wore dresses of new calico—save Mrs. Dr. Allen, who wore a black silk dress which had come with her from her late home in Lexington. Bim Kelso came in a dress of red muslin trimmed with white lace. Ann Rutledge also wore a red dress and came with Abe. The latter was rather grotesque in his new linsey trousers, of a better length than the former pair, but still too short.

"It isn't fair to blame the trousers on the tailor," he had said when he had tried them on. "My legs are so long that the imagination of the tailor is sure to fall short if the cloth don't. Next time I'll have 'em made to measure with a ten-foot pole instead of a yardstick. If they're too long, I can roll them up and let out a link or two when they shrink. Ever since I was a boy I have been troubled with shrinking pants. It's worse than the liver complaint."

Abe wore a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, the tails of which were so short as to be well above the danger of pressure when he sat down. His cowhide shoes had been well blackened; the blue yarn of his socks showed above them. "These darned socks o' mine are rather proud and conceited," he used to say; "they like to show off."

HE WORE a shirt of white unbleached cotton, a starched collar and black tie. In speaking of his collar to Samson he said that he felt like a wild horse in a box stall.

Menton Graham, the schoolmaster, was there—a smooth-faced man with a large head, sandy hair and a small mustache, who spoke by note, as it were. Kelso called him the great articulator and said that he walked in the valley of the shadow of Lindley Murray. He seemed to keep a watchful eye on his words as if they were a lot of schoolboys not to be trusted. They came out with a kind of self-conscious rectitude.

The children's games had begun, and the little house rang with their songs and laughter, while their elders sat by the fire and along the walls talking. Ann Rutledge and Bim Kelso and Harry Needles and John McNeil played with them. In one of the dances all joined in singing the verses:

I won't have none o' your weevily wheat,
I won't have none o' yer barley;
I won't have none o' your weevily wheat
To make a cake for Charley.

Charley is a fine young man,
Charley is a dandy;
Charley likes to kiss the girls
Whenever it comes handy.

When a victim was caught in the flying scrimmage at the end of a passage in the game of "Prisoners," he or she was brought before a blindfolded judge.

"Heavy, heavy hangs over your head," said the constable.

"Fine or superfine?" the judge inquired.

"Fine," said the constable, which meant that the victim was a boy. Then the sentence was pronounced and generally it was this:

"Go bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest and kiss the one that you love best."

HARRY was the first prisoner. He went straight to Bim Kelso, bowed and knelt, and when he had risen she turned and ran like a scared deer around the chairs and the crowd of onlookers, some assisting and some checking her flight before the nimble youth. Hard pressed, she ran out of the open door with a merry laugh and just beyond the steps Harry caught and kissed her, and her cheeks had the color of roses when he led her back.

John McNeil kissed Ann Rutledge that evening and was most attentive to her, and the women were saying that the two had fallen in love with each other.

"See how she looks at him," one of them whispered.

"Well, it's just the way he looks at her," the other answered.

At the first pause in the merriment Kelso stood on a chair and then silence fell upon the little company.

"My good neighbors," he began, "we are here to rejoice that new friends have come to join us and that a new home is born in our midst. We bid them welcome. They're big-boned, big-hearted folks. No man has grown large who has not at one time or another had his feet in the soil and felt its magic power going up into his blood and sinew. Here is a wonderful soil, and the inspiration of wide horizons; here are broad and fertile fields. Where the corn grows high you can grow statesmen. It may be that out of one of these little cabins a man will come to carry the torch of liberty and justice so high that its light will shine into every dark place. So let no one despise us—humble as we are. Samson and Sarah Traylor, I welcome and congratulate you. Whatever may come, you can find no better friends than these, and of this you may be sure, no child of the prairies will ever go about with a hand-organ and a monkey. Our friend Honest Abe is one of the few rich men in this neighborhood. Among his assets are Kirkham's Grammar, the Pilgrim's Progress, the Lives of Washington and Henry Clay, Hamlet's Soliloquy, Othello's Speech to the Senate, Mark Antony's Address and a part of Webster's Reply to Hayne. A man came along the other day and sold him a barrel of rubbish for two bits. In it he found a volume of Blackstone's 'Commentaries.' Old Blackstone challenged him to a wrestle and Abe has grappled with him. I reckon he'll take his measure as easily as he took Jack Armstrong's. Lately he has got possession of a new treasure. It is the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' by Robert Burns. I propose to ask him to let us share his enjoyment of this treasure."

ABE, who had been sitting with his legs doubled beneath him on a buffalo skin, between Joe and Betsy Traylor, rose and said:

"Mr. Kelso's remarks, especially the part which applied to me, remind me of the story of the prosperous grocer of Joliet. One Saturday night he and his boys were busy selling sausage. Suddenly in came a man with whom he had quarreled and laid two dead cats on the counter.

" 'There,' said he, 'this makes seven to-day. I'll call Monday and get my money.'

"We were doing a good business here, making fun. It seems a pity to ruin it and throw suspicion on the quality of the goods by throwing a cat on the counter. I'll only throw one cat. It is entitled:

"MY SISTER SUE

"Say, boys, I guess 'at none o' you
Has ever seen my sister Sue.
She kin rassle an' turn han'springs kerflop,
But, Jiminy Crimps! ye should see her hop!
Yes, sir!

"She kin h'ist one foot an' go like Ned!
An' hop on top o' my mother's bed,
An' back an' round the house she'll go
'Ith her old knee as limber as a hickory bow
Yes, sir!

"She kin sing a hull song 'ithout ketchin' her breath
An' make up a face 'at 'ud scare ye to death!
She can wiggle her ears and cross her eyes
An' stick out her tongue till yer hair 'ud rise.
Yes, sir!

"An' play wildcat on her han's an' knees.
Honest! 'Twould give you the gibberees!
An' she sneaks along an' jumps at you
An' gives sech a yell!—my sister Sue!
Yes, sir!

"She kin shoot off a gun an' set a trap
An' if you don't behave, she kin give you a slap!
She kin holler an' scream like a flock o' geese
An' stan' on her head an' speak a piece.
Yes, sir!

"She kin run cross-legged an' ride a cow
An' jump from the beam to the big haymow.
I reckon yer hair 'ud stan' up to see 'er
A-breakin' a colt er throwin' a steer.
Yes, sir!

"My sister Susan has got a beau;
When he comes, she sets an' acts jes' so,
An' talks so proper—it's 'zac'ly jes'
Like the flumididdles on her dress.
Yes, sir!

"When she stan's in that darn ol' Sunday gown,
Ye'd think a grasshopper could knock 'er down,
An' she laughs kind o' sick—like a kitten's mew—
Ye wouldn't think 'twas my sister Sue.
Yes, sir!

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"An' she says: 'Oh, dear! Those horrid boys!
They act so rough an' make sech noise!'
Good gracious! Ye wouldn't think 'at she
Could talk as loud as a bumblebee.
No, sir!

"Honest! 'Er lift a chip o' wood!
She acts so puny an' nice an' good!
'Boys are awful!' she says, 'till they're grown
Er nelse they got to be yer own!'
Oh, gosh!"

This raised a storm of merriment, after which he recited the poem of Burns with keen appreciation of its quality. Samson repeatedly writes of his gift for interpretation, especially of the comic, and now and then lays particular stress on his power of mimicry.

John Cameron sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill" and "Forty Years Ago, Tom." Samson played while the older people danced until midnight. Then, after noisy farewells, men, women and children started down the moonlit road toward the village. Ann Rutledge had Abe on one arm and John McNeil on the other.

CHAPTER NINE

Which Describes the Lonely Life in a Prairie Cabin and a Stirring Adventure on the Underground Railroad About the Time it Began Operations.

WHEN Samson paid Mr. Gollaher, a "detector" came with the latter to look at the money before it was accepted. There were many counterfeits and bills, good only at a certain discount of face value, going about those days, and the detector was in great request. Directly after moving in, Samson dug a well and lined it with a hollow log. He bought tools and another team and then he and Harry began their fall plowing. Day after day for weeks they paced with the turning furrows until a hundred acres, stretching half a mile to the west and well to the north of the house, were black with them. Fever and ague descended upon the little home in the early winter.

In a letter to her brother dated January 4, 1832, Sarah writes:

We have been longing for news from home, but not a word has come from you. It don't seem as if we could stand it unless we hear from you or some of the folks once in a while. We are not dead just because we are a thousand miles away. We want to hear from you. Please write and let us know how father and mother are and all the news. Is Elizabeth Ranney married yet, and how does the minister get along with his new wife? We have all been sick with the fever and ague. It is a beautiful country and the soil very rich but there is some sickness. Samson and I were both sick at the same time. I never knew Samson to give up before. He couldn't go on, his head ached so. Little Joe helped me get the fire started and brought some water and waited on us. Then the little man put on his coat and mittens and trudged away to the village with Betsy after the doctor. Harry Needles had gone away to Springfield for Mr. Offut with a drove of hogs. Two other boys are with him. He is going to buy a new suit. He is a very proud boy. Joe and Betsy got back with the doctor at nine. That night Abe Lincoln came and sat up with us and gave us our medicine and kept the fire going. It was comical to see him lying beside Joe in his trundle-bed with his long legs sticking over the end of it and his feet standing on the floor about a yard from the bed. He was spread all over the place. He talked

Why Corns Hurt

Note this diagram picture of a corn. Note its conical shape. The cause of the corn is pressure. And pressure makes it hurt. The point of the corn is pushed into the nerves.

Applying a Blue-jay plaster instantly removes the pressure. Note the felt ring (A) in the picture below. We apply no anesthetic. The ring gives barefoot comfort in the tightest shoe.

But that is temporary. One should not continue a pad. The corn should be quickly ended.

The bit of B & B wax in the center of the ring does that (marked B in illustration below). In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Only rare corns need a second application.

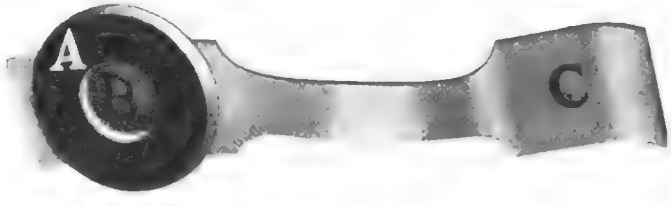
That's the great reason for Blue-jay. It stops the pain, then ends the corn. And it wraps the corn so the action is undisturbed.

Then the action of the B & B wax is centered on the corn. Held there by the rubber coated adhesive tape (C) which wraps comfortably around the toe. Healthy tissue is not affected.

Those are the reasons why millions of people have adopted the Blue-jay method. It is scientific, quick, comfortable and certain.

Keeping corns is folly when this easy way can end them. Treating them in cruder ways is inexcusable.

For your own sake, convince yourself by applying Blue-jay to one corn.



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about religion and his views would shock most of our friends in the East. He doesn't believe in the kind of heaven that the minister talks about or any eternal hell. He says that nobody knows anything about the hereafter except that God is a kind and forgiving Father and that all men are His children. He says that we can only serve God by serving each other. He seems to think that every man, good or bad, black or white, rich or poor, is his brother. He thinks that Henry Clay, next to Daniel Webster, is the greatest man in the country. He is studying hard. Expects to go out and make speeches for Clay next summer. He is quite severe in his talk against General Jackson. He and Samson agree in politics and religion. They are a good deal alike. He is very fond of Samson and Harry—calls them his partners. He said to Samson the other evening:

"I want you for a friend always. If you can stand it, I would like my story to be a part of yours. If you say so, we'll stick to the same boat and pole her over the shoals and carry her across the bends and see if we can get to going in deep water. When the channel will permit, we can put in a steam-engine."

We love this big, awkward giant. His feet are set in the straight way and we think he is going to make his mark in the world.

When I went to sleep he lay in the trundle-bed with two candles burning on the stand beside him, reading that big green book of mine entitled "The Works of William Shakespeare." He had brought a law book with him, but he got interested in William Shakespeare and couldn't let it alone. He said that he was like a mired horse whenever he began to read a play of the immortal bard and that he had to take his time in getting out. When he went away next morning he borrowed Samson's pack-basket. I felt bad because we couldn't go and make any arrangements with Santa Claus for the children. Joe was dreadfully worried, for Betsy had told him that Santa Claus never came to children whose father and mother were sick. Christmas Eve, Abe came with the pack-basket chock full of good things after the children were asleep. He took out a turkey and knit caps and mittens and packages of candy and raisins for the children and some cloth for a new dress for me. Mrs. Kelso had come to spend the night with us, although Samson and I were so much better it really wasn't necessary. I made her go up the ladder to bed before midnight. That evening a short, fat Santa Claus came in with a loaded pack. He had a long, brown beard and a red nose and carried a new clay pipe in his mouth and was very much bundled up.

We called the children. They stood looking at Santa Claus and Santa Claus stood looking at them. He gave them mufflers and some candy hearts and tried to pick them up. They ran away and he chased them under our bed and got hold of Joe's foot and tried to pull him out and Joe hollered like a painter and Santa Claus dropped his pipe and sat down on the floor and began laughing. I saw it was Bim Kelso. Abe left with her and I suppose they went back to the village and around in a regular Santa Claus spree.

Mrs. Kelso said that she had been making a beard of pieces of buffalo skin and fitting up an old suit of her father's clothes that afternoon. I wonder what she'll do next. It's terrible to be so much in love and not quite seventeen. Harry is as bad off as she is. I wish they had been a little older before they met.

Joe said yesterday that he was going back to Vergennes.

"How are you going to get there?" I asked.

"Abe's going to make me a pair of wings, and I'm going to smash right through the sky and go aw-a-ay off to Vergennes and play with Ben and Lizzie Tyler. Abe says there ain't no bad roads up there."

I asked him what I should do if he went away and left me like that.

"Oh, I'll come right back," he said, "and maybe I'll see heaven 'way up in the clouds. If I do, I'll stop there in a tavern overnight and buy something for you."

In a minute a new idea came to him and he said:

"I guess Abe would make a pair of wings for you if you'd ask him."

Often I wish for wings, and always when I think of those who are dear to me and so far away. You said you would come out next spring to look about. Please don't disappoint us. I think it would almost break my heart. I am counting the days. Some time ago I put down one hundred and forty-two straight marks on my old slate, that being the number of days before May first. Every night I rub one off and thank God that you are one day nearer. Don't be afraid of fever and ague. Sapington's pills cure it in three or four days. I would take the steamboat at Pittsburgh, the roads in Ohio and Indiana are so bad. You can get a steamer up the Illinois River at Alton and get off at Beardstown and drive across country. If we knew when you were coming Samson or Abe would meet you. Give our love to all the folks and friends.

Yours affectionately,

SARAH and SAMSON.

It had been a cold winter and not easy in a cabin to keep soul and body together. In the worst weather Samson used to get up at night to put wood on the fire. Late in January a wind from the southeast melted the snow and warmed the air of the midlands so that, for a week or so, it seemed as if spring were come. One night of this week Sambo awoke the family with his barking. A strong wind was rushing across the plains and roaring over the cabin and wailing in its chimney. Suddenly there was a rap on its door. When Samson opened it he saw in the moonlight a young colored man and woman standing near the doorstep.

"Is dis Mistah Traylor?" the young man asked.

"It is," said Samson. "What can I do for you?"

"Mas'r, de good Lord done fotched us here to ask you fo' help," said the negro. "We be nigh wone out with cold an' hungah, suh, 'deed we be."

Samson asked them in and put wood on the fire and Sarah got up and made some hot tea and brought food from the cupboard and gave it to the strangers, who sat shivering in the firelight. They were a good-looking pair, the young woman being almost white. They were man and wife. She stopped eating and moaned and shook with emotion as her husband told their story. Their master had died the year before and they had been brought to St. Louis to be sold in the slave market. There they had escaped by night and gone to the house of an old friend of their former owner who lived north of the city on the river shore. He had taken pity on them and brought them across the Mississippi and started them on the north road with a letter to Elijah Lovejoy of Alton and a supply of food. Since then they had been hiding days in the swamps and thickets and had traveled by night. Mr. Lovejoy had sent them to Erastus Wright of Springfield, and Mr. Wright had given them the name of Samson Traylor and the location of his cabin. From there they were bound for the house of John Peasley in Hopedale, Tazewell County.

Lovejoy had asked them to keep the letter with which they had begun their travels. Under its signature he had written: "I know the writer and know that the above was written with his own hand. His word can be relied upon. To all who follow or respect the example of Jesus Christ I commend this man and woman."

The letter stated that their late master had often expressed his purpose of leaving them their freedom when he should pass away. He had left no will and since his death the two had fallen into the hands of his nephew, a despotic, violent young drunkard of the name of Biggs who had ruled his servants with a club and bull whip, and who in temper had killed a young negro a few months before. The fugitives said that they would rather die than go back.

SAMSON was so moved by their story that he hitched up his horses and put some hay in the wagon box and made off with the fugitives on a smooth and icy road to the north. When daylight came he covered them with the hay. About eight o'clock he came to a frame house and barn—the latter being of unusual size for that time and country. Above the door of the barn was a board which bore the stenciled legend: "John Peasley, Orwell Farm."

As Samson drew near the house he observed a man working on the roof of a woodshed. Something familiar in his look held the eye of the New Salem man. In half a moment he recognized the face of Henry Brimstead. It was now a cheerful face. Brimstead came down the ladder and they shook hands.

"Good land o' Goshen! How did you get here?" Samson asked.

Brimstead came close to the wagon and leaned over the wheel and said in a low tone: "Through the kindness of a man by the name o' Traylor and the grit o' a pair o' hosses. Come down this road early in September on my way to the Land o' Plenty. Found Peasley here. Couldn't help it. Saw his name on the barn. Used to go to school with him in Orwell. He offered to sell me some land with a house on it and trust me for his pay. I liked the looks o' the country and so I didn't go no further. I was going to write you a letter, but I hain't got eround to it yet."

"Well, this looks better than the sand plains. How are the children?"

"Say, I'll tell ye Mrs. Peasley has been a mother to 'em."

He leaned close and whispered: "Say, you wouldn't believe it, but her sister is going to marry me. Honest, I don't believe myself any more."

Mr. Peasley came out of the door. He was a big, full-bearded, jovial man.

"I've got a small load o' hay for you," said Samson.

"I was expecting it, though I supposed 'twas goin' to be buckwheat an' walkin'—in the dark o' the night," Peasley answered. "Drive in on the barn floor."

When Samson had driven into the barn, its doors were closed and the negroes were called from their place of hiding. Samson writes:

"I never realized what a blessing it is to be free until I saw that scared man and woman crawling out from under the dusty hay and shaking themselves like a pair of dogs. The weather was not cold or I guess they would have been froze. They knelt together on the barn floor and

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the woman prayed for God's protection through the day. I knew what slavery must mean when I saw what they were suffering to get away from it. When they came in the night, I felt the call of God to help them. Now I know that I was among the chosen to lead in a great struggle. Peasley brought food for them and stowed them away on the top of his haymow with a pair of buffalo skins. I suppose they got some sleep there. I went into the house for breakfast and while I ate Brimstead told me about his trip. His children were there. They looked clean and decent. He lived in a log cabin a little further up the road. Mrs. Peasley's sister waited on me—she is a fat and cheerful-looking lady, very light complected. Her hair is red—same as tomato ketchup—looks to me a likely, good-hearted woman, stout as a moose. She can see a joke and has an answer handy every time."

For details of the remainder of the historic visit of Samson Traylor to the home of John Peasley we are indebted to a letter from John to his brother Charles, dated February 21, 1832.

In this letter he says: "We had gone out to the barn and Brimstead and I were helping Mr. Traylor hitch up his horses. All of a sudden two men came riding up the road at a fast trot and turned in and came straight toward us and pulled up by the wagon. One of them was a slim, red-cheeked young fellow about twenty-three years old. He wore top boots and spurs and a broad-brimmed, black hat and gloves and a fur vest and purity linen. He looked at the tires of the wagon and said:

" 'That's the one we followed.'

" 'Which o' you is Samson Traylor?' he asked.

" 'I am,' said Traylor.

"The young feller jumped off his horse and tied him to the fence. Then he went up to Traylor and said: 'What did you do with my niggers, you dirty Sucker?'

"Men from Missouri hated the Illinois folks them days and called 'em Suckers. We always call a Missouri man a name too dirty to be put in a letter. He acted like one o' the Roman emperors you read of.

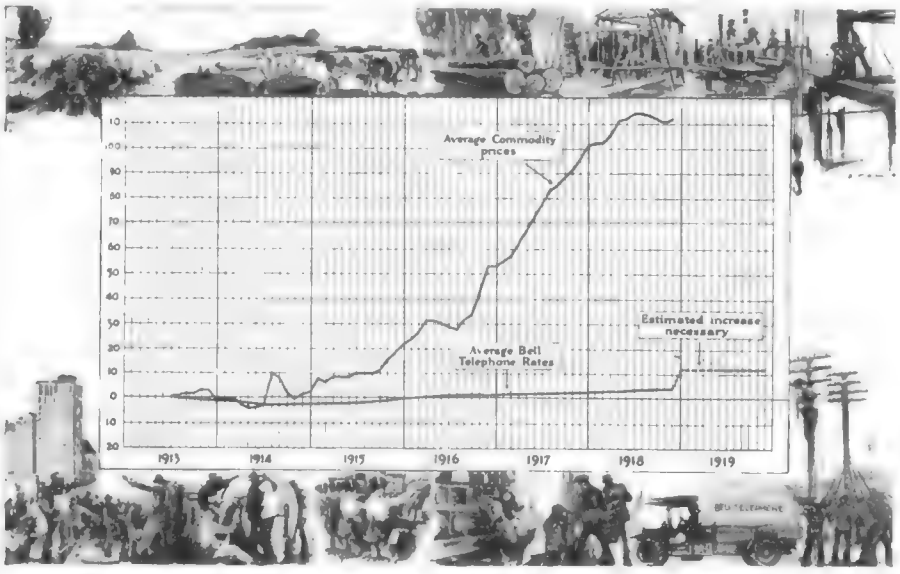
" 'Hain't you a little reckless, young feller?' Traylor says, as cool as a cucumber.

"I didn't know Traylor them days. If I had I'd 'a' been prepared for what was comin'.

"Traylor stood up nigh the barn door which Brimstead had closed after we backed the wagon out.

"The young feller stepped close to the New Salem man and raised his whip for a blow. Quick as lightnin' Traylor grabbed him and threw him against the barn door, keewhack! He hit so hard the boards bent and the whole barn roared and trembled. The other feller tried to get his pistol out of its holster, but Brimstead, who stood beside him, grabbed it and I got his hoss by the bits and we both held on. The young feller lay on the ground shakin' as if he had the ague. Ye never see a man so spylt in a second. Traylor picked him up. His right arm was broke and his face and shoulder bruised some. Ye'd 'a' thought a steam-engyne had blowed up while he was puttin' wood in it. He was kind o' limp and the mad had leaked out o' him.

" 'I reckon I better find a dooter,' he says



A Comparison of Costs

A graphic picture of the high cost of doing business is shown by the rise in a long list of commodity prices during the past five strenuous years.

By the exercise of unparalleled economies, telephone rates have been kept almost unchanged.

The fact is, the increase in the cost of commodities has resulted in what is equal to a decrease in telephone rates. In other words: The dollar which was spent for the telephone has bought more than twice as much as the dollar spent for the commodity.

The activities of reconstruction which are now upon the nation have put a great burden upon the telephone. This condition has made necessary an advance in telephone rates.

This advance does not exceed an average of eight per cent; almost negligible as compared with the advances in other lines of industry, yet enough to cover the increase in the cost of operation.

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" 'You get into my wagon and I'll take ye to a good one,' says Traylor.

"Just then Stephen Nuckles, the circuit minister, rode in with the big bloodhound that follered him everywhere.

"The other slaver had got off his hoss in the scrimmage. Traylor started for him. The slaver began to back away and suddenly broke into a run. The big dog took after him with a kind of a lion roar. We all began yelling at the dog. We made more noise than you'd hear at the end of a hoss race. It scairt the young feller. He put on more steam and went up the ladder to the roof of the woodshed like a chased weasel. The dog stood barkin' as if he had treed a bear. Traylor grabbed the ladder and pulled it down.

" 'You stay there till I get away an' you'll be safe,' said he.

"The man looked down and swore and shook his fist and threatened us with the law. Mr. Nuckles rode close to the woodshed and looked up at him. 'My brother, I fear you're not a Christian,' he said.

"He swore at the minister. That settled him.

" 'What's all this about?' Mr. Nuckles asked me.

" 'He and his friend are from Missouri,' I says. 'They're lookin' for some runaway slaves an' they come here and pitched into us, and one got throwed agin' the barn an' the other clum to the roof.'

" 'I reckon he better stay thar till he gits a little o' God's grace in his soul,' says the minister.

"Then he says to the dog: 'Ponto, you keep right thar.' The dog appeared to understand what was expected of him.

"The minister got off his hoss and hitched him and took off his coat and put it on the ground.

" 'What you goin' to do?' I says.

" 'Me?' says the minister. 'I be goin' to rassle with Satan for this man's soul right thar, an' if you keep watch I reckon you'll see that the ground'll be scratched up some 'fore I git through.'

"He loosened his collar and knelt on his coat and began to pray that the man's soul would see its wickedness and repent; you could have heard him half a mile away.

"Mr. Traylor drove off with the damaged slaver settin' beside him and the saddle hoss hitched to the rear axle. I see my chance, and before that prayer ended I had got the fugitives under some hay in my wagon and started off with them on my way to Marshall County. I could hear the prayin' until I got over the hill into Canaan barrens. At sundown I got them in good hands thirty miles up the road."

It is recorded that the minister and his dog kept the slaver on the roof all day, vainly trying to convert his soul. He was liberated at sundown and spent the night with Brimstead. "Who is that big Sucker who grabbed my friend?" he asked the latter.

"His name is Samson Traylor. Comes from Vermont," was the answer.

"He's the doggondest steam-engyne of a man I ever saw," said the man.

"An' he's about the gentlest woman-hearted critter that ever drawed breath o' life," said Brimstead.

"If he don't look out 'Liph Riggs'll kill him—certain."

The next instalment of ***"A Man for the Ages"*** *will be published in the September number.*

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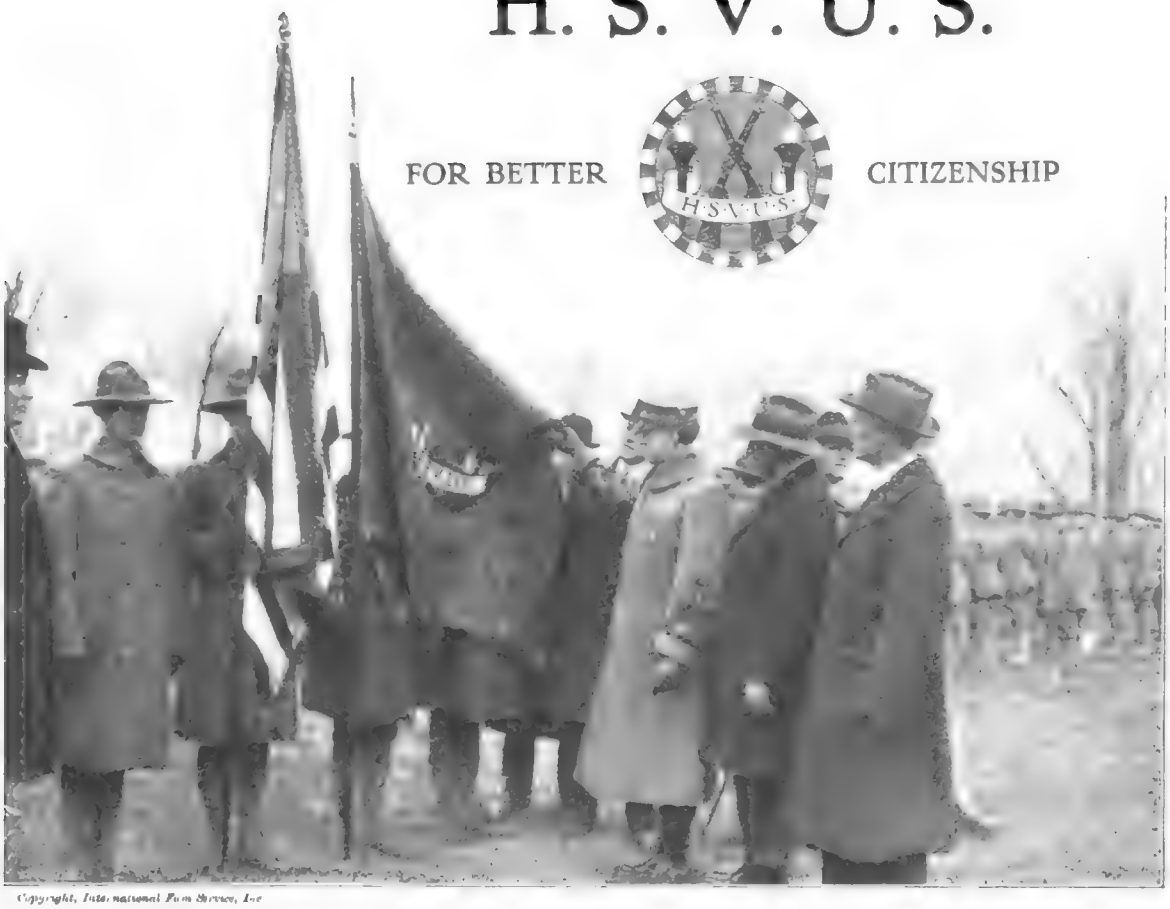
H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP



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The H. S. V. U. S. flag at an inspection of the Chicago High School Volunteers. This, one of three flags presented by Everybody's two years ago, was won and held by the boys of the Lane Technical High School. To the right of Colonel Morrow are Jacob Loeb, President of the Board of Education, and Charles E. Chadsey, Superintendent of Schools.

WHEN we come to reckon the outstanding and lasting gains of the war, one great achievement that should not escape our notice is the vast movement, during the past five years, which took place throughout the country and in varied ways, animated by the purpose of bringing the American boy and girl into a closer relationship with the real work of the nation. It has been a long way from the day when two or three million American boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty had no more intimate relation with the country's government than was involved in irritating the cop on the corner by playing ball in the street or pestering the neighboring farmer in the various ways known to country boys. Our public schools, our churches and our family life had never been able to put any large part of the energies of American youth into some productive and progressive work which would prepare it for the responsibilities and problems of modern citizenship. But during these past five years there has taken place a somewhat chaotic, but steady, mobilization of young America for a real and active part in American life.

This is the real meaning of the Boy and Girl Scout movement, of the splendid movement fostered by the Department of Labor called the United States Boys' Working Reserve; the helpful organization among the farm boys and girls of the Northwest called the Farm Boy Cavaliers of America; and it is the gist of that rapidly spreading idea in which we have been interested for the past three years—the High School Volunteers of the United States. Whatever their specific purpose, the general objective behind the work of all these organizations and of dozens other smaller and more local movements is the development of a better citizenship through the direct practical training of the American boy and girl in some of the important tasks and qualities of citizenship. All of these movements have aimed in the first place to give the average young American a better physical basis for his life tasks. They have all attempted to develop in him also that instinct for cooperation which in modern life has almost become as important as the instinct for self-preservation. They have all attempted, moreover, to give the American boy and girl some practical experience in actual service to their communities; and, most of all, they have attempted to make the great community of American life itself more interested in the American boy and girl as future citizens.

We believe that in no other new educational idea is there so much promise for a better, stronger and more world-serviceable America than in this idea of mobilizing the American boy and girl for direct training for citizenship through actual service. We have a mental picture of the ten million boys and girls of America, most of whom are more or less unoccupied between the ages of sixteen and twenty, working together through some common organization which combines the effort of all these separate organizations, assembling each summer in camps throughout the country for training for games, competitions or for summer recreation, and during the rest of the year taking an active part in various ways in the life of their communities.

It is most important that those who have in some degree felt this vision of a united mobilization of young America for better American citizenship should bend their efforts to bring together for this common effort the various organizations who are working in their own ways and without any cooperation or relation with one another. There is no reason why the Scout movements, the Farm Boys, the U. S. Boys' Working Reserve and such movements as the American League for Citizenship should not unite in a general program of cooperation. No one of them is a competitor with any other: all are working together for the common end of a stronger, more useful America.

For full information regarding the High School Volunteers of the United States, and for further suggestions regarding community work for organizations of boys and girls, write National Headquarters, H. S. V. U. S., Butterick Building, New York.

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SCIENCE *on the* JOB

(*Continued from page 69*)

for counterfeiting our money. Why should we not also guarantee the things money buys?

"The foundation idea of the Bureau is also in the Constitution—the duty of regulating our weights and measures. We have those standards now accurately determined. Our expanded purpose is to let them circulate freely and usefully throughout all the complicated and costly industrial mechanisms of the country. Everywhere they go they will bring the blessings of simplification, integration, economy.

"Our industrial work has increased; we want it to continue to grow. We want to do for industry what the Department of Agriculture is doing for farming. Although scientific research is the basis of all our work, we believe that, judged as a purely commercial matter, we are paying dividends on our investment bigger than any other institution supported by public funds."

The Profits of Pure Science

ALTHOUGH the work of making routine tests of goods for the Government and directly assisting manufacturers consumes about ninety per cent. of the energy of the Bureau, no true idea of its full dividend-earning capacity can be had without understanding the value of the remaining ten per cent. of its work.

This ten per cent. is pure scientific research. The profits of this work materialize so slowly and imperceptibly yet with such an amazingly cumulative effect that only a scientist who is also a social philosopher can see or express the magic process. Such a witness is Dr. P. G. Agnew, one of the Bureau's well-known physicists, and I am going to give you his own words on this subject:

"We are glad to cooperate directly with commercial men," said Dr. Agnew; "it is gratifying to be able to help them; and working with them, moreover, helps us keep our feet on the ground. Theoretical investigations are helped by coming into contact with practical needs. Theory and practise should always go hand in hand.

"But it is also true that the most theoretical scientific work in the long run nets the largest profits. Mind you, I say—in the long run.

"Let me try to make this clear. Some of the most highbrow scientific work the Bureau has ever done is in the field of radiation. This is a study of the relation between light waves and their energy. The subject is very complicated and abstruse. A very simple statement of the problem is this: You have noticed that a stone placed in the sun is warmed by the light falling upon it. What happens to the molecules of the stone in absorbing the heat (or energy, which is the same thing) of the sun?

"One of the Bureau's physicists, Dr. W. W. Coblentz, has been working on this and related problems for fifteen years. Some of his most important discoveries have been made with an apparatus composed of an incandescent bulb, a rock-salt prism, and a thermometer sensitive to the millionth part of a degree.

"With this laboratory layout Dr. Coblentz has determined the relation between the color of flames and their heat. He has measured the wave-length of rays of light which the human eye can't see, the so-called infra-red rays which shine in total darkness. With these findings he built an instrument which measured the heat of a star so far away that it couldn't be seen with the unaided eye. This same instrument is sensitive enough to be affected by the heat of a candle a hundred miles away!

"Now you ask what is the practical value of such labor? Well, for one thing, these experiments by Dr. Coblentz have made a substantial contribution to the theory and technology of measuring high temperatures; temperatures which will melt any known substance. Making use of this new knowledge, other Bureau men have greatly improved the high-temperature thermometers which are used in the steel industry to measure the temperature of molten steel. One of the biggest improvements in the production of steel in recent years is the result.

"Formerly many millions of dollars' worth of steel products depended upon the trained eye of the foreman in estimating the temperature of steel from its color. If this foreman happened to have a bad head as a result of a celebration the night before, or if accident befell him, disaster resulted. But these new thermometers don't drink; they don't fail; and their accuracy means vast savings in money, better steel, a decided step forward in America's industrial sovereignty.

"Here's another instance of the value of scientific research, one which should appeal to every business man. It is in the same general field of radiation. The instrument which deserves most credit is called (brace yourself) a spectrophotometer. It splits light into its different colors and measures the intensity of each of them. This gives us a set of color standards with which we can measure colors used in industrial processes in the same way a yardstick is used to measure dry-goods. This same color yardstick has been used by astronomers to determine what stars are made of.

"The practical value of these colors to business?" Mr. Agnew asked his own questions. "Why, the Bureau is constantly being asked for assistance in the exact grading and naming of colors by railway officials, refiners of oils, paint, paper and textile manufacturers, dye-makers, dairymen. Just what is red? Crimson, carmine, cardinal, magenta—exactly how do they differ from each other?

"Imagine the disputes possible between buyers and sellers of colored ribbons when neither knows the exact differences among them! There is as much chaos in this field of business as there was in the field of commercial dimensional standards years ago in England when the yard was the girth of the king and the foot was the length of his shoe!"

Indeed, I was told elsewhere in the Bureau that it is actually planned to put these pure spectral colors in liquid form into tiny glass vials, so that by their use business men may talk a common language. Ultimately the ribbon salesman, when his colors are questioned, will produce a set of these vials from his vest-pocket and say: "The unchanging stars in their courses argue the truth of my selling points."

During the war our rifle manufacturers reported that their drills were being flattened, due to the fact that the steel, though standard in grade, sometimes contained internal flaws which no one could detect. For a remedy the Bureau turned to a group of scientists who had long been studying the properties of steel. Rifle-barrels had been far from their thoughts.

Now, however, they quickly rigged up an instrument which, when passed along a rifle-bar, detected the slightest flaw in the steel. Successful experiments were being made with it when the war ended.

It is this instrument that has been found to be of service in detecting flaws in railroad rails, and the New York Central is now perfecting it with the idea of using it to insure greater safety to its passengers.

What will be the final result of the continuance of this revolution of industry by science? What will it mean to your pocket-book and mine? Even with a little data one might venture partly to calculate the answer, but the figures which would pile up would be almost beyond belief.

A Bureau scientist, for instance, told me that the chief of the research department of the company which evolved and manufactures the tungsten gas-filled incandescent lamp had calculated that in working out this lamp the profits to the scientists themselves were in the hundreds of dollars, to the manufacturers in the thousands, and to the general public in the millions. The actual saving to the people is *thirty thousand per cent.* of the costs of the experiments which produced the lamp.

The Dividends of Knowledge

WHILE at the Bureau, I discovered that two of its leading scientists had, unknown to each other, been making estimates of the dividends of its work. Both had reached the same conclusion: the gain to the public in a decade was easily a hundredfold the costs of the experiments.

The normal expenditure of the Bureau is one million dollars a year. A hundred times this is one hundred million dollars; which is, they figured, the ultimate profit to the people in direct and indirect services rendered. Receiving ten million and earning one hundred million in ten years, the net gain in that time is ninety million, or nine hundred per cent. A nine hundred per cent. profit in ten years! This computation, of course, ignores the time factor and compound interest, which would make the percentage of earnings somewhat lower.

The greatest need of the world to-day is a swifter production of food, clothing, buildings. More labor will not do it; nor will more capital. Labor, moreover, must be well paid; production must not cease.

Hitherto our mills and factories have been producing only about fifty per cent. of what they might be expected to produce. What could possibly profit the people of the United States more than to raise this menacing ratio? There is one way to do it without panic or revolution—get science on the job. Once allowed freely to lay her magic fingers on the anguished labors of men and she will go far toward making a practical reality of that millenium of which poets have only dreamed.

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HENRY

(*Continued from page 63*)

"Why not?" flashed little Allie, quite unashamed.

"Because—" Henry gave the answer—"I'm nothing. I'm just uneducated and poor. I'm just a darned old telegraph messenger-boy and nothing else."

"You could go to college, Henry. Uncle Peter will send you."

"Will I, Allie?" I asked. And she, amazing child, smiled yes.

"I didn't expect we could be married just yet."

"Married," breathed Henry softly. And looking at him, I believed that he loved her.

"But, Allie," began Agnes, genuinely shocked at the girl's transparent frankness, "how can you?"

"Aunt Agnes, for all Henry was so gay and seemed so sure of himself, he was really shyer than me. And when I realized that, I wasn't afraid any more."

"But, you incredible children—" I began.

"Could I go to college, sir?" asked Henry. "Perhaps if I made good you'd let us think of it. We could wait, couldn't we"—he hesitated and then ended mischievously as much as affectionately with her name—"Allie?"

He scrambled up and put the crutches under his shoulders. But she crossed quickly to him. And very solemnly they kissed—two babes in the wood, two children in the very beginning of the world.

"Remember, Allie," I began feebly, "I'm not agreeing to anything——"

"You promised him to me even before you saw him. Remember?"

"He's a criminal, Allie."

"And a fake," said Henry. "And a liar, and no hero."

"I don't care," said Allie.

"I don't care—much," said Henry gaily.

"I don't care," said Agnes.

"Oh, well, who cares?" I cried angrily. "I'm sure I don't."

And the truth is that since the whole affair is as ridiculous as a fairy-tale, it looks as if it were going to end in the fairy-tale way. I believe they are going to live happily ever afterward.

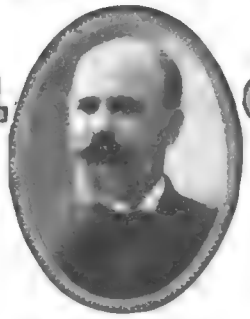
Honorably Discharged

By Grace Hazard Conkling

WILL it be dusk when he comes home?
The thick and starry fringe of night
That sweeps the garden shrubberies
And turns the flowers white?

Or will a morning bring him back?
A golden noon, an afternoon?
If I could set the sun ahead
And fool the plodding moon!

BEEMAN'S ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM



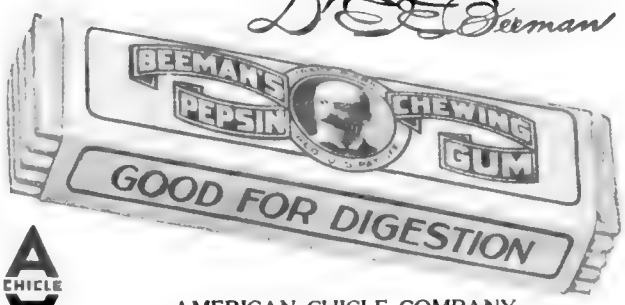
Irritability Decreases Efficiency

WHEN a man is irritable and annoyed by little things his efficiency is greatly diminished, because under these conditions he cannot do his best work, nor can he get the best work out of those about him.

Generally, indigestion in some slight form is the "makings" of a grouch.

In most cases of this sort, the routine use after meals of my Original Pepsin Chewing Gum will relieve the indigestion and restore the temper of the individual to a calm, normal condition.

D. C. Beeman



CHICLE

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AFTER PEACE—?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

Mount Joy, where the schoolhouse and the post-office first got together to cut the cost of living.

LONG before the end of the war was in sight, EVERYBODY'S began, in these pages, an open discussion of the problems the world would face at the close of the struggle. These discussions have aroused the widest interest, and there were many signs that they exerted a considerable influence on the practical thought of the country during and after the war's close. They have helped, above all, to bring the problems of the new time out into the open air of common discussion where they are to-day. Everything has become reconstruction, and the whole world is alive to the new forces that are abroad to-day. It is no longer possible to deal adequately with the great and varied questions of the time in the limited space of a special department such as this, and we feel it will be to the greater interest of this discussion hereafter to merge the After Peace—? Department with the rest of the magazine, beginning with the next issue.

A New Job for the Schoolhouse

By Frank Parker Stockbridge

IS THE grocer asking you eighty-five cents a dozen for fresh eggs? Why don't you run over to the schoolhouse and buy a dozen for fifty-three cents? Or tell Mary to bring them home when she comes back from school? The butcher wants forty cents a pound for roasting-fowls? You can buy them at the schoolhouse for twenty-five cents. Why pay ten cents a head for wilted lettuce when you can get it, fresh from the farm, for half the money, through the schoolhouse? And what on earth are you paying seventeen cents a quart for milk for, if you can get it at the schoolhouse for twelve?

You say you can't buy these things at your schoolhouse? I suppose you will be saying next, if you live in the country, that you didn't know you could take your chickens and eggs and fruit and fresh vegetables, and other things the city folks want, down to your schoolhouse and get more money for them, cash, than you ever got by trading them in at the village store or shipping them to a commission house in town.

Why, that sort of thing has been going on for pretty nearly a year now. It started up in the northwest corner of Washington, D. C., out near the Soldiers' Home. The city built a new schoolhouse there, a big building with rooms where the people of Park View could get together for dances, lectures and meetings of all kinds; a schoolhouse to earn real interest on the investment instead of being used for only six or seven hours a day, the way schoolhouses used to be.

Of course you know all about the schoolhouse as a community center—probably the schoolhouse in your district is just such a meeting-place for the citizens of your community. If it isn't, it ought to be. But this Park View community had something that no other community in America had. It had Edward J. Ward.

Ward is the man who really started the whole schoolhouse-community-center movement. People like Charles Evans Hughes and Woodrow Wilson and any number of others have said at different times that Ed Ward's idea of making every schoolhouse a community center was the most important movement toward real democracy in a hundred years. I can't stop to tell you all about Ed Ward, who set out to be a Presbyterian preacher

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in Silver Creek, then opened up the schoolhouses in Rochester for use of the people who own them, then went to Wisconsin and did the same thing for the whole state, then finally, about four years ago, went to Washington to nationalize the community-center idea from a desk in the United States Bureau of Education. Ed Ward lives in Park View, and his little girl, Martha, goes to the Park View School.

The whole scheme of the schoolhouse-community center is based on the idea that the schoolhouse belongs to the people, and not to the Board of Education. One day last fall it occurred to Ed Ward that there was another institution besides the schoolhouse that existed everywhere and that also belongs to the people—the post-office. There was a branch post-office at Park View, in a drug-store. The druggist didn't want it; he ran it merely as an accommodation to his customers, and it made him more trouble than it was worth. At the schoolhouse they had a community secretary, elected by the people of Park View. It was a perfectly simple arrangement to move the branch post-office to the schoolhouse and have John G. McGrath, the community secretary, appointed postal agent; it was a great convenience to the people of Park View, too, to have the post-office right in their community center.

There is a man in the Post-office Department named James I. Blakeslee. He was an expert traffic man before he was appointed Fourth Assistant Postmaster General. Mr. Blakeslee began a year or more ago experimenting with motor-trucks for carrying mail between cities and the country districts where the railroads don't go. It surprised some people to find that mail matter of all kinds could be carried just about as quickly and even more cheaply over many routes by motor-truck than by railroad. One postal motor-truck route between Washington and Philadelphia, for instance, costs eight hundred dollars a month to operate and earns sixteen thousand dollars a month! Congress last year appropriated three hundred thousand dollars for more motor-trucks for the Post-office Department, and also authorized the War Department to turn over to the Post-office Department all the army motor-trucks it did not need when the war was over—and the War Department had nearly a hundred thousand such trucks on hand.

Motor-Trucks on the Job

WARD and Blakeslee got together and found that they spoke the same language—the language of democracy, which is, of course, nothing but the language of common service. Blakeslee had put some of his first motor-trucks on rural routes to make it easier for farmers to ship their eggs and poultry and vegetables and fruit which they were sending by parcel-post to city people. But it didn't work as well as it should. People can't buy direct from farmers unless they know the farmer; and when you count the trouble and cost of writing letters, and the postage on small parcels like a dozen of eggs, there isn't much real saving, anyway. So Blakeslee told Ward. Ward, who always thinks in terms of community action, said:

"Why can't we use your postal motor-trucks as the connecting link to hook up the farming community and the city community, and make it profitable for both?"

"You've got the answer, if you can make it work," said Blakeslee. And Ed Ward set out on a post-office motor-truck to find the farming community that ought to be hooked up to the Park View community in Washington.

He found it in Mount Joy Township, Adams County, Pennsylvania, right on the edge of the Gettysburg battle-field.

That was last fall. The farming people of Mount Joy Township were just as eager to establish relations with Park View as Park View was to be connected with them. With the schoolhouse as the community center, they organized the Mount Joy Community Association. They elected A. Nevin Sponsellor, the school-teacher, as community secretary, and by virtue of this election he became postal agent.

Community Shopping

AS SOON as the machinery was set up, it began to work perfectly. There wasn't any reason why it should not. There was nothing new for people to get used to. Everybody knew the schoolhouse, everybody knew the post-office. The only new thing was the idea of dealing as a community with another community instead of as individuals with other individuals. And just as soon as they found out that this meant dollars in their pockets, the people of Mount Joy and the people of Park View wondered why they had not thought of it before. That is the real object of cooperation—to put dollars into people's pockets.

You see, the postage on a crate of eggs by motor-truck from Mount Joy to Washington is only sixty-five cents. Three cents a dozen to send eggs eighty miles by motor-truck; eggs brought to the Mount Joy schoolhouse in the morning are delivered at the Park View schoolhouse the same evening. They are *fresh* eggs when the Park View housewives get them.

And all the bother, the possible loss and the individual bookkeeping is abolished by this intercommunity Postal Truck Service. Community Secretary Sponsellor at Mount Joy sends a list of prices every week to Community Secretary McGrath at Park View. The prices of butter, eggs, poultry, vegetables, potatoes, honey, apples and every other sort of farm produce are posted in the Park View community center, and the people give their orders to Mr. McGrath. He mails the community's entire order every day to Mr. Sponsellor, and the goods come through the next day by postal motor-truck. Once a week Community Secretary McGrath draws a check, in payment for the week's deliveries, in favor of Secretary Sponsellor.

Simple, isn't it? But that is only the beginning. All Mount Joy Township can not supply the demands of Park View, although the business between these two communities now already amounts to two hundred dollars a day. For Christmas, Community Secretary McGrath bought one hundred and forty turkeys from Community Secretary Anna May Love at Maryland Springs. Washington markets were charging fifty-seven cents a pound for turkeys; they cost the Park View people forty-one cents, which was six cents a pound more than the commission houses were paying them. Money in everybody's pocket, you see. And one check for five hundred and fifty-one dollars from Secretary McGrath to Secretary Love covered the financial end of the whole transaction between the communities. Christmas-trees were selling for a dollar apiece; the Park View community got them by postal motor-truck for twenty-five cents. The other day when I was in Washington, eggs were selling for eighty-two cents in the stores, but at Ed Ward's house there was a dozen of Mount Joy eggs that had cost Mrs. Ward but fifty-three cents. Oysters were sixty to eighty cents a quart in Washington last winter, although the oyster farmers along the lower Potomac and Chesapeake Bay got only seventy-five cents a gallon for them. Park View people like oysters. Through Secretary McGrath, they contracted for the entire supply of Charles Connelly at Britton Bay and paid him a dollar and a half a gallon, double what he could get from the commission men. Park View people had oysters all winter at forty cents a quart.

That's really all there is to the story. What Park View and Mount Joy are doing can be done anywhere where there is a post-office and a schoolhouse. You don't even need the schoolhouse. There are postal motor-truck routes in operation all over the United States, out of Portland, Maine, out of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. In Ohio, Georgia, North Carolina and Louisiana, Mr. Blakeslee's motor-trucks are running on regular routes. One route in the South, Mr. Blakeslee told me, was about to be abandoned as unprofitable, but when the cooperative community method of marketing was introduced, it developed into a daily service of three thousand pounds. Another route started with only twenty-eight pounds a day, and now handles a ton a day. There are almost a hundred of the post-office motor-trucks now running between outlying rural communities and cities, carrying loads both ways of all sorts of commodities.

Milk by Parcel Post

I SAID something in the beginning about milk. That is one of the things not yet worked out, but it is coming.

"Why," Ed Ward asked me, "should not the post-office provide containers for milk just as it provides containers for other kinds of mail matter? What is the essential difference between a milk-can and a mail-pouch?" Ward has a vision of the postal truck making the rounds of the farms, gathering up the children along with the eggs, butter and vegetables, and bringing them all to the schoolhouse, then taking its load of postal freight to town, coming back in the afternoon with its return load and distributing the children, along with the mail, at their respective homes! Why could not the same truck, he asks, pick up the filled milk-cans and take them back to the center on this evening trip for night shipment to town, and then when it goes out after the children and produce in the morning, leave the empty milk-cans at the farms where they belong? There does not seem to be any good reason why not.

There does not seem to be any good reason, for that matter, why every schoolhouse in the whole United States should not become a community center and a postal agency. And Ed Ward's job in the United States Bureau of Education is to show communities how to work this out.

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WONDERS *of the* WAR

U-Boats, Y-Guns and "Ash-Cans"

By
John H. Van Deventer
Editor "American Machinist"

LET'S turn the time-machine back about nine months and visit an interesting establishment, "somewhere in the U. S." It is a cannery. The stuff that they are canning resembles a mixture of sulfur and molasses, and from the quantity of it that you see about, you are led to believe that some one has discovered a mine of this old-fashioned blood-purifier. Loads of this stuff are being carried about, chunks of it are visible everywhere in solid form, and the floor that you step upon is plentifully besprinkled with its powder. You observe numerous individuals busily melting this concoction and pouring it into cans that hold three to six hundred pounds. Who is going to swallow this nauseous dose? Von Tirpitz and his water snakes! For this material that you have been stepping over so nonchalantly is not sulfur and molasses at all, but TNT, the most deadly explosive yet invented. And these cans are the great American "ash-cans" that made submarine service unpopular in Germany.

The Y-gun ready to administer its double dose of depth-bombs.

Setting the time-machine ahead again and coming back to the present and into your own home, haven't you often closed a water-faucet suddenly and heard a sharp knock as though something solid had hit the pipe? Well, something solid *has*. Water is practically inelastic—it is far less compressible than steel. In shutting the faucet suddenly, you have slammed the door in the face of a rapidly moving column of incompressible material, and that column of water bumps its solid head against the door with a force that frequently bursts the pipe. Water effectively transmits shock, and that is why a dynamite stick exploded under water kills all of the fish in the neighborhood, and why one of those "ash-cans" we saw filled with TNT, when exploded under water within seventy to one hundred feet of a U-boat, smashes it effectively. At the height of the U-boats' depredations, France and England racked their brains for a real remedy for the undersea plague that would be more potent than pot shots at periscopes, torpedoes and an occasional ramming. What they found after a time they kept concealed even from our naval officers, for at that time Uncle Sam was as yet an outsider.

Without knowing any of the details of this new device, our Naval Ordnance officers, three months before we entered the war, began to work out a real Yankee depth-bomb. The first ones they made had strings tied to them. A float was attached to one end of the string so that when the bomb had sunk to a given depth the string would "pull the trigger." These first bombs were mere babies, containing but fifty pounds of TNT, which is scarcely more than enough to blow up a whole cathedral. This was developed into the present six-hundred-pound depth charge by Com. S. P Fullinwider and Lt.-Com. T. S. Wilkinson. Then a draftsman at the Naval Torpedo Station at Newport—C. T. Minkler, now Engineer of Mines and Explosives of the Naval Bureau of Ordnance—got busy and designed a depth-bomb that required no string or float. You could set it for any depth desired, heave it overboard, and when it reached that depth—BANG! Water pressure on an object increases approximately one-half pound per square inch for every foot that you submerge it, so if you set the trigger to shoot at a pressure of thirty pounds per square inch, the bomb will explode at a depth of approximately sixty feet.

When "ash-can" warfare first came into vogue, each ship rigged up the most readily improvised slings or chutes or other means of dropping the things overboard. There was no standard device for the purpose then. Also, the safety device which now renders a depth-bomb harmless except to an enemy was not perfectly developed. That is why we have read the thrilling accounts of heroism during storms at sea, when bombs have escaped from their moorings and dashed about the decks, threatening instant destruction to ships and crews. In March, 1918, a launching gear was produced which safely imprisons the "ash-cans" no matter how rough the sea.

When a destroyer with its load of "ash-cans" spotted a periscope, it made full speed for the spot. Each captain had a chart, scientifically developed, to show just what movements a submarine could make after ducking. This "pursuit curve" showed him the boundaries of the U-boat's possible movements in all directions for each minute and second after it had submerged. The thing for him to do was to sow depth-bombs over this entire area.

Perhaps the last word in submarine hunting is the Y-gun, also an American invention, for which we can thank Lt.-Com. A. J. Stone, U. S. N. R. F. It enables one destroyer to dot "ash-cans" in pairs three hundred feet apart, instead of merely sowing a straight line of them. Thus one boat can imprison a submarine in a three-hundred-foot lane hedged with high-explosives. The "ash-cans" are mounted on arbors or cylinders six inches in diameter and three feet long, which fit into the barrels of the bifurcated gun. A powder charge introduced and exploded at the base of the gun throws out both bombs at the same time, one to port and the other to starboard.

Depth bombs are said to have smashed over one hundred U-boats. Of this number the American "ash-can" got its share. In sounding the death-knell of the submarine and in view of what the submarine did to commerce, the indirect effect of this war wonder on future shipping will prove at least as important as any other development.

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Paul Fung: Cartoonist

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

"Me, by myself."

PAUL FUNG was born twenty years ago in Seattle. But he went to school in China and studied the orthodox Chinese art, decorating dainty fans with cherry-blossoms and following the designs as prescribed by Chinese text-books. While Paul excelled the other pupils in his work, conventional drawing did not hold a strong appeal for him, because he had been introduced to the Sunday-paper comic supplements, sent him by his sister in Portland. The seed of cartooning was sown. Paul was obsessed with it. Cartooning is not cultivated by the Chinese, but Paul cartooned and cartooned to the amazement of his Oriental comrades.

He saw the funny paper way out in China and so he raised himself to be a cartoonist.

Paul's father, the Reverend Fung Chak, was a graduate of Leland Stanford University, and it was while he was pastor of the Chinese Baptist mission in Seattle, that Paul was born. The father won renown in China for his contributions as a translator of hymns and patriotic songs. It was a joyful day for little Paul when they returned to Seattle. He lost no time, but celebrated by taking up a correspondence course in cartoon work.

While a pupil in Franklin High School, Paul's father died, and the boy was thrown on his own resources. He had already become a contributor of cartoons to the school paper; then a Seattle vaudeville theatre advertised for cartoons, to display in the lobby of the house. Of a great number submitted, Fung's cartoons were the best, and, exhibited in the theatre lobby, the clever drawings attracted much attention and most favorable comment. It proved the wedge that Fung had sought for. Now his cartoons, exhibited publicly, won him recognition on a Seattle daily paper, and he was engaged as cartoonist. He attended high school mornings, but the afternoons saw him quietly rubbersoling into the newspaper office, where he rapidly executed the work that is to him the greatest fun in the world. It was not long before Fung's cartoons began to be copied by other publications.

To-day Fung occupies a prominent Seattle newspaper as cartoonist—and he is only twenty years old—and with a good education, splendid vocabulary, softly accented speech, keen sense of humor, he has already won the name of humorist.

In stature Fung is diminutive, but he is a bundle of talents and ambitions tied together by bubbling fun. He is master of several musical instruments, and possesses a good singing voice. Everybody likes him.

Staunchly American, Fung recognizes no hyphen. He has adopted the American fashion of using his surname last.

A very good joke was recently played on the audience of the Orpheum Theatre out in Seattle.

After the snappy one-act skit and before the Something Brothers in their song-and-dance act, a slim young American, gorgeously arrayed in more than Oriental splendor, emerged from the wings with nothing up his sleeve except a lot of colored crayons and began to draw more pictures than you could shake a joss stick at. As he drew—and laughs of all sorts, animal, mineral and human, came out from under his deft hand with amazing rapidity—he kept up a constant stream of comment in modulated collegiate English on what he was doing, the audience, the other actors and the world generally—"patter" they call it in vaudeville circles—which was exactly as funny as his pictures.

"A-ha," said the wise guys in the front rows, "some Chinese make-up, some camouflage. Bet the most that fellow ever saw of China was the china in his mother's pantry. Those fellows can dress up to look like anything but they can't fool us old vaudeville fans."

At the end of the act the slim young chap was called back a number of times and as he smiled and bowed close over the foots a great light broke over the front-row fans."

"Why, it's Fung!" they said. "It's Paul Fung, a real Chinaman!"

It is doubtful if any other young Westerner has made so early and striking a financial and artistic success of his talents as Paul Fung—the full-blooded Chinese boy—who is winning out by his own efforts in the country of his adoption, while yet just over the border of his teens.

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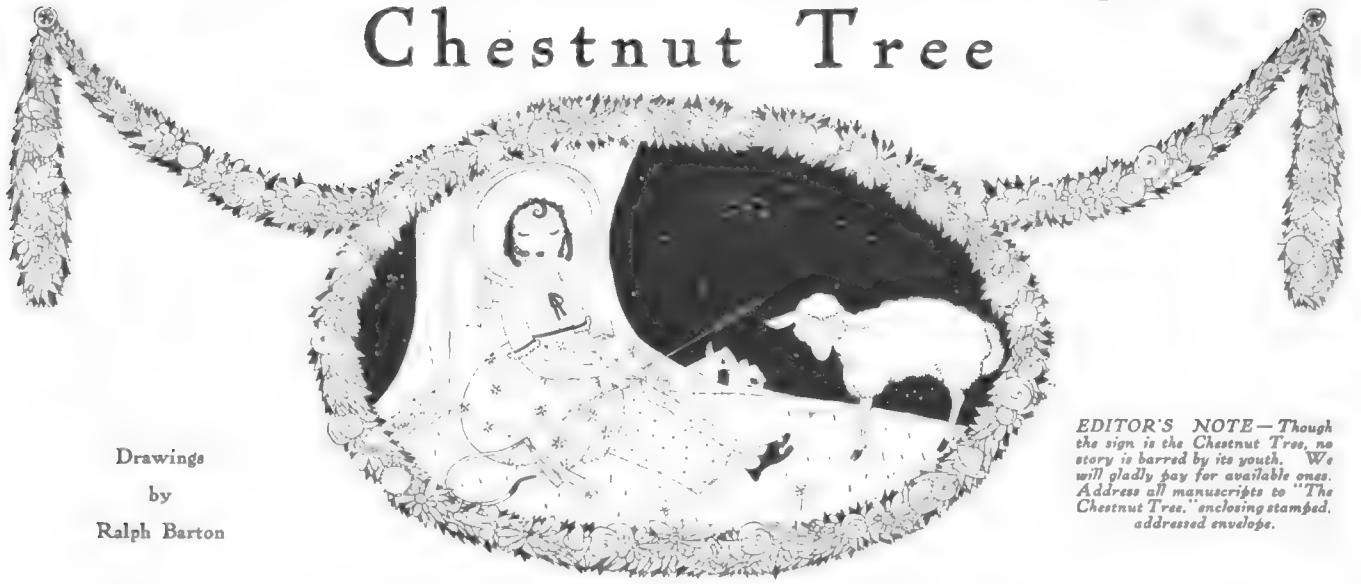
Under *the* Spreading Chestnut Tree



Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

SOME students at Princeton were discussing the need and the probable effectiveness of a new students' organization, when Tom, who had just returned from his summer vacation, related the following experiences on his father's plantation:

Finding Rastus ready to go to town with a load of produce, Tom joined him.

Now Rastus was a good driver, expert with the whip, and somewhat of a philosopher. On the way to town a large horsefly lit on the ear of one of the leaders of the four-mule team. Rastus cracked his whip and killed it.

As they rode along, he killed a bee in the petals of a rose in the same manner.

Tom, surprised, saw a tree growing over the road, on a branch of which was a hornets' nest. "As we go by, Rastus, hit that," said Tom, pointing to the nest.

Rastus paid no attention to the request nor the nest.

"Why didn't you hit it, Rastus?" asked Tom.

After a pause and a fierce look, Rastus replied: "No, sir; *that's* organized."

A YOUNG mother, the possessor of a very beautiful voice, as well as of two small sons, sent these boys one night to take a bath. Then seating herself at the piano, for one hour she practised the "Star-Spangled Banner," which she had promised to sing at a Red Cross party the next day. When she went up-stairs the boys were still in the tub. Asking why they were not in bed, the youngest indignantly replied, "How could we sit down and take a bath while you have been playing the 'Star-Spangled Banner'?"

AT ONE of the famous Lambs Club Gambols a few years back, a young and aspiring actor appeared on the program in an imitation of Nat Goodwin.

Goodwin himself was present at the performance. After the gambol was over the young actor, much to his delight, succeeded in getting himself introduced to Nat.

"Were you present at the performance to-night, Mr. Goodwin?" he asked.

"Yes," was the answer. "I was here."

"And did you see my imitation of you, Mr. Goodwin?" continued the young man.

"Yes, I saw it," came the reply.

"And," persisted the aspiring youth, "may I not ask you to give me your verdict on the excellence and fidelity of my art as disclosed in the impersonation of yourself?"

"Well," said Goodwin, "one of us is rotten."

IT HAPPENED at an art exhibit attended by the members of the smart set. Young Wilkerton, an amateur, lounging about the room, came upon several young women looking at one of his own efforts, and one, gazing at the picture with evident admiration, suddenly exclaimed:

"If I only knew the artist who did this!"

Young Wilkerton, with great delight, stepped forward. "I am the artist," said he.

The young woman turned upon him with a winning smile. "I am so glad," she said. "In that case you will be able to tell me the name of the dressmaker who built that perfectly lovely frock your model wore!"

DURING March, 1918, we were camped in northern France. It was the rainy season, and our clothes were always damp. One morning a big Irishman, as he dumped the water from his hobnails, said in a husky voice: "If a guy don't get pneumonia here, there is something the matter with his lungs!"

AN OFFICIAL of the Indian Bureau at Washington on one of his inspection tours of the reservation Indians, was told by Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanches, that many of the tribe had more than one wife. The official at once told the chief that this condition of affairs must cease—that he must advise the offenders that the extra wives must be handed over to their parents.

Shortly thereafter the official asked Parker whether this direction had been followed. "Did you tell your bucks that they must have but one wife?" he asked.

"Yes, me tell um," said the chief.

"Did they get rid of the extra wives?"

"Yes; all gone," answered the chief.

"But," urged the official, who had himself gathered data upon the matter, "I understand that you yourself have six wives!"

"Yes, me got six."

"That won't do, Parker. Send them to their parents. Tell them to go."

"You tell um," responded Parker.

THE landlady of a well-known London boarding-house made a point of asking her departing guests to write something in her visitors' book. She was very proud of some of the names of the people inscribed in it, and of the nice things that were said.

"But there is one thing I can't understand," she confided to a friend, "and that is what an American put in the book after stopping here. People always smile when they read it."

"What was it?" queried the other.

"He wrote only the words, 'Quoth the raven.'"

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When a Cigarette Tastes Sweetest

AFTER TEACHING YOUR BOY TO SWIM

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You naturally smoke

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LINDA CONDON

(*Continued from page 52*)

dinner dress, with lovely ankles in delicate black lace stockings; her head was thrown back for the whisper of a heavy man with ashen hair, a heavenly scarf and half-emptied glass.

Those bare shoulders, Linda saw, were as white as her own, as white but more sloping. The other's hair, though, was the loveliest red possible. The entire woman, relaxed and laughing in the perfumery and swimming shadows, was irresistible. A man with a huge nose and blank eyes momentarily engaged her, his hands disfigured with extraordinary rings. Then, at the moment when she saw an inviting youth, correctly conventional, he crossed and sat at her side.

"Quite a show," he said, in the manner she had expected and approved. The glow of his cigarette pulsated over firmly cut lips. "We've just come to New York," he continued. "I don't know any one here but Markue; do you?" Linda explained her own limitations. "The Victory's fine and familiar." She followed his gaze to where a winged statue with flying drapery was set on a stand. She had seen it before, but without interest. Now it held her attention. It wasn't a large cast, not over three feet high; but suddenly Linda thought that it was the biggest thing in the room; it seemed to expand as she watched it.

Beside the Victory, in a glass case with an enclosed concealed light, was a statue, greenish gray, a few inches tall, with a sneering placidity of expression as notable as the sweep of the other white fragment. "That's Chinese," her companion decided; "it looks as old as sin." There was the stir of new arrivals—a towering heavy man with a slight woman in emerald satin. "There's Pleydon, the sculptor," the youth told her animatedly. "I've seen him at the exhibitions. It must be Susanna Noda, the Russian singer, with him. He's a tremendous swell."

XVI

LINDA watched Pleydon as he met Markue in the middle of the room. He was dressed carelessly, improperly for the evening; but she forgave that as the result of indifference. The informal flannels and soft collar, too, suited the largeness of his being and gestures. There was a murmur of meeting, Susanna Noda smiled appealingly; and then, as Pleydon found a place on a divan, she at once contentedly sat on his lap. Watching her, Linda thought of a brilliant parrot; but that was only the effect of her color, for her face, with a tilted nose and wide golden eyes, generous warm lips, was charming. She lighted a cigarette, turned her graceful back on the room and company, and chattered in French to the composed sculptor.

Linda divined that he was the most impressive figure she had encountered; the quality of his indifference was beautiful and could only have come in the security of being a "tremendous swell." That phrase described all that she had cared most for. It included everything that her mother had indicated as desirable and a lot that she, Linda, had added. Money, certainly, was an absolute necessity; but there were other things now that vaguely she desired. She tried to decide what they were.

Only the old inner confusion resulted, the emotion that might have been born in music; however, it was sharper than usual, and bred a new dissatisfaction with the easier accomplishments. Really it was very disturbing, for all the pressure of her experience, all she had been told, could be exactly weighed and held. The term luxury, too, was revealing; it covered everything—except her present unformed longing.

There were still newcomers, and Linda was aware of a sudden constraint. A woman volubly French had appeared with a long, pinkish-white dog in a blanket, and the three East Indians—she had learned that much—had risen with a concerted expression of surprise and displeasure. Their anxiety, though, was no more dramatic than that of the dog's proprietor. The gesture of her hands and lifted eyebrows were keenly expressive of her impatience with any one who couldn't accept; with her, her dog.

"Markue ought to have it out," some one murmured. "Dogs, to that high caste, are the unclean animals." Another added, "Worse than that, if it should touch them, they would have to make the pilgrimage to Mecca."

Without any knowledge of the situation of Mecca, Linda yet realized that it would be a very long journey to result from the mere touch of a dog. She didn't wonder at the restrained excitement of the "colored" people. The situation was reduced to a sub-acid argument between the Frenchwoman and the Begum; Madame couldn't exist without her "*p'tit.*" The Indian lady could not breathe a common air with the beast. The former managed a qualified triumph—the "*p'tit*" was caged with a chair in a corner, and the episode, for the moment, dropped.

Soon, however, Linda saw that the dog had wriggled out of captivity. It made a cautious progress to where the candy stood on a low stand and ran an appreciative tongue over the exposed sweet surfaces. Rapidly a sugared fig was snapped up. Linda held her breath; no one had noticed the animal yet—perhaps it would reach one of the objectors and she would have the thrill of witnessing the departure for Mecca.

But, as always, nothing so romantic occurred; the dog was discovered, and the East Indians, with a hurried politeness, made their salaams. Instead, a man with a quizzical scrutiny through glasses that made him resemble an owl, stepped before her.

"'Here we go round the mulberry-bush,'" he chanted. "Hello, Kate Greenaway. Have you had a drink?"

"Yes, thank you," she replied sedately.

"Certified milk?"

"It was something with gin," she particularized, "and too sweet." He took the place beside her and solemnly recited a great many nursery rhymes. On the whole, she liked him, deciding that he was very wicked. Soon he was holding her hand in both of his. "I know you're not real," he proceeded. "Verlaine wrote you—*'Le Ingénus'*—

"'From which the sudden gleam of whiteness shed
Met in our eyes a frolic welcoming.'

"What if I'd kiss you?"

"Nothing," she returned coldly.

"You're remarkable!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "If you are not already one of the celebrated beauties, you're about to be. As cool as a fish— Look! Pleydon is going to rise and spill little Russia. Have you heard her sing Scriabine?" Linda ignored him in a sharp return of her interest in the big, carelessly dressed man. He put Susanna Noda aside and moved to the dim middle of the room. His features, Linda saw, were rugged and pronounced; he was very strong.

For a moment he stood gazing at the Winged Victory, his brow gathered into a frown, and he made a caressing gesture with his whole hand. Then he swung about and, from the heavy shadows of his face, he was looking down at her. He was still for a disconcerting length of time, but through which Linda met his interrogation. Then he bent over and seriously removed the man beside her. "Adieu, Louis," he said.

The weight of Pleydon's body depressed the entire divan. "An ordinary man," he told her, "would ask how the devil you got here. Then he would take you to your home with some carefully chosen words for whatever parents you had. But I can see that all this is needless. You are an extremely immaculate person.

"That isn't necessarily admirable," he added.

"I don't believe I am admirable at all," Linda replied.

"How old are you?" he demanded abruptly.

She told him.

"Age doesn't exist for some women; they are eternal," he continued. "You see, I call you a woman, but you are not, and neither are you a child. You are art—Art the deathless," his gaze strayed back to the Victory.

As she, too, looked at it, to Linda it seemed that the cast filled all the room with a swirl of great white wings and heroic robes. In an instant the incense and the dark colors, the uncertain pallid faces and bare shoulders, were swept away into a space through which she was dizzily borne. The illusion was so overpowering that involuntarily she caught at the heavy arm by her.

XVII

"WHY did you do that?" he asked quickly, with a frowning regard. Linda replied easily and directly. "It seemed as if it were carrying me with it," she specified; "on and on and on, without ever stopping. I felt as if I were up among the stars." She paused, leaning forward, and gazed at the statue. Even now she was certain that she saw a slight flutter of its draperies. "It is beautiful, isn't it? I think it's the first thing I ever noticed like that. You know what I mean—the first thing that hadn't a real use."

"But it has," he returned. "Do you think it is nothing to be swept into heaven? I suppose by 'real' you mean oatmeal and scented soap. Women usually do. But no

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one, it appears, has any conception of the practical side of great art. You might try to remember that it is simply permanence given to beauty. It's like an ember in which what is fine is held forever in a lovely glow. That is all, and it is enough.

"When I said that you were art I didn't mean that you were skilfully painted and dressed, but that there was a quality in you that recalled all the charming women who had ever lived to draw men out of the mud—something, probably, you are entirely unconscious of, and certainly beyond your control. You have it in a remarkable degree. It doesn't belong to husbands, but to those who create 'Homer's children.'

"That's a dark saying of Plato's, and it means that the Euripides is greater than any momentary offspring of the flesh."

Linda admitted seriously, "Of course, I don't understand, yet it seems quite familiar——"

"Don't, for Heaven's sake, repeat the old cant about reincarnation," he interrupted, "the sitting together, smeared with antimony, on a roof of Babylon." She hadn't intended to, she assured him. "Tell me about yourself," he directed. It was natural to talk with him, as it was, with others, to keep still. Her frank speech flowed on and on, supported by the realization of his attention.

"There really isn't much, besides hotels, all different, but you'd be surprised how alike they were, too. I mean the things to eat, and the people. I never realized how tired I was of them until mother married Mr. Moses Feldt. The children were simply dreadful, the children and the women—the men weren't much better." She said this in a tone of surprise, and he nodded. "I can see now. I am supposed to be too old for my age, and it was the hotels—you learn a great deal."

"Do you like Mr. Moses Feldt?"

"Enormously; he is terribly sweet. I intend to marry a man just like him. Or, at least, he was the second kind I decided on: the first only had money, then I chose one with money who was kind, but now I don't know. It's very funny: kindness makes me impatient. I'm perfectly sure I'll never care for babies, they are so mussy. I don't read, and I can't stand being—well, loved.

"Mother went to a great many parties; every one liked her and she liked every one back; so it was easy for her. I used to long for the time when I'd wear a lovely cloak and go out in a little shut motor with a man with pearls; but now that's gone. They want to kiss you so much. I wish that satisfied me. Why doesn't it? Is there anything the matter with me, do you think? I've been told that I haven't any heart."

As he laughed at her she noticed how absurdly small a cigarette seemed in his broad powerful hand. "What has happened to you is this," he explained: "a combination of special circumstances has helped you in every way to be what, individually, you were. As a rule, children are brought up in a house of lies, like taking a fine naked body and binding it into hideous, rigid clothes. You escaped the damnation of cheap ready-cut morals and education. Your mother ought to have a superb monument—the perfect parent. Of course you haven't a 'heart.' From the standpoint of nature and society you're as depraved as possible. You are worse than any one else here—than all of them rolled together."

Curiously, she thought, this didn't disturb her; and this proved at once that he was right. Linda regarded herself with interest as a supremely wicked person, perhaps a vampire. This latter, though, was a rather stout woman who, dressed in frightful lingerie, occupied couches with her arms caught about the neck of a man bending over her. Every detail of this was distasteful.

What was she!

Her attention wandered to the squat Chinese god in the glass case. It was clear that he hadn't stirred for ages. A difficult thought partly formed in her mind—the Chinese was the god of this room, of Markue's party, of the women seated in the dim light on the floor and the divans; the low gurgle of their laughter, the dusky whiteness of their shoulders in the upcoiling incense, the smothered gleams of their hair, with the whispering men, were the world of that grayish-green image.

She explained this, haltingly, to Pleydon, who listened with a flattering interest. "I expect you're laughing at me inside," she ended impotently. "And the other, the Greek Victory," he added, "is the goddess of the other world, of the spirit. It's quaint the heathen women should be that."

Linda discovered that she liked Pleydon enormously. She thought daringly that he might be the sort of man she wanted to marry. But he wouldn't be easy to manage; probably he could not be managed at all. Her mother had always insisted upon the presence of that possibility in any candidate for matrimony. And, until now, Linda's wisdom had been in accord with her. But suddenly she entertained the idea of losing herself completely in—in love.

A struggle was set up within her: on one hand was everything that she had been; all her experience, all advice, and her innate detachment; on the other an obscure, delicious thrill. Perhaps this was what she now wanted. Linda wondered if she could try it—just a little, let herself go experimentally. She glanced swiftly at Pleydon, and his bulk, his heavy features, the sullen mouth, appalled her.

Men always touched her with an uncontrollable dread, filled her with a shrinking into her remotest self. Pleydon was different; her liking for him had destroyed a large part of her reserve; but a surety of instinct told her that she couldn't experiment there. It was characteristic that a lesser challenge left her cold. She had better marry as she had planned.

Susanna Noda came up petulantly, and sank in a graceful brilliant swirl at his feet. Her golden eyes, half shut, studied Linda intently.

XVIII

"I AM fatigued," she complained; "you know how weary I get when you ignore me." He gazed down at her untouched. "I have left Lao-tze for Greece," he replied. She found this stupid and said so. "Has he been no more amusing than now?" she asked Linda. "But then, you are a child; it all intrigues you. You listen with the flattery of your blue eyes and mouth both open."

"Don't be rude, Susanna," Pleydon commanded. "You are so feminine that you are foolish. I'm not the stupid one—look again at our 'child.' Tell me what you see."

"I see Siberia," she said finally. "I see the snow that seems so pure while it is as blank and cold as death. You are right, Dodge. I was the dull one. This girl will be immensely loved; perhaps by you. A calamity, I promise you. Men are pigs," she turned again to Linda; "no—imbeciles, for only idiots destroy the beauty that is given to them. They take your reputation with a smile, they take your heart with iron fingers; your beauty they waste like a drunken Russian with gold."

"Susanna, like all spendthrifts, is insulted by poverty."

Even in the gloom Linda could see the pallor spreading over the other's face; she was glad that Susanna Noda spoke in Russian. However, with a violent effort, she subdued her bitterness. "Go into your Siberia!" she cried. "I always thought you were capable of the last folly of marriage. If you do it will spoil everything. You are not great, you know; not really great, not in the first rank. You've only the slightest chance of that—too much money. You were never in the gutter like I was——"

"Chateaubriand," he interrupted; "Dante; Velasquez."

"No, not spiritually!" she cried again. "What do you know of the inferno! Married, you will get fat." Pleydon turned lightly to Linda:

"As a supreme favor, do not, when I ask you, marry me."

This, for Linda, was horribly embarrassing. However, she gravely promised. The Russian lighted a cigarette; almost she was serene again. Linda said, "Fatness is awful, isn't it?"

Pleydon replied, "Death should be the penalty. If women aren't lovely—" he waved away every other consideration.

"And if men have fingers like carrots—" Susanna mimicked him. Judith, flushed, her hair loosened, approached. "Linda," she demanded, "do you remember when we ordered the taxi? Was it two or three?" Markue, at her shoulder, begged her not to consider home.

"I'm going almost immediately," Pleydon said, "and taking your Linda." His height and determined manner scattered all objections.

At the entrance to the apartment, Linda, to her great surprise, found, in place of the motor she had expected, a small graceful single-horse victoria, the driver buttoned into a sealskin rug. Deep in furs, beside Pleydon, she was remarkably comfortable, and she was soothed by the rhythmic beat of the hoofs, the even progress through the crystal night of Fifth Avenue.

Her companion flooded his being with the frozen air. They had, it seemed, lost all desire to talk. The memory of Markue's party lingered like the last vanishing odor of his incense; there was a confused vision of the murmurous room against the lighted exterior where the drinks sparkled on a table. Linda made up her mind that she would not go to another. Then she wondered if she'd see Pleydon again. The Russian singer had been too silly for words.

It suddenly occurred to her that the man now with her had taken Susanna Noda, and that he had left her planted. He had preferred driving her, Linda

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Condon, home. He wasn't very enthusiastic about it, though; his face was gloomy.

"The truth is," he remarked at last, "that Noda is right—I am not in the first rank. But it's all nonsense what she said about the necessity of the gutter—sentimental lies."

Linda was not interested in this, but it left her free to explore her own emotions. The night had been eventful because it had shaken all the foundation of what she intended. That single momentary delicious thrill had been enough to threaten the entire rest. At the same time, her native contempt of the other women, of Judith with her tumbled hair, persisted. Was there no other way to capture such happiness? Was it all hopelessly messy with drinks and unpleasant familiarity?

What did Pleydon mean by the spirit? Surely there must be more kinds of love than one—he had intimated that. She gathered that "Homer's children" were works of art, sculpture, such as he did; those airs of Gluck that she liked so well. But she had never thought of them as important, important as oatmeal or delicate soap. She made up her mind to ask him about it, when she saw that they had reached the Eighties; she was almost home.

"I am going away to-morrow," he told her, "for the winter, to South America. When I come back, we'll see each other. If you should change address, send me a line to the Harvard Club." The carriage had stopped before the great arched entrance to the apartment-house, a towering city block in extent. He got out and lifted her to the pavement as if she had been no more than a flower in his arms. Then he walked with her into the darkness of the garden.

The fountains were cased in boards; the hedged borders, the bushes and grass were dead. High above them on the dark wall a window was bright. Linda's heart began to pound loudly, she was trembling—from the cold. There was a faint sound in the air—the elevated trains, or from wings? It was nothing, then, to be lifted into heaven. There was the door to the hall and elevator. She turned to thank Dodge Pleydon for all his goodness to her, when he lifted her—was it toward heaven?—and kissed her mouth.

She was still in his arms, with her eyes closed. "Linda Condon," he said, in a tone of query.

At the same breath in which she realized that a kiss was of no importance, a sharp icy pain cut at her heart. It hurt her so that she gasped. Then, and this was strange, she realized that—as a kiss—it hadn't annoyed her. Suddenly she felt that it wasn't just that, but something far more, a part of all her inner longing. He had put her down and was looking away, a face in shadow with an ugly protruding lip.

She saw him this way in her dreams—in the court under the massive, somber walls, with a troubled frown over his eyes. It seemed to her that, reaching up, she smoothed it away as they stood together in a darkness with the fountains, the hedges, dead, the world with never a sound sleeping in the prison of winter.

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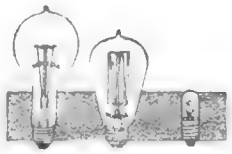

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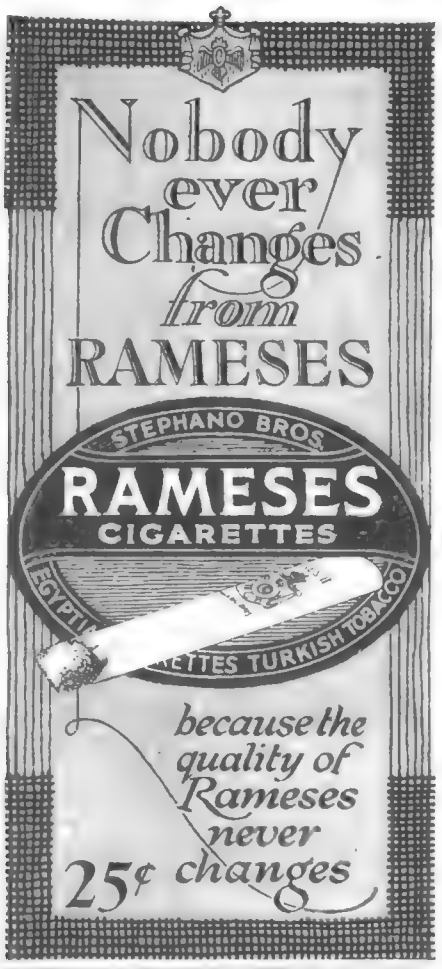

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THE ORCHID

(*Continued from page 16*)

and mottled with sunlight; at the noble trees tracing their graceful patterns against the sky; at the blue water sparkling beyond the fringe of marsh grass along the shore.

"Sophia!" cried the colonel at last.

She turned her head and looked at him over her shoulder. "If you please, Philip," she said, "I should like to be alone. I should like to remain in my room for a while."

He drew himself up sharply. His face hardened and a pallor came over it, leaving it like stone. "Very well, madam," he answered, and with a bow he walked from the room.

Going down-stairs he summoned the stable-boy, and ten minutes later was galloping across the open country on his great white horse, with such a dread countenance as to frighten the negroes at work in the fields.

THAT afternoon, at three o'clock, Ramon Alvarez came in his elegant barge, with somewhat the air of a conqueror. The colonel had not yet returned, but Sophia, adorned in her loveliest gown, and looking like an angel who knew how to smile, received him in the drawing-room.

"Ah, welcome, señor," she said softly. "I have been expecting you."

He pressed her hand to his lips. "Señora!" he exclaimed. "You are not angry with me? You do not hate me?"

"Why should I hate my own countryman?"

"But I have ruined your husband. Has he not told you?"

"Yes, he has told me."

"And still you do not— Ah, Sophia, can it be as I have dreamed? Are you perhaps burned a little by that same fire which consumes my bosom?"

"What fire is that, Ramon?"

"You call me Ramon! You look at me —I am mad for you! Yes, yes, I love you, Sophia, my beautiful one! I have loved you from the first. I would do anything to possess you!"

"Not so loud! My husband may return at any moment."

"Let him come! He is nothing. I have destroyed him. He is crushed and broken. He will blow his brains out in a week. Oh, Sophia, give me your hands——"

She placed her hands in his and swayed toward him. There were orange-blossoms in her hair. The perfume of them filled his nostrils.

"You have made one little mistake, my Ramon. You have forgotten the flower that grows upon the oak-tree."

"What is a flower?"

"In this case," she said, "it is more than a flower. It is the luck-piece of his family; the thing in which he has his faith. As long as it remains unpicked, he will not be wholly crushed. He will not despair. He will not—die!" She lifted her face and looked long at her lover. "You must win the orchid;" she said, with an ardor that thrilled him, "when you have done that, you will have slain him as surely as though you had thrust a dagger into his heart!"

"Sophia!" cried Alvarez triumphantly, "You are mine!" And he tried to take her in his arms. She, however, glided away from him, and going to a cabinet at the side of the room, took from it a pack of cards which she held out to him. "When you have won the orchid," she said, smiling, "you have won—me."

He gazed at her with his passion smoldering in his eyes. "You are right," he muttered. "It takes a woman to know a man's true weakness. I will play him once more. I will offer to stake everything against the flower. I will rob him of his luck-piece——"

"Ah," cried Sophia suddenly, "but suppose that you should lose! I had not thought of that!" She put her hands to her breast, and her eyes grew wide with apprehension.

Alvarez laughed, a cruel, malevolent laugh.

"I shall not lose," he said; "I have a charm against losing."

"What is it, my Ramon?"

"I can not tell you; but it is a very excellent little charm. I learned it long ago from a gambler of St. Augustine."

She came close to him, and once more he breathed that ineffable fragrance of orange-blossoms.

"Tell me," she pleaded. "I shall be tortured with dread until I know."

He smiled recklessly. "Well, why not—since you love me!"

Taking the pack of cards from her hand, he ran the colored bits of pasteboard expertly through his fingers, finally selecting the ace of spades. Then from a table near by he picked up a paper-knife, and with this instrument slightly roughened the edges of the card.

"There is my little charm," he observed.

"I am so dull," said Sophia, "I do not yet see——"

"IT IS very simple. We sit down to play, the colonel and I. The pack of cards is on the table between us. In reaching my hand to cut I run my thumb—so, across the end of the pack. One card has a roughened edge. I draw it out. It is the ace of spades. There is none in the deck to equal it. Thanks to God, I have won everything!"

At the conclusion of this speech, Sophia clapped her hands and burst into soft, appreciative laughter.

"Ah, but you are clever, my Ramon! It only remains, then, for you to induce my husband to play."

"That will not be difficult," said Alvarez, and added mercilessly, "It will be his death-stroke!"

Shortly afterward they heard the sound of hoof-beats on the drive, and Sophia, snatching up the cards, returned them hastily to the cabinet. Then she seated herself, and opening the silver fan that she carried at her waist, moved it languorously to and fro. Alvarez sat down in a chair some distance away. They were thus decorously disposed when the colonel entered.

He was pale and gaunt, but apparently as composed as usual. He bowed to Alvarez with cold civility.

"I observe, sir," he remarked, "that you are as punctual as you are fortunate."

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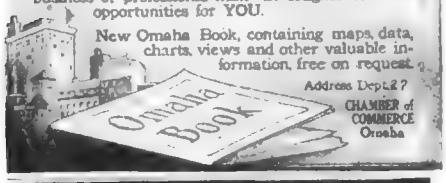

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"I am in haste to dispatch a melancholy errand, señor; that is all."

"Pray do not let it grieve you, for it does not me. Indeed, sir, such preciousness as may be lost upon the hazard of a card is not worth the consideration of a gentleman."

Instinctively—and perhaps unconsciously—he glanced at the handsome figure of his wife; but her face, at that moment, was concealed behind her fan. Colonel Philip once more addressed himself to Alvarez.

"If you are ready, sir, we may as well proceed to the settlement of this tiresome affair. It will not take long, for by the terms of the wager you will assume possession of my entire estate."

Ramon's teeth gleamed beneath his dark mustache. "You forget the orchid, señor!"

"But that can mean nothing to you!"

"Ah, señor," replied the Spaniard, with a sigh, and glancing swiftly at Sophia, "how strange are the appetites and longings to which the human heart is subject! This very hour, as I passed beneath the branches of your great oak—still yours, señor, for all my good fortune—it seemed to me that the flower growing there was the most beautiful—the most desirable object in the world. In truth, I would rather possess it than all the rest of my winnings put together——"

Sophia rose from her chair and came forward with a rustle of silken cloth. "Why do you not play for it, then?"

"Madam!" exclaimed the Colonel sternly. But Alvarez uttered a cry of satisfaction.

"An excellent suggestion, señora! Let us play for it, by all means. Colonel Gardiner, I will stake your whole estate against the orchid! Will you play?"

The colonel's face flushed. "Sir," he burst out, "I'll see you damned——"

Sophia placed her hand on his sleeve. "Why do you refuse, Philip?" she queried breathlessly. "What good is the orchid to us now? If it is truly your good omen, you will win; if not, you will discover how false a thing was that to which you had entrusted your faith."

The colonel confronted her with clenched hands, his eyes as bright as steel. "Yes," he said. "That is true. One must risk one's treasure to discover its true value."

He turned to Alvarez and said, "Are you sure that you wish to do this?"

"Quite sure, señor!"

"Then I will play."

SOPHIA, without a word, brought the packet of cards from the cabinet and laid it upon a table in the center of the room. The two gentlemen stood upon either side of this table; Sophia remained standing at the end of it, mechanically waving her silver fan.

"Will you shuffle, sir?" said the colonel politely.

Alvarez picked up the cards and shuffled them with clever, nervous gestures. After which he replaced them evenly upon the table.

"Pray cut, señor," he said.

The colonel drew a deep breath, bowed and reached forward; but at that instant Sophia seized his arm.

"Let me draw for you, Philip," she pleaded, in her soft, musical voice. "It may bring us luck—and I'm sure that Señor Alvarez will not mind."

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Alvarez could hardly repress a laugh. She was making it so very easy for him. "Not at all, señora."

The colonel stepped aside, folded his arms and bent a curious gaze upon his wife's enigmatical and slightly smiling countenance.

"Very well, madam," he said; "draw for me!"

Sophia leaned over the table. Her small hand rested momentarily upon the pack; her dainty fingers seemed to be in quest of something; then very slowly she drew forth a card and turned it face up.

It was the ace of spades.

Alvarez sprang back with an exclamation of fury, but Sophia's steady dark eyes met his. He controlled himself by a tremendous effort; the muscles of his face trembled spasmodically for a second, then composed themselves into an expression of sickly equanimity. Gathering up the remnants of his debonair manner, he made Sophia a low bow.

"Señora," he said, in a voice that shook slightly, "you have beaten me."

From the pocket of his coat he took a slip of paper and held it out to the colonel.

"I return to you, señor, the deed of gift of your estates. I assure you that it has been a weight upon my heart. And now, with your permission, I will take my departure."

"Permit me to accompany you to your barge," said the colonel, whom good fortune had elated no more than ill fortune had dismayed. Nevertheless, as he and Sophia walked with Alvarez to the water's edge, he drew her arm through his and tightly clasped her hand.

The three came to the great oak, and as though by common impulse, all stopped and looked up at the golden flower about which had revolved the singular drama just concluded. Alvarez was the first to speak.

"After all," he said, "the only value of your orchid is its beauty, which would soon vanish if one picked it."

"To me," replied the colonel, "the true joy lies in possessing it!"

Sophia lifted her gaze to her husband's face, and it seemed to him as though the veil had fallen from her spirit at last. "There is one virtue of an orchid," she said proudly, "that neither of you has observed. One prizes it for its beauty, and one for the delight of possessing it, but I, señors, I see only one thing, and that is how closely it clings to the oak it loves!"

Homecoming

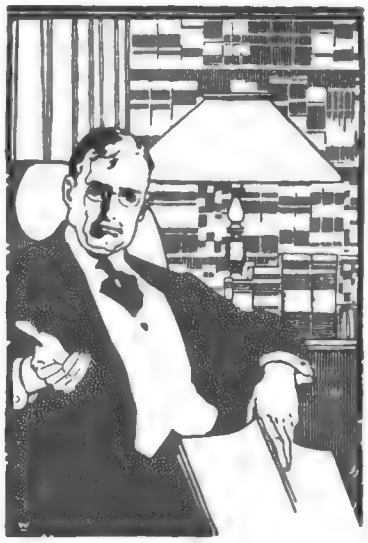
By Will Thompson

WE HAVE sent the deadly shrapnel,
We have flung the hand grenade,
We have been at Château-Thierry,
In death's volley unafraid.

We have hung like tireless bulldogs
On the routed German flanks,
We have penetrated, singing,
In the vanguard of the tanks.

We have aimed our blow for freedom—
Yonder lie our strength and blood—
We have crossed the fields of Flanders,
Tasted daily fire and flood.

Now we're coming home to battle
On the Golden Field of Life,
Find us places, find us places—
We with hearts inured to strife!



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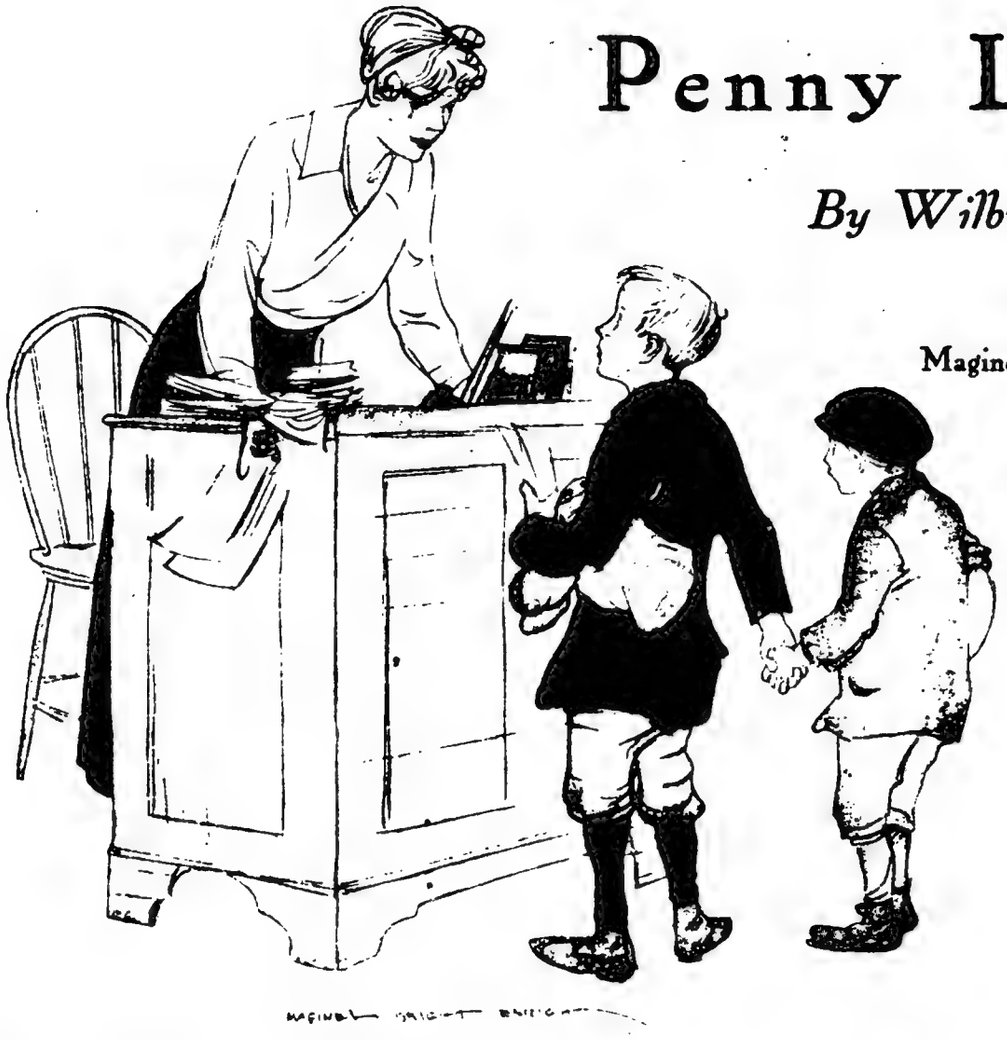
Penny Lunch

By Wilbur S. Boyer

Illustrated by
Maginel Wright Enright



"No, Tommy," said Miss Clark gently, "your brother can't come to kindergarten yet; he's too young."

TOW-HEADED Tommy Marsden, aged seven, together with the other twenty-odd children in the penny-lunch room, was served his cocoa, bread without butter, and a dish of prunes; and as he had no money, the meal was free.

It was an ordinary fourth-floor classroom where the forlorn partakers of charity assembled, each in a little seat attached to the desk behind, each with a piece of oak-tag paper spread on the desk before him. The long windows let in plenty of light but could not make a cozy dining-room out of bare plaster and hard wood, even with the assistance of maps and prints of Shakespeare and Washington and the Pantheon. Besides, the architect, in order to decorate the outside of the building with a cornice, had been forced to place the bottom of these top-story windows six feet from the floor, making the outside world invisible to the inmates and lending the room the air of a prison cell.

For such a place Miss Primton was a fitting jailer. She kept the windows shut for fear of a draft, although the room, having been occupied intensively during the three morning hours, was still saturated with humanity and chalk dust.

But to Tommy the penny-lunch room was a corner of heaven. He knew nothing about the European war, the resulting depression in New York, the attempt on the part of the city authorities and big-hearted men and women of the metropolis to ameliorate conditions by making use of school kitchens. He did know that, in some wonderful way, the school had offered to give him a meal at noon in exchange for a penny if he had one, for nothing if he had not. It was a thick bean soup, bread without butter, and an apple one day, and cocoa, bread and prunes another; and as he puckered up his little nose Miss Primton might have thought that the atmosphere of the lunch-room was the most delightful on earth.

But Miss Primton was calloused. That a teacher of her years of experience should be delegated to such menial duty rankled in her heart—or, more discreetly speaking, in her breast; for there were many in Public School Number 199, Manhattan, children and grown-ups, who doubted the existence of Miss Primton's heart.

She glanced around now with hostile eyes and let her glare halt at Master Tommy Marsden. Tommy had drunk his prune-juice. Now he was wiping off his hands on the hip of his well-worn trousers, and eying the guardian of the lunch-room with that guilty look which says as plainly as words, "I've just done something I shouldn't. I wonder if you saw me?"

The hard-lipped pedagog had been suspicious of this youngster for three days.

"Come here, you," she commanded sharply, and aimed a bony forefinger, squinting along it to make sure of her target. Had she possessed a sympathetic eye she would have seen it was not a bad-looking target. With hair almost white but eyebrows several shades darker, sharp gray eyes, straight nose, a mouth that bespoke a strong, lovable character, even with a lack of healthy color, Tommy was a good specimen of a young American.

At this particular moment the specimen was too frightened to move. Miss Primton popped up and grabbed Tommy by the coat collar, while the other children shrank in their seats to make themselves less conspicuous to the ogress. Knowing how small boys had wriggled out of their coats in previous instances when she had nabbed them, she meant to get her grip on the youngster's shirt collar, too; but that faded garment was innocent of any neck adornment. Tommy, however, made no effort to escape, and she dragged him forward.

"What did you put into your pocket?" she demanded in a tone calculated to freeze small boys to the marrow.

"Nun—nun—nothin', ma'am," answered the youngster.

"Yes, you did. I saw you. Out with it!" And she shook him to hasten the disgorging.

Shamefaced and scared, Tommy drew out a slice of bread.

"More than that!" insisted the teacher.

Reluctantly the child produced some sticky prunes coated with the fuzzy foreign matter usually found in a boy's pocket. He held them out on his palm.

"Little thief!" stormed the irate teacher. "March right along with me to the principal. I'll make an example of you!"

With the bread and prunes still in his hand, Master Tommy was hurried along the corridors to the center of school activities.

"Mr. Hartley here?" Miss Primton inquired, her voice betraying hostility to principal and all pertaining to him and his office.

"Out to lunch," replied Miss Clark, the pupil-teacher, who was acting as clerk.

"He can go out, but I can't," Miss Primton growled, though this did not have anything to do with the case. "Here's a thief I caught in the lunch-room."

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"Poor little fellow!" said the pupil-teacher so sympathetically that Tommy drew nearer to her.

"Poor little fellow?" shrilled the captor. "Do you mean to talk that way in the face of this?" She pointed to exhibit A: the bread and prunes.

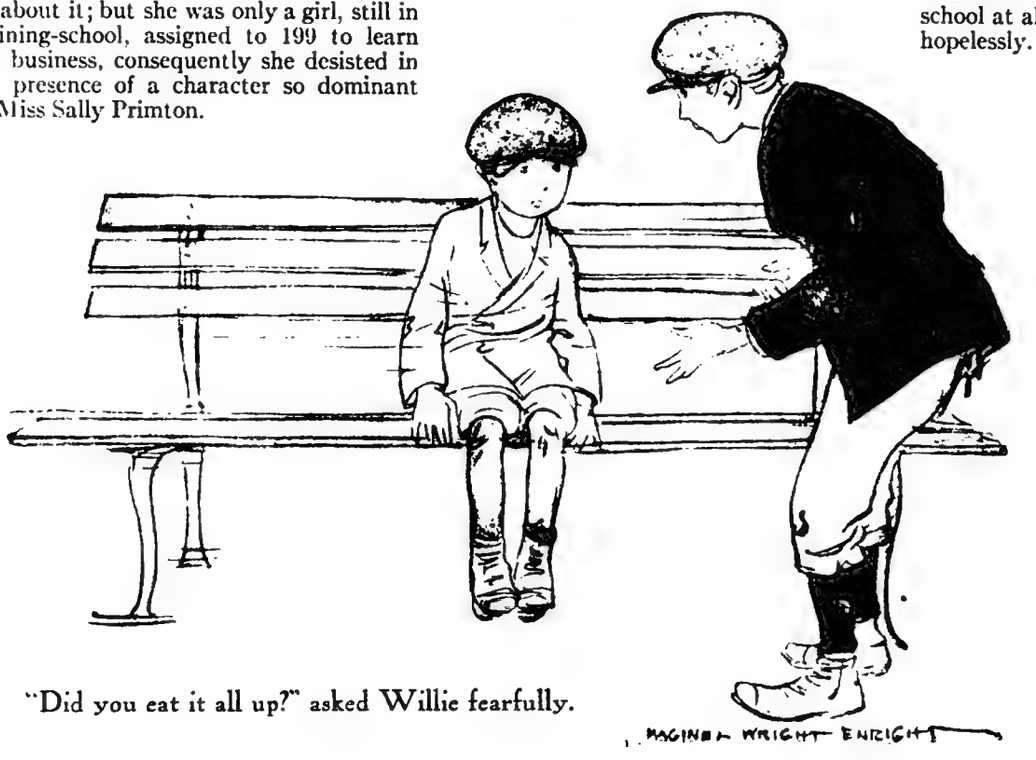
Miss Clark's smile was born of a desire to pick up the small culprit and ask him all about it; but she was only a girl, still in training-school, assigned to 199 to learn her business, consequently she desisted in the presence of a character so dominant as Miss Sally Primton.

"I don't like cake all the time."

"Say, lots of poor folks would like to get stale cake. Anyhow, I brought you some bread and apple yesterday, didn't I?"

"Why can't I go to school and learn like you? Then I could get all I want to eat."

"You're pretty small," muttered Tommy,



"Did you eat it all up?" asked Willie fearfully.

"I'll have to settle it myself, I suppose," opined the keeper of the lunch-room. "Here, you, throw that into the waste-basket."

The precious booty fell from none too willing fingers. The boy stood looking down into the basket.

"Now, you run along; and don't you ever dare come up to the lunch-room again."

Miss Clark spoke timidly: "Mr. Hartley may come in at any moment. Perhaps—" Her voice grew weak under Sally Primton's glare.

"The case is settled," pronounced the elder woman icily. She turned upon Tommy and stamped her foot. "Get out of here!" Whereupon the boy bounced out of the room as if a bee had stung him.

It was about a quarter to one o'clock and the inner yard was crowded when Tommy reached it. He threaded his way to a remote corner, where, as still as a mouse, awaiting his big brother, sat four-year-old Willie Marsden, a second edition of Tommy.

"Nothing doing, Willie," said Tommy ruefully. "Cake for yours to-day."

"Did you eat it all up?" asked Willie fearfully.

"Aw! what do you think I am?" demanded Tommy in an injured tone. "The old crank wouldn't let me keep it. I wasn't stealing, either. It was my bread and prunes. I didn't have to eat 'em if I wasn't hungry. She didn't have any right to make me throw 'em away. They were mine. I didn't steal. I'm not a thief. She hadn't any right to chase me out of the lunch-room."

"Ain't I ever going to get any more?" wistfully inquired the younger boy.

"Say, you're never satisfied."

viewing his brother critically. Then he jumped up excitedly.

"Let's try, anyway. We'll say you're old enough. They won't know. And now I can't go get lunch, you've got to go. They can't keep you out, 'cause you didn't steal anything. Come on."

The pair climbed all the way to the office; but there came the dashing of hopes.

"No, Tommy," said Miss Clark gently, "your brother can't come to kindergarten yet; he's too young. Why, you're only seven yourself. He isn't over four."

"But, ma'am, he is. I say he is," argued Tommy stoutly.

The pupil-teacher patted him kindly. "He can't come now, Tommy," she explained.

"When he is old enough, you bring him around with his birth certificate—a paper which tells when he was born—and if a doctor has vaccinated him— Don't you know how the doctor scratched your arm with a needle and then gave you a paper so you could come to school? When he has those two papers, he'll be taken into school right away. He is too young now. He ought to stay outdoors and get strong and healthy and eat a lot so as to grow big. Run along, now."

"Thank you," said Tommy politely. "I'll see about those papers."

He took Willie outside and dived down the stairs, yanking Willie with him.

"Ain't I going to have any bean soup?" asked Willie, when they slowed down two flights below.

"Lunch-time is over," answered Tommy, and they finished the downward journey in moody silence.

The lines of children had passed upstairs when the pair again reached the basement. Tommy led the way to the bench in the corner out of view of the janitor's assistant who was sweeping up the yard, and the two seated themselves dejectedly.

"Can't I go up with you to-morrow?" pleaded the little one.

"She says I can't ever go up any more," said Tommy; "so what's the use of going to school at all?" He shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. "And no use going home now; Daddy won't be there." He ground his teeth and tried to keep back the tears, then leaped to his feet. "I've just got to do something!" he cried. "You've just got to go to school, Willie. You've got to!"

"Ask the teacher if I can have some soup," suggested Willie.

"No, that would be begging, and Daddy says we should be too proud to beg. But I guess I have a plan. It's all right for the being-born stificate—we can use mine—but the vassination——"

"What's that?"

"Never mind. You wait here while I run home and get some things. You've got to be fixed up to get into school. If anybody comes, hide. I won't be gone long." And in an instant Tommy had vanished through the doorway into the street—out into the world that the school can not see.

He returned in half an hour and spread out on the bench the contents of a newspaper parcel—a wash-cloth, towel, comb and brush, needle and thread, and a folded paper.

"Will you be brave, Willie?" he asked.

"What you going to do?"

"Vassinate you."

"What's that?"

"I'll scratch your arm with this needle till it bleeds and they'll think the doctor did it."

Willie drew back in alarm. "Will I get some soup then?"

"That's the only way."

The little fellow swallowed several times, even permitting a suspicion of a whimper to escape his lips. But at length he stepped forward, "All right," he agreed.

They rolled up a sleeve.

"Now shut your eyes and grab me hard," Tommy ordered.

The child stood one scratch, but at the second he howled.

"S-sh!" admonished his brother. "Somebody'll hear you."

"Wait a minute till I get a good breff," begged Willie, tears standing in his eyes. "Now, go on."

Six deep scratches broke Willie down.

"Guess that's enough," admitted the elder. "When they ask for the paper from the doctor, we'll say he forgot to give any; then all we got to do is show your arm, and they'll see we're not lyin'."

Willie had his cry out and hopped around holding his arm, yet he did not touch the sore, because Tommy said that would spoil the vaccination.

"Next we got to fix you up," said Tommy.

At the drinking-fountain Willie submitted

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to a most energetic scrubbing and combing and brushing with half his usual squirming and vocal accompaniment.

"That's a awful big hole you got in your stocking," Tommy commented. "I'll have to sew it."

After much effort, failing to thread the vaccination needle, he drew the edges of the hole together, wound the thread around it, and tied half a dozen knots.

"Now, you've got to be Tommy," said the older boy. "What's your name?"

"Willie," promptly answered the child.

"No, 'tain't. I told you it's Tommy to go to school with. Now, again, what's your name?"

"Tommy," came the desired answer.

"You're seven years old."

"No, I'm not—I'm four."

"You must be seven to-day. Now, we'll practise. I'll be Mr. Hartley. You go over there. Here, take the stificate and make believe come into my office."

With the birth certificate held out in front of him as if it were a shield, Willie took a turn around the yard and walked up to his big brother.

"Well," growled Tommy in imitation of a man, "what do you want, young man?"

"I want some soup and some prunes and——"

"Ah-h, say," interrupted Tommy in disgust, "that isn't the way. You must say, 'I want to come to school to learn, Mr. Hartley.' "

"I want to come to school to—learn, Mr. Hartley," Willie repeated.

"Where's your birth stificate?"

The paper was presented.

"What's your name?"

"Wil—I mean Tommy."

"Wil—I mean Tommy!" imitated the other in despair. "You mustn't do that; it'll spoil it all. How old are you?"

"Seven years old."

"Have you been vassinated?"

"Yes."

"Say, 'Yes, Mr. Hartley;' that's the polite way."

"Yes, Mr. Hartley."

"Show it to me."

Willie exposed the scratched arm.

"That's all right," proclaimed the acting principal. "Miss Somebody, take this boy to his classroom."

"Don't I get a ticket for some soup?"

"Goodness!" exploded Tommy, "you mustn't talk about that. Nobody ever talks about eating. They might think you want to come to school just for the eats."

"I do."

"No, you don't. You want to learn and grow up to be big so you can buy your own soup. Come on."

The pair reached the office door as lines of the upper-grade boys and girls were marching through the halls at change of recitation period, so Tommy drew his brother behind the wired glass that shut off a staircase and waited for things to settle down. When the doors along the corridor had closed and the hum of a busy school began its regular tune, Tommy led the way to the office and advanced toward the desk.

"Now, ma'am, please, my brother wants to come to school."

"Why, I told you he was too young," said Miss Clark.

"He isn't now," protested Tommy. "Here's his being-born stificate."

She smiled at it. "What is your name?" she asked Tommy.

"T—T—Tommy Marsden." He had not expected that.

"And this is your own birth certificate?"

"No, ma'am," argued Tommy. "His name is Tommy, too. Isn't it, Willie?"

"Yes, Mr. Hartley," replied the frightened younger boy.

Miss Clark found it highly amusing. "Why, how can that be? Did your mother name you both Tommy?"

"Yes, ma'am. When he come, she—she forgot she'd called me Tommy, and—and she called him Tommy."

The pupil-teacher burst out laughing.

"He's vassinated!" cried Tommy, getting redder and more anxious. "Show the lady your vassination, Willie!"

Willie obeyed.

"Heavens!" ejaculated Miss Clark. "You did that, Tommy. He might get blood-poisoning!"

"And you won't let him in after all that?"

"I can't."

"But you've got to!" declared Tommy. "You said when I had two papers he'd be let in; and I've got two papers."

"Where's the other one?" Miss Clark inquired, curious to see what the boy would produce.

"I won't show it to you," retorted Tommy bruskly; "I'll show it to Mr. Hartley. And when he sees it, he'll just have to let Willie in."

Without further parley, he strode toward the inner office, still clinging to his small brother's hand. They were almost knocked down by a big girl emerging from the principal's presence. The big girl was crying.

Tommy caught the principal's voice, intended only for the ears of another occupant of the office—"your own childhood. You drive them into impertinence and antagonism, Miss Primton."

The name staggered Tommy. She was in there. However, he stiffened himself and, head high, stepped in.

"Oh, don't go in there!" cried the pupil-teacher; but he did not heed her. She rushed in to explain to the white-haired chief.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Miss Primton, raising her hands in horror; "if it isn't that—that—" she could not finish.

As the kind-faced old man listened to Miss Clark's story, he gave the boys a perfunctory glance, too annoyed by the scene he had just passed through to adjust himself quickly to the new situation. Tommy put his hands in his trousers' pockets to keep them from trembling.

"Haven't you any suspenders, my boy, to hold up your trousers?" asked the principal gently. It was a hint that usually brought boys' hands out of their pockets.

"No, sir," came Tommy's prompt answer. He kept his hands where they were.

Mr. Hartley's eyes twinkled and he stroked his mustache to hide a smile. He had forgotten that boys of seven usually button their breeches to their waists.

"Well, er—you have *something* to keep them up, haven't you?"

Though Tommy could not imagine what this had to do with his errand, he answered, "Yes, sir—pins."

Mr. Hartley for the first time took a good survey of the intruders. At once he saw that in the makeup of these two infants pins certainly predominated. He saw more. The smaller one's up-rolled sleeve revealed the needle marks; and the pinched faces could be read but in one way.

"That child is a thief," sputtered Miss Primton; "during lunch period——"

"That will do, Miss Primton," snapped Mr. Hartley. The departmental teacher of science and physical training looked surprised and insulted, but she held her peace.

"My boy," said Mr. Hartley, "it is always nice for a man to take his hands out of his pockets when he comes into another man's office."

The rebuke took the bristles from Jimmy's temper. He removed his hands from the depths. He had come into the

At the drinking fountain Willie submitted to a most energetic scrubbing.

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Josephine Stricker, Colonel Roosevelt's private secretary, relates personal anecdotes of the great chief in the September issue. Some of the other features are:

"He Is So Different," by Marguerite Mooers Marshall; "Traps," by Henry C. Rowland; "Don't Tell Dad," by Alice Dyar Russell; "The Wheeler," by Judge Henry A. Shute; and the serials, "Hills of Han," by Samuel Merwin, and "Rosalie Byrnes," by Grace Sartwell Mason.

The Delineator

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room with determination. He was now wavering.

Willie, however, could not keep in a stifled sob; and this electrified his brother into action.

"You can't keep my brother from coming to school," he burst out. "I've got a paper that says you've got to do what I say."

From his pocket Tommy drew a legal document and slapped it on the desk under Mr. Hartley's nose. His whole manner took on the appearance of being a repetition of something he had seen and heard. He was apparently reacting a scene that had been strongly impressed upon him.

"We'll have no more fooling," said he with parrot-like precision. "I've been entirely too easy with you. Here's a paper that makes folks do what they don't want to do."

Tommy stepped back, arms folded, watching Mr. Hartley expectantly.

"I'm afraid there isn't any paper that says I've got to take your brother into school," chuckled Mr. Hartley, amused and puzzled at the boy's earnestness.

"You've got to," echoed Tommy.

The principal picked up the paper carelessly; but a single glance sobered him. He surveyed the little man and his charge.

"Say, Tommy, won't—won't he let me have any soup?" faltered Willie in a stage-whisper, and Tommy pinched him to keep still.

Mr. Hartley heard it, though.

He spoke gently. "Is your father working?"

"He used to work. Now he keeps on looking for work, but he can't get any, and Mama got dead last week and—and——"

"How long was your mother sick?" The man's voice was husky.

"Two Christmases."

The principal cleared his throat. "Miss Clark," said he, his voice almost a whisper, "the boy is right: this paper says we've just got to let the little fellow stay. Take him into the kindergarten. First have the nurse attend to that—that vaccination."

Mr. Hartley's eyes were behaving suspiciously. He walked to the window to hide his emotion.

As Tommy and Willie marched out triumphantly under the escort of Miss Clark, the older boy in an audible whisper gloated: "He just *had* to."

"Miss Primton," said Mr. Hartley, after a moment spent in gaining control of himself, "you had better give those two small chaps a pressing invitation to the lunch-room this afternoon. Tell the cooking-teacher to get up a special meal and fill their poor little stomachs full. And then I'm going to ask you to run right around to Mr. James Hogan——"

Miss Primton stiffened like a ramrod. "He's a low-down, Tammany politician!" she fairly choked out.

"Y-y-e-es," drawled the veteran schoolmaster, a soft, far-away light in his eyes, "Jimmie is a low-down politician, a politician who takes care of the low-down. Give him this, and tell him his old principal sends it."

To Miss Primton he passed over the powerful document:

"To—William Marsden—Tenant," it began.

It was a dispossess notice.

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Greater New York

By W. D. McCrackan

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I'd like to reach up just for fun
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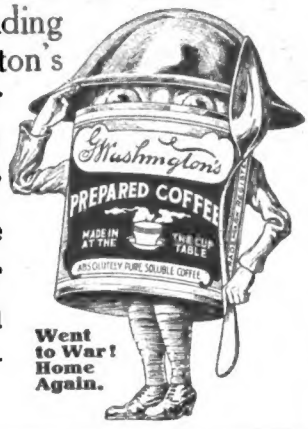

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The YANKEE LOCOMOTIVE in FRANCE

(Continued from page 21)

authority and long railroad experience.

The job which confronted these men was not tremendous. The fact that the railroad which they were to operate was not a railroad at all, but several thousand miles of "trackage rights" over railways which had vastly different operating practises than their own, only complicated it. Moreover, the French railway systems, while vastly fewer than ours, have much greater variation in their operating practises. And the United States Military Railroad was to operate over at least four of these different systems.

LOOK again at the map. These heaviest and darkest lines that stretch all the way across France are the two main stems of our military railroad there; the two main stems that were calculated to handle nearly if not all of the 50,000 tons a day for an army of 2,000,000 men. Of these, that main line from St. Nazaire and Nantes through Tours and Bourges and Dijon to the Is-sur-Tille front-line distributing station—the line through the valley of the Loire of which we have already spoken—would easily handle 25,000 tons. The route up from Bordeaux and Bassons which joins and crosses this first line would almost handle the rest. And at the point of crossing would be not alone a great yard, but a huge shop and repair point for our military railroad operations in France.

It so happened that at this very junction point the French had started a huge shop just before the war. It was this plant that was taken over and quickly adapted to our necessities, although it was necessary to send a rush order to the United States for machine and tool equipment of practically every sort.

Additional shops were opened close to the dock of La Rochelle and of St. Nazaire—one for the setting-up of the cars and the other the locomotives knocked down for shipment in the transports from America. The functions of this last shop soon ceased to be of large importance. For while we chuckled and crowed over our ability to take a big 125-ton freight locomotive and box it into nineteen huge crates, what was that accomplishment alongside the one which we reached long before the armistice—the fashioning of a specially constructed ship with five great hatched compartments into each of which seven huge set-up locomotives would go, minus only their smoke-stacks and their cabs? It was short work for the big 135-ton crane at St. Nazaire to reach down into the hold of that American locomotive ship and fetch up the thirty-five engines that she carried, setting them upon French rails for the first time, while a host of workmen quickly and easily attached their stacks and their cabs. In less than two hours after such a Yankee locomotive has been lifted out of the ship-hold she has her steam up and has gone puffing her way into France with a trail of loaded cars behind her.

I did not see this thing done myself. But I think that one of the most impressive things that I saw in all France was the lovely inner harbor of La Rochelle, guarded by many round sentinel towers and lined with a solid stone quay against which many small craft with varicolored sails rubbed their noses. La Rochelle, the ancient and carefully guarded pride of the great Richelieu; La Rochelle, with a Yankee car-shop run in Yankee fashion bumped up against its city wall. Bumped up against the city wall? More than that. The city authorities of La Rochelle removed a portion of their beloved and historic wall so that our Yankee railroad in France might have full elbow-room and working opportunity.

Imagine, a huge passenger station—La Rochelle's new Union Depot—which has never received a passenger, but still is incomplete, even to the point of lacking its great vaulted train-shed; a fine stone station whose lofty waiting-room is a mess-hall and an entertainment hall for American doughboys. Where the shadow of that train-shed is some day going to fall upon a maze of platforms and of tracks, there to-day are our Yankee car-shops, fashioned out of the very crating in which the locomotives and cars came in the gray ships overseas. For lumber of every sort is now very scarce and very precious in France. I have seen waste and extravagance in our operations in France, but they were not at La Rochelle. To fashion not merely buildings but office furniture and appliances out of packing-cases was a trick worthy of our best American efficiency.

Into this shop the American cars come; in many separate parts and sections. But quick work is made of fabricating these. The trucks are set up and oiled and run out upon long tracks. Two of them are spaced at the right distance—any two, the entire car equipment is perfectly standardized—and the dock or framed floor of the car is placed upon them. The car—for it now is one—goes into other low sheds. Its steel framework goes up, as a smart boy sets up his new mechanical toy, and into this steel framework go the side and roof sections of wood or thin metal. After this it is ready for the paint-shop; a simple process in which the standard gray color is splashed on through a hose.

In one week of six working days just 700 freight-cars of various sorts were set up in the La Rochelle shops. In a single day of ten working hours exactly 160 flat-cars passed through the mill from packing-crates to serviceable carriers. And that was but part of the day's work.

WITH cars and locomotives and tracks and yards and shops and terminals all ready, there must be a definite scheme for their operation. Johnny up at the front must not only get his "corn-willy" regularly, but there must be at all times a sufficient reserve supply so that he should be in no danger of going without a single one of his blessed three meals a day. Which meant in the days of the actual fighting that his fighting supplies—rifles, powder, cannon, aeroplanes—must go through with an equal regularity.

To accomplish both this steady flow and emergency reserve, Pershing and his staff laid out a very definite plan for the housing and movement of the army's supplies. They provided that a ninety-day supply of every possible commodity that the army could need or use ordinarily must at all times be kept in France. This was an emergency reservoir against any possible breakdown of the transport service. Of this ninety-day supply, one-half (a forty-five day supply) would be held at the base ports, and of the remaining half, a thirty-day supply at intermediate storage yards and warehouses, the remaining fifteen-day emergency supply at storage points close to the distributing points behind the front lines. This scheme was simplicity itself. To make it even more simple, the entire supply service for the army was brought to an average of just so many pounds and so many ounces for each man in the service. And this ratio was carried to each conceivable form of supply. Thus any boy in khaki was represented by just so many pounds and so many ounces of structural steel, of three-inch shells, of hay, of nails, of barbed wire, canned beef, corned beef, sugar—you can run the list out to your own satisfaction. Even the Yankee locomotives for the military railroad were reduced to this pound-per-man basis. And this ratio was of necessity much higher at the outset than after the army got into its full swing and had much of its primary equipment on hand. So that when we first blandly reckoned on an army of but 250,000 men, it was figured at 125 pounds a day, a ration which, if we had had 4,000,000 men on the fighting front by July 1, 1919, would have dropped to but fifty pounds a day.

ON THE northernmost of the two main stems of the United States Military Railroad the base storage-yard was laid out at Montoir, three miles back of St. Nazaire, and transformed almost overnight from a marshy waste to a plant with more than 125 miles of siding-track, while the intermediate point was located in a flat tract at Gièvres between Tours and Bourges and equipped with 132 miles of siding. These are big railroad yards. They would be big railroad yards even in the United States, which always railroads on a huge scale. Even the storage at St. Sulpice, just back of Bassens and Bordeaux, is big, with its ninety miles of siding; Montièrchaume—the intermediate point on the Bordeaux stem of our military railroad and corresponding to Gièvres on the St. Nazaire stem—is not to be scorned, even with but forty-nine miles of siding; while the two big front-line distribution points at Is-sur-Tille and Liffol-le-Grande, east of the point at Nevers where the two main stems from the sea converge and then again diverge, possess ninety-five and forty-two miles of siding-track.

And so the railroads were laid out to carry 50,000 tons of supplies a day from the sea to an army of 2,000,000, six hundred miles inland. And it must be remembered that these railroads were not set aside for the exclusive use of Yankee trains. They were handling a huge French traffic—civil and military—all the while, which only complicated the problem.

For that meant not only train rules and train orders in two languages, but two sets of operating officers who sat at broad desks apart from one another, but who worked in full cooperation to the best of their abilities.

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The job was a big one but, on the whole well handled. Our American boys were moved and fed and otherwise supplied with a minimum of breakdown. The estimates of the probable size of the American Army were changed five times in eight months. And finally, only a few months before the signing of the armistice, Pershing felt that he would require an army of 4,000,000 men, instead of the 2,000,000 that formed his original high estimate. He told Atterbury to prepare to handle 100,000 tons of traffic a day instead of 50,000, and Atterbury prepared. Atterbury then arranged to use the Mediterranean ports of Marseilles and Toulon—for by August, 1918, the submarine had been completely eliminated from that southern sea—to develop the ports of Cherbourg and Caen, of La Pallice, just outside of La Rochelle, and to share with the British some of their Channel ports along the northern edge of France. These things would have been done, and with no very great difficulty. Which meant that the final crushing of the German was inevitable.

THOSE Yankee locomotives and those Yankee cars in France, what is to be done with them? Obviously, the French must take them over. Yet that was not so easily done as said. The French, like ourselves, have fairly definite ideas of their own on railroad equipment. And they are generally different ideas from ours. For instance, they incline to the small freight-car; we prefer the large. The fact that their railroad labor has been content in the past with hand-braked freight-cars does not lead to the conclusion that it is going to remain content with those once it has seen the simplicity and safety of the Yankee air-braked car.

You may think that these points are trivial. They are not.

The introduction of American equipment would necessitate the scrapping of many thousands of cars. Such a thing would be a shock to the French business mind. That mind is scandalized by our constant American tendency to "scrap," to throw away perfectly good material of every sort, even though by so doing we gain large economies in operation. I have myself seen on the Paris-Orleans system copper-boilered locomotives doing efficient service that bore upon their sides their birth-mark of 1857. If there is a locomotive antedating 1880 still doing efficient service upon an American railroad, I do not know where it can be.

Yet the fact remains that the Yankee locomotives and the Yankee cars are over there and can not be brought home efficiently or economically. Which means that the French must take them. In fact, they are already taking them, buying them by the hundreds and the thousands. They will make good use of them. I think that I can foresee the good use that will be made of these engines—and perhaps of many other Yankee locomotives to follow in their wake. But that's another story, one that has to do with a reawakened France—a France that is gazing out through her harbors toward the markets of the world and is reckoning on her rail transportation in her efforts to work out the problem of how she can quickly win a position of importance in the commerce of the world.

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The Man the Rain Minds

By Charles Alma Byers

THE Pacific Coast insists upon calling Charles Mallory Hatfield "rain-maker." Mr. Hatfield says that they may call him that, but he will not answer.

"I do not profess," he states, "that I can actually make rain. I only claim that I can induce Nature to release, by way of precipitation, the moisture which the air already carries. In other words, my work is purely a matter of creating conditions that will attract this stored-up moisture to a desired spot and there condense it to the point where it falls as rain. Therefore it may be said that I induce rain, but not that I make it."

Mr. Hatfield, who lives in Los Angeles, California, has been steadily and solely engaged in persuading recalcitrant rain-drops to drop for more than fifteen years. And he stayed awake nights thinking about what he calls "the artificial production of rain" nearly five years before he made his first experiment, conducted on his father's ranch in San Diego County, California, in April, 1902. His first experiment was followed immediately by a light precipitation—and there hadn't been rain previously for several weeks!

Other tests followed until he had had fifteen successes and but a single failure.

Mr. Hatfield, to date, has made more than five hundred demonstrations of his system, and his disappointments have been very few. His contracts, in substance, always read, "No rain, no pay;" and they have been for amounts ranging from the first's $50 to as high as $10,000. The territory he has covered in his work extends from central Texas to Dawson City in the Klondike, and during the fifteen or more years he has been thus engaged he has filled contracts for not only stockmen, grain-growers and farmers, but hydraulic miners, reservoir owners and others. The ranchers of the San Joaquin Valley, California, negotiated contract renewals for his services for eight consecutive years; the farmers of eastern Oregon did the same for three years, and practically every time a drought has seemed imminent in southern California some group of men has been ready to finance a call for the man the Pacific Coast persistently calls "the rain-maker."

In the summer of 1906 Hatfield was called to the Klondike. The placer miners around Dawson City, in the Yukon Valley, lacking water for the sluicing and washing of their gold-bearing gravel, were unable to proceed with the usual summer clean-up, and therefore, aided by the Dominion Government, they offered Hatfield a bonus of $10,000 if he could bring the district a good drought-breaking rain. The test began on June eleventh and continued to July twentieth, during which a total of over four inches of rain was recorded, the greatest the vicinity had ever experienced during this season.

Photograph by Charles Alma Byers.

Mr. Hatfield doesn't like to be called "rain-maker." He says he only persuades the moisture aloft to come on down.

In March, 1912, for $4,000 offered by ranchers and business men, the Rain Fellow engaged to fill the huge reservoir owned by a cooperative irrigation company at Hemet, Riverside County, California. Less than two inches of rain had fallen in this valley in the eleven months previous, and as a result the reservoir was nearly dry. Day after day clouds had formed overhead, only later to drift away without releasing their moisture. Two days after Mr. Hatfield began operations, however, there was a rain that yielded 1.94 inches. He continued his demonstrations for several days more, and when he removed his towers the precipitation totaled 11.79 inches. In the meantime the water in the reservoir rose twenty-two feet. His contract was much more than filled.

His greatest success, measured by inches of rainfall, was at San Diego in January, 1916. The city and much of the surrounding farm land depend upon the great Morena reservoir for water, and, due to a prolonged drought, this reservoir was nearly empty. In fact, it had never contained more than a third of its capacity since it was built many years before. The contract was made with Mr. Hatfield to fill the artificial lake to overflowing within a year. The amount offered for accomplishing the feat was $10,000, and was to be paid by the city, through the city council. Since the reservoir has a capacity of about eighteen billion gallons, the undertaking naturally looked big. But Mr. Hatfield got busy with his paraphernalia, and within a few days it had begun to rain.

The start was somewhat mild, but it was not long until there began a real downpour. In fact, in a certain single day of twenty-four hours the fall of water reached the terrible total of 16.30 inches. And in less than twenty-seven days, or in less than one-twelfth of the time allotted for the work, the lake was filled to a point where the water rushed over the top of the high dam and formed a raging and ravaging river. In some parts of the district the precipitation in these twenty-seven days was in excess of forty inches. It wasn't just a case of the country going wet, where a drought had prevailed for months, but a genuine flood.

"There is no magic in my method," says Mr. Hatfield. "It is only scientific. The problem involved in the production of rain by artificial means resolves itself into the matter of somewhat localizing the ever-present air-borne moisture and condensing it to the point of precipitation. To accomplish this I use certain chemicals, the character of which must naturally remain my secret. I work from towers about thirty-five feet high, on which I have great evaporating tanks. The fumes of the chemicals, by means of the heat I use, are mixed with the surrounding air, which results in what you may term an overturning of the atmosphere. This first produces clouds, cirrus clouds, the forerunners of rain-clouds. In a short time these cirrus clouds develop into a nimbus, or rain-cloud. Yes, it is all very simple. My system is not one of bombarding the heavens, nor do I merely trust to luck. You can understand that luck isn't going to favor the same man something like five hundred times handrunning."

In the old dog days young Hatfield was a solicitor for sewing-machines. Nearly every night, however, he spent delving into the mysteries of penumbra and cirrus, air strata and all the queer habits of the realm above. He states that the problem of producing or inducing rain unnaturally first began troubling his mind during California's well-remembered drought years of 1897 to 1900. During those years there was hardly any rain at all in southern California, and great suffering resulted. Yet clouds and even fogs were common, but for some reason the ever-hoped-for rains were withheld. The condition set the youth to thinking. Wasn't it possible to lend Nature just a little assistance? The answer, he says, is yes.

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